

# PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VI

APRIL, 1909

NO. 1



## THE HISTORY AND LEGEND OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

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TRANSLATED BY FRANCES LANCE FERRERO



IN the history of Rome figures of women are rare, because only men dominated there, imposing everywhere the brute force, the roughness and the egoism that lie at the base of their nature: they honored the *mater familias* because she bore children and kept the slaves from stealing the flour from the bin and drinking the wine from the *amphore* on the sly; they despised the woman who made of her beauty and vivacity an adornment of social life, a prize sought after and disputed by the men. However, in this virile history there appears, on a sudden, the figure of a woman, strange and wonderful—a living Venus, as it were.

She was sailing tranquilly along the Cydnus [so Plutarch describes the arrival of Cleopatra at Tarsus and her first meeting with Antony] on a bark with a golden stern, with sails of purple, and oars of silver, and the dip of the oars was rhythmed

to the sound of flutes blending with music of lyres. She herself, the queen, wondrously clad as Venus is pictured, was lying under an awning gold-embroidered. Boys dressed as Cupids stood at her side, gently waving fans to refresh her; her maidens, every one beautiful and clad as a naiad or a grace, directed the boat, some at the rudder, others at the ropes. Both banks of the stream were sweet with the perfumes burning on the vessel.

Posterity is yet dazzled by this ship, refulgent with purple and gold and melodious with flutes and lyres. If we are spell-bound by Plutarch's description, it does not seem strange to us that Antony should have been—he who could not only behold in person that wonderful Venus, but could be invited to dinner, and dine with her *tête à tête*, in a splendor of torches indescribable; circumstances in no wise improbable for the beginning of the famous romance of the love of Antony and Cleopatra. And the development of it was as probable as the beginning—the follies committed by Antony for the seductive queen

of the Orient, the abandonment and divorce of Octavia, the war for love of Cleopatra kindled in the whole empire, and the miserable catastrophe. Are there not to be seen in the last centuries many men of power putting their greatness to risk, and sometimes to ruin, for love of a woman? Are not the love-letters of great statesmen—for instance those of Mirabeau and of Gambetta,—admitted to the semi-official part of modern history-writing? And so also Antony could love a queen and, like so many modern statesmen, commit follies for her. A French critic of my history of Rome, burning his ships behind him, has said that Antony was "a Roman Boulanger"!

In a word, the romance pleases: art takes it as a subject, and retakes it; but that does not keep off the brutal hands of criticism. Before all it should be observed that moderns feel and interpret the romance of Antony and Cleopatra in a way very different from that of the ancients. From Shakespeare\* to De Heredia and Henri Houssaye, artists and historians have described with sympathy, have almost idealized, this passion that throws away in a lightning-flash every human greatness, to pursue the mantle of a fleeing woman; they find in the follies of Antony something profoundly human

that moves them, fascinates them, and makes them indulgent. To the ancients, on the contrary, the *amours* of Antony and Cleopatra were a dishonorable degeneration of the passion. There are no excuses for the man whom love for a woman has impelled to desert in battle—to abandon soldiers, friends, relatives—to conspire against the greatness of Rome.

This very same difference of interpretation recurs in the history of the *amours* of Cæsar. Modern writers regard what the ancients tell us of the numerous loves—real or imaginary—of Cæsar as almost a new laurel with which to decorate his brow; notwithstanding that the ancients recounted and spread abroad, and perhaps in part invented, these little stories of gallantry for contrary reasons, as a source of dishonor, to discredit him, to demonstrate that Cæsar was effeminate, that he could not give guarantees of capacity to lead the armies and to fulfil the virile and arduous duties that awaited every eminent Roman. There is in our way of thinking a vein of romanticism which was wanting in the ancient mind. We see in love a certain forgetfulness of ourselves, a certain blindness of egoism and the more material passions, a kind of power of abnegation, that, inasmuch as it is unconscious, confers a certain nobility and dignity; therefore we are indulgent to mistakes and follies committed for the sake of passion, while the ancients were very severe. We pardon with a certain compassion the man who for love of a woman has not hesitated to bury himself under the ruin of his own greatness; the ancients, on the contrary, considered him the most dangerous and despicable of the insane. But criticism has not contented itself with re-giving to the ancient romance the significance it had for those that made it and the public that first read it.

Archæologists have discovered in the coins portraits of Cleopatra, and now critics have confronted these

\*The famous passage from "Antony and Cleopatra," act II. scene 2, in which Enobarbus describes the first meeting of the Roman general and the Egyptian queen, is here given—to show how closely Shakespeare's poetic paraphrase follows Plutarch's prose, as quoted by Professor Ferrero on the preceding page.  
—THE EDITOR.

"The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold,  
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were  
silver.

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description; she did lie  
In her pavilion,—cloth-of-gold of tissue,—  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adorings; at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That rarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs."



From the painting by A. Grolleau

#### FESTIVAL AT THE COURT OF CLEOPATRA

portraits with the poetic descriptions of Cleopatra given by Roman historians, and have found that in these descriptions there was at least much fancy. In the portraits we do not see the countenance of a Venus, delicate, gracious, smiling, nor even the fine and sensuous beauty of a Marquise de Pompadour; but a face fleshy and, as the French would say, *bouffie*, with a powerful aquiline nose; the face of a woman on in years, ambitious, imperious, which recalls the face of Maria Theresa. It will be said that judgments on beauty are personal; that Antony, who saw her alive, could judge better than we who see her portraits half faded out by the centuries; that the attractive power of a woman emanates not only from corporeal beauty, but also, and yet more, from her spirit. The taste of Cleopatra, her vivacity, her cleverness, her exquisite art in conversation, are acclaimed by all.

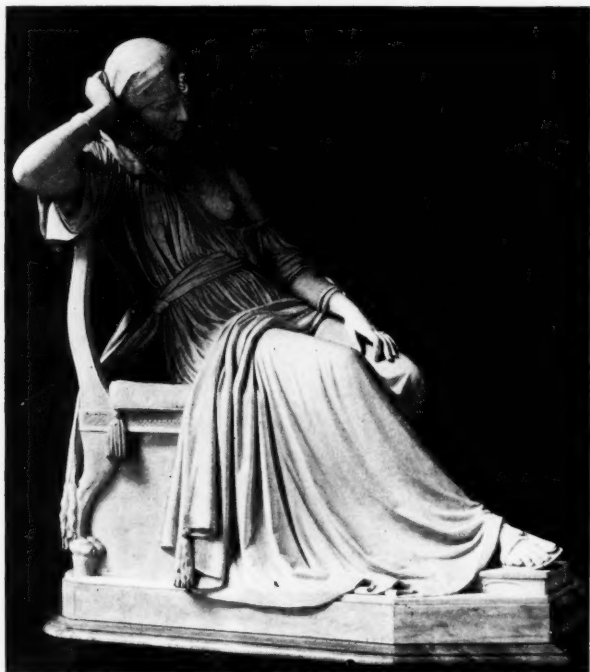
Perhaps, however, Cleopatra, beautiful or ugly, is of little consequence.

When one studies in the spirit of criticism the history of her relations with Antony, there is small place, and that but in the last part, for the passion of love. It will be easy to persuade you of this if you follow the simple chronological exposition of facts I shall give you. Antony makes the acquaintance of Cleopatra at Tarsus toward the end of the year 41 B.C., passes the winter of 41 to 40 with her at Alexandria, leaves her in the spring of 40 and stays away from her for more than three years, till the autumn of 37. There is no proof that during this time he sighed for the queen of Egypt as a lover far away; on the contrary, he attends with alacrity worthy of praise to preparing the conquest of Persia, to putting into execution the great design conceived by Caesar, the plan of war that Antony had come upon among the papers of the dictator in the evening of the 15th of March, 44.

All order, social and political—the

army, the state, public finance, wealth private and public,—was going to pieces about him. The triumvirate power, built upon the uncertain

The historians, however antagonistic to him, describe him to us as exceedingly busy in those four years, extracting from all parts the little



From the marble statue by W. W. Story. Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

#### CLEOPATRA

foundation of these ruins, was tottering. Antony realized that only a great external success could give to him and to his party the authority and the money necessary to establish a solid government, and resolved to enter into possession of the political legacy of his teacher and patron, taking up its idea—the conquest of Persia. But the difficulties are grave. Soldiers are not wanting, but money. The revolution has ruined the empire and Italy; all the reserve funds have been dissipated; the finances of the state are in such straits that not even the soldiers can be paid punctually, and the legions every now and then claim their dues by revolt.

But Antony is not discouraged.

money still in circulation. Then, at one stroke, in the second half of the year 37, when, preparations finished, it is time to put hands to the execution, the ancient historians, without in any way explaining to us this sudden act, most unforeseen, made him depart for Antioch to meet Cleopatra, whom he has invited to join him. For what reason does Antony, after three years, suddenly rejoin Cleopatra? The secret of the story of Antony and Cleopatra lies entirely in this question. Plutarch says that Antony went to Antioch borne by the fiery and untamed courser of his own spirit; in other words, because passion was already beginning to make him lose common-



sense. Not finding other explanations in the ancient writers, posterity has accepted this, which was simple enough; but about a century ago an erudite Frenchman, Letronne, studying certain coins, and comparing with them certain passages in ancient historians until then obscure, was able to demonstrate that in 36 B.C., at Antioch, Antony married Cleopatra with all the dynastic ceremonies of Egypt, and that thereupon Antony became King of Egypt, although he did not dare assume the title.

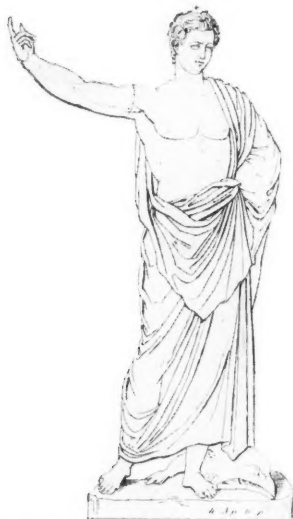
The explanation of Letronne, which is founded on official documents, like coins, is without any doubt more dependable than that of Plutarch, which is reducible to an imaginative metaphor; and the discovery of Letronne, concluding that concatenation of facts which I have set forth, finally persuades me to affirm that not a passion of love suddenly reawakened led Antony in the second half of 37 B.C. to Antioch to meet the queen of Egypt, but a political scheme well thought out. Antony wanted Egypt and not the beautiful person of its queen. He meant by this dynastic marriage to establish the Roman protectorate in the valley of the Nile and to be able to dispose, for the Persian campaign, of the treasures of the kingdom of the Ptolemies. At that time, after the plunderings of other regions of the Orient by the politicians of Rome, there was but one state rich in reserves of precious metals—Egypt. Since little by little the economic crisis of the Roman empire was aggravating, the Roman polity had to gravitate perforce toward Egypt, as toward the country capable of providing Rome with the capital necessary to continue its policy in every part of the empire. Cæsar already understood this. His mysterious and obscure connection with Cleopatra had certainly for ultimate motive and reason this political necessity; and Antony, in marrying Cleopatra, probably only applied more or less shrewdly the ideas that Cæsar had had in the

refulgent crepuscle of his tempestuous career.

But you will ask me why Antony, if he had need of the valley of the Nile, resorted to this strange expedient of a marriage, instead of conquering the kingdom; and why Cleopatra demeaned herself to marry the triumvir. The reply is not difficult to him who knows the history of Rome. There was a long-standing tradition in Roman policy to exploit Egypt but to respect its independence. It may be because the country was considered more difficult to govern than in truth it was; or because there existed for this more ancient land—the seat of all the most refined arts, the most learned schools, the most choice industries, exceedingly rich and highly civilized—a regard that somewhat resembles what France imposes on the world to-day. Finally, it may be because it was held that if Egypt were annexed, its influence on Italy would be too much in the ascendant, and the traditions of the old Roman life would be conclusively overwhelmed by the invasion of the customs, the ideas, the refinements, in a word, by the corruptions of Egypt. Antony, who was set in the idea of repeating in Persia the adventure of Alexander the Great, did not dare bring about an annexation which would have been severely judged in Italy, and which he, like the others, thought more dangerous than in reality it was. On the other hand, as with a dynastic marriage, he was able to secure for himself all the advantages of effective possession, without running the risks of annexation, so he resolved upon this artifice, which, I repeat, had probably been imagined by Cæsar. As to Cleopatra, her government was menaced by a strong internal opposition, the causes for which are ill-known: marrying Antony, she gathered about her throne, to protect it, formidable guards—the Roman legions.

To sum up, the romance of Antony and Cleopatra covers, at least in its beginnings, a political treaty. With

that marriage Cleopatra seeks to steady her wavering power, and Antony to place the valley of the Nile under the Roman protectorate. How, then, was the famous romance



From the statue at Pembroke College, Cambridge, England  
MARK ANTONY

born? The history of Antony and Cleopatra—the true story, not the romance—is one of the most tragic episodes of a struggle that lacerated the Roman empire for four centuries until it finally destroyed it—the struggle between Orient and Occident. During the age of Cæsar, little by little, without any one's realizing it at first, there arose and fulfilled itself a fact of the gravest importance: that is, the eastern part of the empire had grown out of proportion; first, from the conquest of the Pontus, made by Lucullus, who had added to the Roman dominions immense territory in Asia Minor; then by Pompey's conquest of Syria, and the protectorate extended by him over all Palestine and a considerable part of Arabia. These new districts were not only enormous in extent: they were also populous, wealthy, fertile, celebrated for ancient culture; they held the busiest industrial cities,

the best cultivated regions of the ancient world, the most famous seats of arts, letters, science; therefore their annexation, made rapidly in a few years, could not but trouble the already unstable equilibrium of the empire. Italy was then, compared with these provinces, a poor and barbarous land; because southern Italy had been ruined by the wars of preceding epochs, and northern Italy, naturally the wealthier part, was still crude and at the beginning of its development. The other western provinces nearer Italy were poorer and less civilized than Italy herself, except Gallia Narbonensis and certain parts of southern Spain. So that Rome, the capital of the empire, came to find itself far from the richest and most populous regions, among territories poor and despoiled, on the frontiers of barbarism; in such a situation as the Russian empire might find itself to-day, if it had its capital at Vladivostok or at Harbin.

It is known that during the last years of the life of Cæsar it was rumored, several times, that the dictator wished to remove elsewhere the capital of the empire—to Alexandria in Egypt, it was said, to Ilium in the district where Troy arose. It is impossible to judge whether these reports were true or were invented by enemies of Cæsar to damage him; at any rate, true or false, they show that public opinion was beginning to concern itself with the "eastern peril"; that is, with the danger that the seat of empire must be shifted toward the Orient and the too ample Asiatic and African territory, and that Italy would be one day uncrowned of her metropolitan predominance, conquered by so many wars. Such hearsays, even if not true, must have seemed the more likely because, in his last two years, Cæsar planned the conquest of Persia. Now the natural basis of operations for the conquest of Persia was to be found, not in Italy, but in Asia Minor, and if Persia had been conquered, it would not have been

possible to govern in Rome an empire so immeasurably enlarged in the Orient. Everything, therefore, leads to the belief that this question was at least discussed in the coterie of

great enterprise; among these, Antony must rely above all on Egypt, the richest and most civilized and most able to supply him the funds of which he was in want. Therefore he mar-



In the Park at Fontainebleau

In the Museum at Dresden

In the Museum of St. Mark, Venice

THREE STATUES OF CLEOPATRA

Cæsar's friends; and it was a serious question, because in it the traditions, the aspirations, the interests, of Italy were in irreconcilable conflict with a supreme necessity of state which one day or other would impose itself, if some unforeseen event did not intervene to resolve it.

In the light of these considerations, the conduct of Antony becomes very clear. The marriage at Antioch, by which he places Egypt under the Roman protectorate, is the decisive act of a policy that looks to transporting the centre of his government toward the Orient, to be able to accomplish more securely the conquest of Persia. Antony, the heir of Cæsar, the man who held the papers of the dictator, who knew his hidden thoughts, who wished to complete the plans cut off by his death, proposes to conquer Persia. To conquer Persia he must rely on the Oriental provinces that were the natural basis of operations for the

ries the Cleopatra whom, it was said at Rome, Cæsar himself had wished to marry—with whom, at any rate, Cæsar had much dallied and intrigued. Does not this juxtaposition of facts seem luminous to you? In 36 Antony marries Cleopatra, as a few years before he had married Octavia, the sister of the future Augustus, for political reasons—in order to be able to dispose of the political subsidies and finances of Egypt, for the conquest of Persia. The conquest of Persia is the ultimate motive of all his policy, the supreme explanation of his every act.

Little by little, however, this move, made on both sides for considerations of political interest, altered its character under the action of events, of time, through the personal influence of Antony and Cleopatra upon each other, above all, the power that Cleopatra acquired over Antony. Here, truly, is the most important part of all this story. Those who

have read my history know that I have recounted hardly any of the anecdotes, more or less odd or entertaining, with which ancient writers describe the intimate life of Antony and Cleopatra, because it is impossible to separate in them the part that is fact from that which was invented or exaggerated by political enmity. In history the difficulty of recognizing the truth gradually increases as one passes from political to private life. In politics the acts of men and of parties are always bound together by either causes or effects of which a certain number is always exactly known; private life, on the other hand, is, as it were, isolated and shut up in a secrecy almost invariably impenetrable. What a great man of state does in his own house his valet knows better than the historians of later times. But if for these reasons I have thought it prudent not to accept in my work the stories and anecdotes that the ancients recount of Antony and Cleopatra, without indeed risking to declare them false, on the contrary, it is not possible to deny that Cleopatra gradually acquired great ascendancy over the mind of Antony. The circumstance is of itself highly probable.

Whether Cleopatra was a Venus, as the ancients say, or whether she was provided with but a mediocre beauty, as declare the portraits, matters little: it is, however, certain that she was a woman of great cleverness and of great culture; that, as woman and queen of the richest and most civilized realm of the ancient world, she was mistress of all those arts of pleasure, of luxury, of elegance that are the most delicate and intoxicating fruit of all mature civilizations. Cleopatra might re-figure, in the ancient world, the richest, most elegant and cultured Parisian lady in the world of to-day. Antony, on the other hand, was the descendant of a family of that Roman nobility which still preserved much rusticity in tastes, ideas, habits; he grew up in times in which the children were still given Spartan training; he came to Egypt from a nation

which, notwithstanding its military and diplomatic triumphs, might be considered, compared with Egypt, only poor, rude and barbarous. Upon this man, who was both intelligent and eager for enjoyment, who had, like other noble Romans, already begun to taste the charms of intellectual civilization, not Cleopatra alone made the keenest impression, but all Egypt—the wonderful city of Alexandria, the sumptuous palace of the Ptolemies, all that refined, elegant splendor of which he found himself at one stroke the master.

What was there at Rome to compare with Alexandria? Rome, in spite of its imperial power, abandoned to a fearful disorder by the jarring of factions, encumbered with ruin, its streets narrow and wretched, provided as yet with but a single *forum*, narrow and plain; Rome, the sole impressive monument of which was the theatre of Pompey; and where the life was yet crude, and objects of luxury so rare that they had to be brought from the distant Orient? At Alexandria, instead, the Paris of the ancient world, were to be found, so says a Greek author, all the best and most beautiful things of the earth: there was a sumptuousness of public edifices that the ancients never tired of extolling, the quay seven *stadia* long (about 4200 feet), the lighthouse famous all over the Mediterranean, the marvellous zoölogical garden, the museum, the gymnasium, innumerable temples, the unending palace of the Ptolemies. There was an abundance, unheard-of for those times, of objects of luxury—rugs, glass, stuffs, papyruses, jewels, artistic pottery—because they made all these things at Alexandria. There was an abundance, greater than elsewhere, of silk, of perfumes, of gems, of all the things imported from the extreme East, because through Alexandria passed one of the most frequented routes of Indo-Chinese commerce. There, too, were innumerable artists, writers, philosophers and *savants*; the social life and the intellectual life alike fervid; the

continuous movement to and fro of traffic, the continual passing of rare and curious things; countless amusements; life safer than elsewhere, or at least so it was believed, because at Alexandria were the great schools of medicine and the great scientific physicians.

If all the Italians who landed in Alexandria were dazzled by so many splendors, Antony ought to have been blinded; for he entered Alexandria as king. He who was born at Rome in the small and very modest house of an impoverished noble family, who had been brought up with Latin parsimony to eat frugally, to drink wine only on festive occasions, to wear the same clothes a long time, to be served by a single slave—this man found himself lord of the immense palace of the Ptolemies; where the kitchens alone were a hundred times larger than the house of his fathers at Rome; where there were gathered to give him pleasure the most precious treasures and the most marvellous collection of works of art; where there were trains of servants at his command, and every wish could be immediately gratified. It is not necessary, then, to suppose that Antony was foolishly enamored of Cleopatra, to understand the change that took place in him after his marriage with the Queen of Egypt, as he tasted the inimitable life of Alexandria; that elegance, that ease, that wealth, that pomp without equal. A man of action, grown in simplicity, toughened by a rude life, he was all at once carried into the midst of the subtlest and most highly developed civilization of the ancient world and given the greatest facilities to enjoy and abuse it that ever



From the painting by Paolo Veronese in the Pinakothek Museum, Munich

CLEOPATRA

man had. And, as might be expected, he was intoxicated; he contracted for such a life an almost insane passion; he adored Egypt with such ardor as to forget for it the nation of his birth, and the modest home of his boyhood.

And then began the great tragedy—not love-inspired, but political—of his life. As it gradually got hold of his mind, Cleopatra tried to persuade Antony not to conquer Persia, but accept openly the kingdom of Egypt, to found with her and with their children a new dynasty, and to create a great new Egyptian empire, adding to Egypt the better part of the provinces that Rome possessed in Africa and in Asia, abandoning forever to their destiny Italy and the provinces of the West.

Cleopatra had thought to snatch from Rome, by the arm of Antony, its Oriental empire in that immense

disorder of revolution; to reconstruct the great empire of Egypt, placing at its head the first general of the time, creating an army of Roman legionaries with the gold of the Ptolemies; to make Egypt and its dynasty the prime potentate of Africa and Asia, transferring to Alexandria the political and diplomatic control of the finest parts of the Mediterranean world. As the move failed, men—as usual—have condemned it as foolish, stupid; but he who knows how easy it is to be wise after events will judge this confused policy of Cleopatra less curtly. At any rate, it is certain that the scheme of Cleopatra failed more because of its own inconsistencies than through the vigor and ability with which Rome tried to thwart it; it is certain that in the execution of the plan Antony felt first in himself the tragic discord between Orient and Occident that was so long to lacerate the empire; and of that tragic discord he was the first victim. An enthusiastic admirer of Egypt, an ardent Hellénist, he is lured by his great ambition to be King of Egypt, to renew the famous line of the Ptolemies, to continue in the East the glory and the traditions of Alexander the Great. But the far-away voice of his fatherland still sounds in his ear; he recalls the city of his birth, the Senate in which he rose so many times to speak, the

soldiers with whom he had fought through so many countries in so many wars; the fundamental principles which at home ruled the family, the state—morality, public and private.

Cleopatra's scheme, considered at Alexandria, was a heroic undertaking, almost divine, that might have lifted him and his scions to the delights of Olympus; seen from Rome, by his childhood's friends, by his comrades in arms, by that people of Italy who still so much admired him, it was the shocking crime of faithlessness to his country; we call it high treason. Therefore he hesitates long, doubting above all whether he can keep for the new Egyptian empire the Roman legions, made up mostly of Italians, all commanded by Italian officers. He does not know how to oppose a resolute *no* to the insistences of Cleopatra and loose himself from the fatal bond that keeps him near her. He cannot go back to live in Italy after having dwelt as king in Alexandria. Moreover he does not dare declare his intentions to his Roman friends, fearing that they will scatter; to the soldiers, fearing they will revolt; to Italy, fearing her judgment of him as a traitor; and so, little by little, he entangles himself in a crooked policy, full of prevarications, of expedients, of subterfuges, that leads him to Actium.



CLEOPATRA

CLEOPATRA SELENE, DAUGHTER  
OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Forum of his orations, the Comitia that elected him to magistracies; Octavia, the gentlewoman he had wedded with the sacred rites of Latin monogamy; the friends and

I think I have shown that Antony succumbed in the famous war not because, mad with love, he abandoned the command in the midst of the battle, but because his armies re-



volted and deserted him when they understood what he had not dared declare to them openly: that he meant to dismember the empire of Rome to create the new empire of Alexandria. The future Augustus conquered at Actium without effort, merely because the national sentiment of the soldiery, outraged by the unforeseen revelation of Antony's treason, turned against the man who wanted to aggrandize Cleopatra at the expense of his own country.

And then the victorious party, the party of Augustus, created the story of Antony and Cleopatra that has so entertained posterity. This story is but a popular explanation, in part imaginatively exaggerated and fantastic, of the Eastern peril that menaced Rome—peril alike political and moral. According to the story that Horace has put into such charming verse, Cleopatra wished to conquer Italy, to enslave Rome, to destroy the Capitol. But Cleopatra would not have been able to accomplish alone so difficult a task; she must have seduced Antony, made him forget his duty to his wife, to his legitimate children, to the republic, the soldiery, his native land—all the duties that Latin morals inculcated into the minds of the great, and that a shameless Egyptian woman, rendered perverse by all the arts of the Orient, had blotted out in his soul; and therefore Antony's tragic fate should serve as a solemn warning to distrust the voluptuous seductions of which Cleopatra symbolized the elegant and fatal depravity. The story was magnified, colored, diffused, not because it was beautiful and romantic, but



Engraved by J. Sartain from the painting by A. Kauffman

CLEOPATRA ADORNING THE SEPULCHRE OF MARK ANTONY

because it served the interests of the political coterie that definitely gained control of the government on the ruin of Antony. At Actium, the future Augustus did not fight a real war: he only passively watched the power of the adversary go to pieces, destroyed by its own internal contradictions. He did not decide to conquer Egypt until the public opinion of Italy, enraged against Antony and Cleopatra, required this vengeance with such insistence that he had to satisfy it. But if Augustus was not a man too quick in action, he was, instead, intelligent as far as comprehending the situation created by the catastrophe of Antony in Italy, where already for a decade of years public spirit, frightened by revolution, was anxious to return to the ways of the past, to the historic sources of the national life. Augustus



From a bronze bust found at Lyons, now in the Louvre  
OCTAVIA, WIFE OF MARK ANTONY AND SISTER OF  
AUGUSTUS

tus understood that before Italy—disgusted with long-continued dissension, eager to retrace the way of national tradition—he ought to stand for all the virtues his contemporaries set in opposition to Eastern “corruption”: simplicity, severity of private habits, rigid monogamy, the anti-feministic spirit, the purely virile idea of the state.

The exaltation of these virtues required that in his rival should be represented, as far as possible, the opposite defects; hence the efforts of his friends, like Horace, to color the story of Antony and Cleopatra, which was to magnify to the Italians the idea of the danger from which Augustus had saved them at Actium, serving as a barrier against the invading Oriental “corruption”—against luxury, dissoluteness, imitation of Asiatic habits, and above all against feminism. In a certain sense, the legend of Antony and Cleopatra is chiefly an anti-feminist legend, intended to reinforce in the

state the power of the masculine principle, to demonstrate how dangerous it may be to leave to women the government of public affairs or follow their counsel in political business.

The people believed the legend; posterity has believed it. Two years ago, when I published in the *Revue de Paris* an article in which I demonstrated, by obvious arguments, the incongruities and absurdities of the legend, and tried to retrace through it the half-effaced lines of the truth, everybody was amazed. From one end of Europe to the other, the papers treated the conclusions of my study as an astounding revelation. An illustrious French statesman, a man of the finest culture in historical study, Joseph Reinach, said to me: “I have re-read, after your article, Dion and Plutarch. It is indeed singular that for twenty centuries men have read and re-read those pages without any one’s realizing how confused and absurd their accounts are.”

But that seems to be a psychological law of the human spirit. Almost all historic personages that tradition presents to us, from Minos to Mazzini, from Judas Iscariot to Charlotte Corday, from Xerxes to Napoleon, are imaginary personages; some transfigured into demigods, by admiration and success, the others debased by hate and failure. In reality the former were often uglier, the latter more attractive, than tradition has pictured them, because men in general are neither too good nor too bad, neither too intelligent nor too stupid. In short, historic tradition is full of deformed caricatures and ideal transfigurations; because, when they are dead, the memories of their political contemporaries still serve the ends of parties, states, nations, institutions. Can this man serve to exalt in a people the consciousness of its own power, of its own energy, of its own value?

Lo! then they make a god of him, as of Napoleon or Bismarck. Can this other serve to feed, in the mass, odium and scorn of another party of a government, of an order of things that it is desirable to injure? Then they make a monster of him, as happened in Rome to Tiberius, in France to Napoleon III., in Italy to all who for one motive or another opposed the unification of that land.

It is true that after a time the interests that have colored certain figures with certain hues and shades disappear, but then the reputation, good or bad, of a personage is already made; his name is impressed on the memory of posterity with an adjective—the great, the wise, the wicked, the cruel, the rapacious,—and there is no human force that can dis sever name and adjective. Some far-away historian, studying all the documents, examining the sequence of events, will confute the tradition in learned books; but his work not only will not succeed in persuading the ignorant multitude, but must contend against the multiplied objections offered by the instinctive incredulity of people of culture. Then you will say to me: "What is the use of writing history? Why spend so much effort to correct the errors in which people will persist, just as if the histories were never written?"

Well, I do not believe that the office of his tory is to render justice to men who have guided the great human events. It is, indeed, work serious enough for every generation to give a little justice to the living, rather than occupy itself rendering it to the dead, who indeed, in contradistinction to the living, have no need of it. But the study of history, the rectification of stories of the past, ought to serve another and practical end; that is, train the men who govern nations to discern more than

may be possible from their environment—the truth underlying the legends. As I have already said, passion, interests, present historic personages in a thousand forms when they are alive, transfiguring not only the persons themselves, but events the most diverse, the character of institutions, the conditions of nations. It is generally believed that legends are found only at the dawn of history, in the poetic period. That is a great mistake. The legend—the legend that deceives, that deforms, that misdirects—is everywhere, in all ages, in the present as in the past; in the present even more than in the past, because it is the consequence of certain universal forms of thought and of sentiment. To-day, just as ten or twenty centuries ago, interests and passions dominate events, alter them and distort them, creating about them veritable romances, more or less probable. The present, which appears to all to be the same reality, is instead, for most people, only a huge legend,



From a bust in the Vatican

MARK ANTONY



From a bas-relief in the Temple of Denderah

CLEOPATRA AND CÆSAR MAKING AN OFFERING TO  
THE GOD HATHOR

traversed by contemporaries stirred by the most widely-differing sentiments.

However the mass may content itself with this legend, throbbing with hate and love, with hope and fear of the phantoms created by it, those who guide and govern the masses ought to try to divine the truth, as far as they can. A great man of state is distinguished from a mediocre by his greater ability to divine the real in his world of action beneath the confused legends that conceal it; by his greater ability to discern in everything what is true and what is merely apparent—in the prestige of states and institutions, in the forces of parties, in the energy attributed to certain men, in the purposes claimed by parties and men, often different from their real designs. To do that, some natural disposition is necessary, a liveliness of intuition that must come with birth; but this faculty can be re-

finied and trained by a practical knowledge of men, by experience in things and by the study of history. In the ages dead, when the interests that created their legends have disappeared, we can discover how those great popular illusions, that are one of the greatest forces of history, are made and how they work. We may thus fortify the spirit to withstand the cheating illusions that surround us from every part of the vast modern world, in which so many interests dispute dominion over thoughts and will.

In this sense alone I believe that history may be a teacher; teacher, not of the multitude, which will never learn anything from it, but, impelled



Engraved by Gelee, for *L'Artiste*, Chardon, aîné, Paris

CLEOPATRA

by the same passions, will always repeat the same errors and the same foolishnesses, but teacher of the chosen few, who, charged with directing the game of history, are concerned to know as well as they can its inner law. Taken in this way, history may be a great teacher, in its every page, every line; and the study of the legend of Antony and Cleopatra may itself even serve to prepare the spirit of a diplomat, who must treat, between state and state, the complicated economic and polit-

ical affairs of the modern world. And so history and life interchange mutual services; life teaches history, and history, life. Observing the present, we help ourselves to know the past; and from the study of the past we can return to the present better tempered and better prepared to observe and comprehend it. In present and in past, history can form a kind of wisdom set apart, in a certain sense aristocratic, above what the masses know, at least as to the universal laws that govern the life of nations.



## CHARLES DARWIN

By LEONARD HUXLEY

This interesting sketch of the great English man of science who was born on the same day as Abraham Lincoln, has special interest from its authorship, Mr. Huxley being the son and biographer of Darwin's most conspicuous disciple and supporter.—THE EDITOR



ONE of my quaintest recollections of a singularly quaint and picturesque personage is the fondness with which John Stuart Blackie—perfevid Scot and idealist Grecian, a silver-haired professor in a poet's plaid—used to acclaim the year 1809. "It is the Annus Mirabilis of the century," he would cry, "the year in which more great men entered this world than any other. It was the birth year of Gladstone and Lincoln, and Tennyson and FitzGerald and Wendell Holmes and Poe and Mendelssohn and Chopin and Darwin and Moncton Milnes and John Stuart Blackie!"

I think the bright blue eyes used to flash more over the recital of so renowned a list than they twinkled at the conclusion, so unexpected by the hearer. Be that as it may, the

list includes more men than one who profoundly modified the world into which they were born. In music, indeed, the revolutionaries were not yet; but Tennyson with his exquisitely polished lute gave his countrymen not only new beauties of word and song, but a new poetic interpretation of Nature in relation to man and his new knowledge; Gladstone forwarded a democratic expansion which has incalculably altered the balance of constitutional power in our own country; Lincoln with blood and tears founded a new and more hallowed Union of the Great West; Darwin, by finding a *vera causa* for the majestic processes of creative nature, initiated a revolution of thought confined to no country and to no continent.

And now the clock of the centuries has moved full circle. A hundred years completed since the birth of Charles Darwin, we pause at the

rounded number and look back over a field of intellectual change unparalleled since the Renaissance. As then there was a new learning, new discoveries of buried knowledge, new sources to be opened up, all contributing to the marvellous new illumination, every voyage among the old-new books like a venture to one of the newly opened quarters of the globe, with measureless possibilities of treasure in golden ideas and revelations beyond the narrow limits of the accepted doctrines,—so now a great and fertile idea once established burst the dykes of ancient orthodoxy that hemmed thought in; it gave coherence to the incoherent accumulations of natural knowledge; it stimulated research to find further proof or disproof of its validity; it made advance possible by providing an intelligible line along which to work. All the natural sciences were affected by it; all responded to its vivifying touch. Science withal acquired a new dignity. It reinterpreted man's nature and man's destiny; it offered new clues to the relation between him and the universe in which he finds himself; it attempted to fling a bridge, however frail, over the dark chasm that severs the material and the mental worlds. It called out a new metaphysic and a new theology, profoundly affected by the fresh view of the universe without and of the world of psychology and ethics within. Natural science therefore shared in the honorable dignity so long accorded to these thought-sciences.

What manner of man was he who put this new and fruitful life into the ancient evolutionary idea? How was he equipped for the task by his natural birthright and his early education?

He sprang from two distinguished stocks. His father was a successful doctor in Shrewsbury, wise, sympathetic and observant, quick to read character and to inspire confidence. Though forming a theory for almost everything which occurred, he had not a scientific mind, and did not try to generalize his knowledge under

general laws; man rather than nature was his chief study and his only taste in the direction of natural history was the love of plants in his garden. Indeed, the inherited love of natural history and the scientific turn of mind were more apparent in his brothers, the other sons of the famous Dr. Erasmus Darwin.

These qualities were revived in Charles Darwin. He shared, too, Erasmus' "vividness of imagination" which led to "his overpowering tendency to theorize and generalize," though in the grandson's case "this tendency was kept in check by his determination to test his theories to the utmost." They had the same benevolence, sympathy and charm of manner, the same indifference to fame and absence of self-conceit, the same swift anger over inhumanity or injustice; but instead of Erasmus' love of mechanism and his literary and poetical temperament, Charles displayed a love of exercise and field sports, and a unique modesty and simplicity of character, free from any acerbity or severity of temper which may have existed in Erasmus.

The other distinguished stock from which Charles Darwin sprang was that of the Wedgwoods, with their practical sense and power to turn inventive faculty to account. His mother, Susannah Wedgwood, was the daughter of Josiah the famous potter; and her mother again was one of a remarkable family of brilliant sisters, the Allens of Cresselly of whom two married Wedgwoods, one Sir James Mackintosh of legal and philosophic fame, and another the historian Sismondi. They had undergone a strange and strenuous cultivation of their wits. Their imperious old father, needing entertainment at the long-drawn dinner of those days, would bid his daughters be brilliant. If they failed, a storm burst upon them. Thus they were painfully trained into the habit of recording in the brightest form with the crispest comments what they had seen or heard or read during the day; they became admirable conversationalists



and later admirable letter-writers, even coming to bless the parental tyranny which had disciplined them, however unwillingly, into such brilliant members of society.

With such strands woven into his nature, sound stuff of warp and weft, we should expect to find in Charles Darwin a high potentiality of both character and capacity, an expectation justified by the high average of such qualities displayed in the various ramifications of the family to which he belonged. The education, however, which was given him was scarcely suited to bringing out his special capacities. It was almost the antipodes of such an education as would be given to-day to a youth who intended to follow natural science, although to-day there are still to be found men of linguistic and abstract training and covered with distinction in very different fields, who in their later years, without regular training, have turned to and done even detailed anatomical work in little explored fields of natural science.

Shrewsbury School was then, and long continued to be, the shrine of the classics, kept undefiled as far as might be by contact with baser studies such as modern languages or science, mathematical or physical. Charles Darwin found it bad for the development of his mind and of no help to the training of his powers of language. Though he had strong and diversified tastes, with zeal for whatever interested him and pleasure in understanding any complex subject or thing, that zeal and pleasure were in things outside the school curriculum, and he records how his home interest in such a useless subject as practical chemistry brought down on him a public rebuke from his head-master, who dubbed him a *poco curante*. "As I did not understand what he meant," adds the victim, "it seemed to me a fearful reproach."

But the direct insight into the meaning of experimental science thus acquired was one of the most valuable lessons of his boyhood. It added

breadth and depth to the power of observation cultivated by his love of sport, of watching birds, and of collecting specimens, whether insects or minerals. So, in the official eye, his school career was a failure, and his father, withdrawing him early, sent him to study medicine at Edinburgh University; for Dr. Darwin, "who," says his son, "was by far the best judge of character I ever knew," declared that he would make a successful physician—the chief element of success being the gift of exciting confidence. Nevertheless, two years at Edinburgh convinced him that he was not cut out for a doctor. His tenderness of heart, which had induced him long before, at his sister's suggestion, not to kill living insects but to collect only dead specimens, revolted from the operations he saw—for anæsthetics were not—and the lectures were dry and dull, a course on geology, one of his favorite subjects, inducing the determination never to open a book on the subject again as long as he lived.

So he exchanged Edinburgh for Cambridge, the prospect of medicine for the prospect of the church. Brought up to believe in the strict and literal truth of every word in the Bible, he easily satisfied his youthful scruples and hesitations by reading "Pearson on the Creeds" and similar theological works, while in other respects the life of a country clergyman promised to be congenial to one whose love of a country life was so strong that he seemed in danger of drifting into the character of an idle sporting man. At Cambridge, however, the scientific instinct gradually became predominant, and though the regular academical training made little impression on him, we see him studying botany and in his last year enjoying the close logical argument of Paley and Euclid, and reviving his geology. Above all he was fired by reading Herschel's "Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy" and Humboldt's "Personal Narrative" on the strength of which he planned

an excursion to Teneriffe. Thus his project of entering the church was never formally abandoned; it had not taken such definite form as to present an insuperable obstacle when the young man of scientific interests and private means was offered the post of unpaid naturalist to the voyage of the *Beagle*, and finally, when his career was definitely determined by the work done on that epoch-making voyage, the former project silently lapsed.

The voyage was indeed epoch-making. It furnished his real education; it turned him definitely to a scientific career. "I have always felt," he writes, "that I owe to the voyage the first real training and education of my mind." On him as on his two chief henchmen a few years later, the long sea voyage produced a definite effect with its withdrawal from the familiar distractions of life, its new and varied scientific interests, its opportunities for absorbing fresh impressions and drawing far-reaching conclusions from them in hours untrammelled by the pressure of conventional opinion established on narrower grounds. Such isolation is comparable with the withdrawal of the prophet-to-be into the wilderness for meditation and for the crystallization of the thoughts still, as it were, in solution. On this voyage he found himself. It dawned upon him gradually that he could be sometime more than a collector of specimens and facts to be used by the great men. The home appreciation of the collections he sent back to England was a genuine if delightful surprise. "You rank my Natural History labors far too high," he had written to J. M. Herbert. "I am nothing more than a lions' provider. I do not feel at all sure that they will not growl and finally destroy me."

He found, too, that he could write. The careful keeping of a journal afforded good practice in expression. Then a subject suggested itself in the geology of the countries visited, "and this," he writes, "made me thrill

with delight. That was a memorable hour to me; and how distinctly I can call to mind the low cliff of lava beneath which I rested, with the sun glaring hot, a few strange desert plants growing near." Later on, his captain, FitzRoy, asked him to read some of his Journal, and declared it would be worth publishing. The energetic young man, who was likely, his father feared, to degenerate into an idle sporting man, gradually discovered that the pleasure of observing and reasoning was a much higher one than that of skill and sport. Though for the first two years of the voyage his old love of shooting survived in almost full force, and he himself shot almost all the birds and animals for his collection, he gradually gave up his gun to his servant, as shooting interfered with his other work, especially with making out the geological structure of a country. Step by step the love of science preponderated over every other taste.

It is curious to note how much he was just the gifted amateur, how little the professionally trained man of science. He speaks in his letters of his ignorance of botanical detail in relation to his collection of plants; of his loss of time and trouble over the dissection and description of marine animals on the voyage from not being able to draw and from not having sufficient anatomical knowledge. This was in part remedied later by the careful and systematic work upon the cirripedes, spread over eight years, a wonderful piece at once of research and of self-discipline, arising out of his discovery in Chile of a curious new form, to understand the structure of which he had to examine and dissect many of the common forms, while this in turn gradually led him to write a monograph on the whole group, living and extinct. One recalls also his enthusiasm, when an elderly man, over his great follower's "Elementary Physiology," and his lament that he had not been brought up on some such book. Even in geology—the subject of which he had perhaps best

knowledge and which he continued to study in Lyell's "Principles" on board the *Beagle*—we find him writing to Henslow for information about various fundamental points, especially in connection with field work. It is amusing, by the way, to note that Henslow had bidden him read the "Principles" but by no means to accept their conclusions.

Yet, with this defect of practical training, he did striking work on the voyage. His collections, as we have seen, were very valuable; he worked out his theory of Coral Reefs; he wrote on the geology of South America, and laid the foundations of his great theory.

For during the voyage of the *Beagle*, also, the question of the transmutation of species presented itself to him. In this alone lay the explanation of facts which he had observed; he resolved to gather all facts bearing upon the question and seek for some adequate theory in proof of it.

I had been deeply impressed [he writes] by discovering in the Pampean formation great fossil animals covered with armour like that of the existing armadillos; secondly by the manner in which closely allied animals replace one another in spreading southwards over the Continent; thirdly, by the South American character of most of the productions of the Galapagos archipelago, and more especially by the manner in which they differ slightly on each island of the group; none of the islands appearing to be very ancient in a geological sense.

It was evident that such facts as these, as well as many others, could only be explained on the supposition that species gradually became modified; and the subject haunted me. But it was equally evident that neither the action of the surrounding conditions, nor the will of the organisms (especially in the case of plants) could account for the innumerable cases in which organisms of every kind are beautifully adapted to their habits of life—for instance, a woodpecker or a tree-frog to climb trees, or a seed for dispersal by hooks or plumes. I had always been much struck by such adaptations, and

until these could be explained it seemed to me almost useless to endeavour to prove by indirect evidence that species have been modified.

Thus in July, 1837, he opened his first note-book for the collection of all facts which bore in any way on the variation of animals and plants under domestication and nature. He soon saw that selection was the key-stone of man's success in making useful races of plants and animals. But how was selection applied in a state of nature? The reading of Malthus on "Population" gave the first clue. In the struggle for existence the unfavorable variation would tend to be wiped out, the favorable to be preserved and create fresh species. The second clue lay in adaptation. The tendency of descendants of a common stock to diverge in character as they became modified was accounted for by their adaptation to many and diversified places in the economy of nature.

Yet, with the first and most important clue in his hands, such was his patience, his caution, that it was nearly four years before he allowed himself the satisfaction of writing the first brief abstract of his theory in pencil, enlarging this considerably a couple of years later. Then for another twelve years he continued to collect and to reflect, before beginning, at Lyell's solicitation, to write out his views fully, on a scale three or four times as extensive as in the "Origin." The story of how the "Origin" itself came to be published is well known; I need only refer to it as an example of mutual generosity, the elder man ready to renounce priority in his long labors, the younger refusing to claim it for himself at such a cost. However, Wallace's essay and Darwin's brief abstract published together in 1858 aroused little attention, showing, as Darwin sagely remarks, how necessary it is that any new view should be explained at considerable length in order to arouse public attention.

Thus—preliminary work apart—twenty years had elapsed between

the first clear conception of the theory in 1839 and its actual publication in 1859. The book gained by the delay. It was the fourth shape into which the argument was cast, being the abstract of a much larger work based upon two condensed sketches. For it the best instances out of a vast store of material could be chosen. Moreover, Darwin had anticipated and attempted to answer almost all the objections raised against his views; for, unlike many enthusiastic speculators, who ride a theory to death, airily overleaping the hedges and ditches of inconvenient fact, Darwin's patient love of truth, rather than eagerness to push a pet theory at all hazards, led him to follow what he calls a golden rule, namely, that

whenever a published fact, a new observation of thought, came across me, which was opposed to my general results, to make a memorandum of it without fail and at once; for I had found by experience that such facts and thoughts were far more apt to escape from the memory than favorable ones. Owing to this habit, very few objections were raised against my views which I had not at least noticed and attempted to answer.

This was only one side of a magnanimity and greatness of character in him which knew not the meaning of the word "assumption." In debate as in research, the merely personal was always subordinated to the impersonal verities of nature and fact. One of his closest friends could write thus of him:

I have often remarked that I never knew any one of his intellectual rank who showed himself so tolerant to opponents, great and small, as Darwin did. Sensitive he was in the sense of being too ready to be depressed by adverse comment, but I never knew any one less easily hurt by fair criticism, or who less needed to be soothed by those who opposed him with good reason.

I am sure I tried his patience often enough, without ever eliciting more than a "Well, there's a good deal in what you say; but—" and then followed something

which nine times out of ten showed he had gone deeper into the business than I had.

His was a character that excited the warmest feelings among his friends; certainly he had all the gift of winning confidence which his father had foretold in him. It was felt by young as well as old; and we who stayed at Down in our childhood felt it in our own degree just as his own children did in their day. Well do I remember such a visit; the comfortable late Georgian house with its unpretentious exterior and its home-like interior, fragrant with a certain unforgettable country smell, ever associated with this memory in the mind of town-bred children. I can see in my mind's eye the tall figure muffled in long black cloak and slouch hat, stick in hand, even as portrayed in John Collier's picture in the National Portrait Gallery, tramping so many times, for his allotted exercise, round the "Sandwalk"—a dry path about a bit of coppice in whose depths the children could play robbers or make picnic fires. I can see him still, silver of hair and big beard, the incarnation of Socratic benevolence, entering the room where the children were gathered round the table, and patting the curliest headed youngster on the head, with the smiling words, "Make yourself at home and take large mouthfuls." No wonder that this especial visit, when a whole family of seven invaded the tranquil, refreshing house, remains a memory distinct and clear beyond later memories of Down and summer days loud with the humming of bees in the flowering limes.

To his friends he was sympathetic in mind and heart; generous in his appreciation of their qualities and achievements; generous in the help which he could make the proudest accept as a gift of brotherly love. He was so little greedy of the goods of this world that he urged an admirer who had made a will in his favor to leave his money to another man of science, who was less well off. No wonder his friends rallied round him when he was attacked, for he

was no fighter; and the letter quoted above continues:

I cannot agree with you that the acceptance of Darwin's views was in any way influenced by the strong affection entertained for him by many of his friends. What that affection really did was to lead those of his friends who had seen good reason for his views to take much more trouble in his defence and support, and to strike out much harder at his adversary than they would otherwise have done. This is pardonable if not justifiable—that which you suggest would to my mind be neither.

The same intimate friend, speaking of his intellectual equipment, instantly finds its driving power in the moral quality with which it was inseparably mated.

"Colossal" does not seem to me to be the right epithet for Darwin's intellect. He had a clear, rapid intelligence, a great memory, a vivid imagination, and what made his greatness was the strict subordination of all these to his love of truth.

It was this that prevailed over the unremitting obstacle of ill-health, the obscurity of his subject, the occasional intractability of his pen which called forth the following humorous criticism after a rereading of the "Origin":

Exposition was not Darwin's *forte* and his English is sometimes wonderful. But there is a marvellous dumb sagacity about him—like that of a sort of miraculous dog—and he gets to the truth by ways as dark as those of the Heathen Chinees.

It was this, also, in more serious vein, that inspired the concluding words of the speech at the unveiling of the Darwin statue at the Natural History Museum in South Kensington, requesting the trustees to accept the statue:

We do not make this request for the mere sake of perpetuating a memory; for so long as men occupy themselves with the pursuit of truth, the name of Darwin runs no more risk of oblivion than does that of Copernicus, or that of Harvey.

Nor, most assuredly, do we ask you to preserve the statue in its cynosural posi-

tion in this entrance hall of our National Museum of Natural History as evidence that Mr. Darwin's views have received your official sanction; for science does not recognize such sanctions, and commits suicide when it adopts a creed.

No, we beg you to cherish this memorial as a symbol by which, as generation after generation of students enter yonder door, they shall be reminded of the ideal according to which they must shape their lives if they would turn to the best account the opportunities offered by the great institution under your charge.

This was his greatness, but it was won at a heavy cost. The sickness which lay in wait for him almost every day of his life—often cutting down his work to a beggarly two hours a day if it permitted work at all—was one of the heritages of the voyage, and from this flowed another consequence—the loss of pleasure in music and pure literature, whether prose or poetry, which he had enjoyed in his younger days. This loss is popularly ascribed to the devastating effect of science on the feelings, as though its dry light left no scope for the warmth of emotion, or as if it were a kind of moral quicklime, desiccating away the flesh and blood of the finer sensibilities, and Darwin, with his loss of these faculties, is piously held up as a "horrid example" of what science may bring a man to. But with him, at least, such was not the case. He tells us that, as time went on, scientific investigation remained the only interest strong enough to hold his attention and overcome the pangs of sickness which would otherwise have reduced him to a mere incapable invalid.

Of all the services rendered to his own and future generations by Darwin none, I think, was greater than this: the battle for freedom of thought was fought and won over the "Origin of Species." Sneered at, stormed at, denounced, even ostracized for a time, the Galileos of the new theory were not compelled to recant, even with the tempering ejaculation "E pur si muove." They



included fighters as well as thinkers. Scorn met with scorn; the scorn of burning knowledge for chartered ignorance. In the end, indeed, the success of the new knowledge was such that the next generation in the ecclesiastical world accepted some form of this fundamental principle in the physical world, as a doctrine alleged to have been virtually held by their church all the time, while the accounts of resistance and persecution were regarded with incredulity. The victory was the more complete because the public were interested. It was no mere war of doctrines scientific. The destinies of every man were affected, and the weapons of the church. Moreover the British public loves any stand-up fight. When the key of the position fell, when at the touch of the Ithuriel spear of science the creation myth and its sequel, misused as scientific arguments, were revealed in their true proportions, the result was felt far and wide. Freedom of thought, once conceded in the corner of physical science which touched so closely on religious and moral questions, was exercised in other quarters. No longer was it anathema to range beyond an anthropocentric world, to deal as freely with comparative religion as with comparative anatomy, to seek the root and beginnings of the moral faculties among the brutes, to find the secret of original sin not in the fall of the first man from an imaginary state of primitive innocence, but in the selfish impulses inherited from the ancestral struggle for existence under the cosmic process, and surviving inharmoniously in the altruistic communities founded by man. The progress already made and the reasonable hope of yet further betterment gave a new cast to the idea of human destiny, formerly set irrecoverably on the slopes of deterioration, while as to the mystery of suffering it was strikingly said:

I cannot but think that he who finds a certain proportion of pain and evil in-

separably woven up in the life of the very worms will bear his own share with more courage and submission; and will, at any rate, view with suspicion those weakly amiable theories of the divine government which would have us believe pain to be an oversight and a mistake, to be corrected by and by.

With this scientific Calvinism comes a recognition of the stern severity of Nature: of the fact that she is neither moral nor immoral, but simply non-moral, so that morality is justified only of her children in the conscious world, and religious arguments based on the moral or immoral tendencies of nature fall to the ground, and with them the interpretation of natural processes by final causes.

Dazzled by no millennial anticipations and working within the limits imposed by time and space, he who has drunk of the new spirit may find life, with all its pain and grief, still starred with constant beauty, with unquenched hope, with ideals not wholly past the scope of man to carry out, whatever lies beyond.

People were right when they were stirred by the enunciation of the new teaching. The movement which issued from Darwin's work has swept away much that hampered or distorted human development; if at the same time it swept away some things which seemed to make life worth living in its own despite, it has given a solid base from which to proceed anew. Not least, it has furnished fine types of character. One of its finest assets is the spirit in which the work was done. The achievement was very great because the man was yet greater. The work is built deep into the foundations of the future; the worker stands out as an example of the ideal by which his successors also must shape their life and work. Therefore it is that praise of his intellectual achievement is not enough, but a warm, a stirring personal note must always mingle with the commemoration of Charles Darwin.



# A CHAPTER FROM LIFE

By J. WALKER McSPADDEN



ENTLEMAN to see you, sir."

The office boy cautiously thrust his head into my editorial sanctum to make this unwelcome announcement. I do not like to be interrupted at certain hours in the day, and he knew it.

"Who is he?—What does he want?" I snapped.

"Dunno, sir; he would n't give his name, but I think he wants to see you about a manuscript."

All editors, I suppose, have to contend with the importunity of authors who insist upon bringing their work in person and desire an opinion upon it. I was on the point of saying that I was busy, but would be pleased to look over the manuscript if the visitor would leave it, when the thought that here at last might be the great American novel deterred me.

"Show him in," I growled; and paused in my task of blue-pencilling, only after the visitor had entered and taken a seat.

At my first glance he did not seem prepossessing. A slight, stoop-shouldered man prematurely aged at forty, with sandy mustache and watery gray eyes, he was just such another as one is constantly passing on the crowded streets, or jostling against in the still more crowded trains.

"What can I do for you, sir?" I asked.

"I have here a book of poems," he began—and the word was like lead to my hopes of a "best seller"—"which I am anxious to see published. I realize that there is a slower market for poetry than for prose, but poetry

of the right sort—such as this is—will live long after the current fiction is forgotten."

"Is it your own work?" I queried, left a little in doubt by his commendation.

"Certainly," he flared; "you do not suppose I would dare copy the older poets, even if I needed to, do you?"

"You misunderstood me. The question was only one for information. Have you ever published anything before?"

"No, I have not, but every great writer has had to make a beginning."

I made mental note of the use of the word "great" and continued with my cross-examination: "Ever written for the magazines?"

"No, I would scorn to let them use my verses for mere space-fillers!"

"Aha!" I thought—but outwardly said: "Looking at it in the light of a cold-blooded business proposition, a book of poetry by an unknown writer is somewhat dubious. You must admit this. It is not the fault of the publisher, nor yet, perhaps, of the poet, but of an all-too-practical age."

"What you say is true," he assented; "but there are exceptions to all rules. My book is an exception. I want you to read it without prejudice. I tell you, sir, frankly, it is one of the great poems of the language. It will rank in years to come with the few brilliant achievements of modern times; and people will say, 'How was it possible for this poet to have been denied recognition for so long!'"

The watery gray eyes had begun to snap and glow, now, and I was becoming mildly interested in the liberal self-praise. So I merely nodded

my head, and he continued with added vehemence: "Yes, sir, this slender volume of verses is filled with true poetry of the highest order. It contains a heart's blood in essence. It is fired with the unquenchable flame of a human soul. It will live, I tell you—will live! And now I am trying to discover the publisher who has the clearness of vision and the moral courage to give it to the world."

"How long have you been writing?" I asked; and at the question the fire died out of his eyes, leaving a hopeless expression.

"Oh, all my life, I suppose—just as I have snatched the time. It is discouraging, but, after all, history is only repeating itself. It has been so with nearly all our great poets, and somehow it is all wrong. I am the one man living who can write poetry like that—yet I am compelled to spend my days in mere drudgery which anybody else could do. It is all wrong—all wrong! The greatest living poet should be given at least the chance to do what he of all men is best fitted for."

He paid this huge tribute to himself as calmly as though the wage-earner and the "greatest living poet" were two separate people. Perhaps he did so regard them. For my part I had, of course, long since realized that I had to deal with a crank of mild species, so I determined to close the interview.

"Leave your manuscript with me," I said, "and we will give it careful consideration and report promptly."

"When may I call again?"

"Oh, you need n't trouble to do that," I replied hastily; "just write your name and address on the manuscript, and we will communicate with you."

He hesitated, unwilling to put it upon such a summary basis, and I feared he would now make the usual request for an opinion. But in this I was mistaken. His confidence in the merit of the work was already established, and he cared not a whit for mere criticism *sans* publication.

"You will be good enough to read it—through?" he asked quietly.

"Certainly, sir," I answered brusquely; and my visitor took the hint and bowed himself out.

However, he had succeeded in one object. His visit had made an impression upon me. In this common-looking man I read the struggle of the whole human race. His was the pathos of the unattainable. Because I could not get his vainglorious words out of my head—"the greatest living poet"—I broke one of my office rules and read his manuscript out of its proper turn.

It was pretty much the sort of stuff I had expected—plus one difference which I shall mention in a moment. There were a score or so of ballads and sonnets on "Spring," "Love," "Hope," "My Lady's Eyes," and the gamut of such subjects; followed by a five-act tragedy, "Queen Dido," in the usual iambic pentameter, or blank verse. The plot was thin and weak, while the lines were measured with monotonous accuracy, as though the writer had counted each one off on thumb and fingers. Occasionally, however, I was surprised to find an expression of striking merit. I still recall one or two of these:

"The elemental mystery of man,"

"Emotions subtler far than dross of words,"

"A sheath of laughter which concealed a tear."

"He is picking up a bit," I thought as these lines gradually grew more numerous,—when suddenly I found it! It was the fifth act, describing the death of Dido as Æneas sailed away—a scene wrought with astounding power and visualization, in view of the commonplaces which had gone before. The death chant of the queen was given in shorter rhymed lines, almost savage in their passion, yet glowing with poetic imagery. A doubt as to the authorship at once suggested itself, but a closer view revealed characteristic verbal tricks and weaknesses of the author of the whole.

But this final act showed such high promise that I determined to write him an opinion—even though he had not asked it—urging that he rewrite the earlier part on the same plane. I dictated a letter along these lines, making it as kind and inspiring as I could. Whether my suggestions carried any weight I had no means of knowing, as I heard nothing more from him; and gradually the grind of other routine matters drove the poet from my mind.

I have a modest home out at Claremont, a suburb within striking distance of the metropolis, and like other houses, however modest, its demands for furniture and fittings are never quite at an end. Recently the dining-table became the crux of discussion. While still presentable enough it was square in shape, and my wife desired a round one. Personally I have an old-fashioned liking for the square corners, as they give one so much more room for side dishes; but the oracle had spoken, so we began to consider ways and means. The lower part of the old table was acceptable to both parties to the discussion, and it was thereupon decided that a local cabinet-maker, whom my wife had heard strongly commended, should be asked to construct a round top.

The workman was requisitioned in person by my wife, who never believes in letting the proverbial grass grow when any good work is forward. He promised to call the next evening and go over the matter with us; but he did not appear, even when she sent him a message of reminder. Again came the promise, but not the result. My wife is determined. At the end of a week she went once more to see the man—whom she described in summary language as “a washed-out individual,”—and used arguments so forceful that he appeared at our door the same evening.

I heard her talking to him before I went down-stairs, and I thought his voice sounded familiar. His face

seemed more so, and I felt at once that I had met him before. But where? His was not a colorful personality, yet the watery gray eyes at once looked recognition into mine.

“I am glad to meet you again, sir,” he said; “I was not aware that we were neighbors.”

“Why, how do you do?” I said, dissembling in order to gain time.

“I got your letter of a few weeks ago,” he continued, “and I want to thank you for its good intention, however greatly I may disagree with its contents.”

“My letter?” I was more at sea than ever.

“I see you remember but do not quite place me,” he said smiling. “I am the author of ‘Queen Dido.’”

Ah, that was it! I recalled both author and manuscript now; but who could have anticipated meeting a poet in the person of a cabinet-maker?

Something of my thought evidently came to him—while my lips were saying that I was glad to see him again—for he continued: “I am not surprised that you could not identify me. Authors do not generally go around carrying kits of tools.”

“Perhaps some of them ought to,” I laughed.

“They not only ought to, but they should be compelled to, by law,” he affirmed seriously; “then the world would be rid of some of its overplus of inferior books.”

“And the trades would be swamped with inferior craftsmen,” I supplemented.

“Still, that would not cause so much damage. It’s the tinkering with *souls* that I object to—and that’s precisely the danger lurking in poor literature. Now if the public had fewer books it would read more discriminatingly; while those writers who really deserve to live would be pensioned, and thus be given opportunity to do their ripest work at leisure, instead of being forced into manual labor in order to subsist at all.”

He was evidently unbalanced on

this subject—yet how delightfully Utopian it sounded to an overworked editor! Willing to lead the conversation into more personal channels, I asked, "Have you done anything further with 'Queen Dido'?"

"No—because it is perfect as it stands. I believe you approved of only the last act. That was because you had not been *en rapport* with the work earlier. Perhaps a rereading would show you what I mean. All my evenings and spare moments, since then, have been devoted to a new tragedy—one so engrossing that it makes me forget all considerations of time and place."

"That explains why you forgot to come here last week," interrupted my practical lady, to whom all this discussion was Dutch. "But now that you are here, suppose we look at that table before we forget all about it."

The poet gave a half-shrug of resignation, and was presently down on his knees examining the piece of furniture and taking notes of what had to be done. From that time on he was only a cabinet-maker, but an expert one, displaying a surprising knowledge of various hard woods, their value and qualities. He finally named a reasonable sum for the table top and promised to complete it in ten days.

I am not writing this truthful chronicle in order to show this man's shortcomings. According to the Litany, we are all miserable sinners. But the truth is that two weeks passed by and the work was still undelivered. My wife was anxious to have the table for a special occasion, so at her entreaty I went in person to the man's shop, one evening, to try to expedite matters. A woman, pale and thin of face and very sadly out at the elbows, met me at the door.

"Yes, my husband is in, sir," she said in response to my inquiry, "but he's locked in his room doing some work, and he left orders he was n't to be disturbed. If you have any message, I'll take it."

"He's writing, I presume."

She looked at me suspiciously as though I were to blame, and burst out: "Yes, writing—writing—always writing! And there's work waiting to be done, and grocers' bills to pay!"

Her nerves were evidently overwrought, and my chance remark was like fire to flax. But no sooner had she flared up than she grew ashamed and her latent loyalty reasserted itself.

"But there's no better workman in this country than him—nor a handier man with tools and woods. Look here at this sewing table he made me."

She rested her hand proudly, lovingly, upon a creation which the first glance showed to be a marvel of ingenuity and patience.

"Thirty-seven different kinds of wood in that top," she continued; "some of 'em set in so fine and regular you'd think 't was lace-work. But excuse me for standing here a-talking. Did you want to see about some work?"

"Yes; but I think if you will be good enough to take my card to your husband, he will see me in person." She hesitated, but reassured by my confidence took the proffered card, and I heard her knock timidly at a closed door. She evidently received no answer, for after a moment she rapped again—and yet again. Then I believe she thrust the card under the door in order to make him willing to parley.

At last, out he came to meet me, his eyes blazing with intensity, his hands clutching and waving some sheets of manuscript.

"Eureka!" he cried, "I have it! It is the quivering soul of tragedy I have laid bare. Listen! It is from the third act of my masterpiece—the greatest drama since Shakespeare!"

I could not have checked his frenzy of enthusiasm if I had tried. I looked at him in silence while he declaimed from the newly writ pages. The lines were a curious mixture of bombast and eloquence—as I discovered some

time later, in a calmer personal reading; but, such was the hypnotic spell he must have exercised upon me, they fell from his lips like impassioned poetry. I sprang to my feet with warm words of praise ready at tip of tongue. But he waved me aside and rushed back toward his study.

"More, more!" he shouted; "it lacks only one touch to be sublime. It is here, it is——"

The last words were cut off by the violent slamming of his door.

The pale wife entered and looked at me apologetically.

"You must n't mind him, sir," she said; "he's always that way when he gets a writing fit on him. Now, I guess he'll be in there the rest of the night."

"That is all right," I said reassuringly. "I can quite understand his absorption, as I happen to be in the literary business myself."

"Ah!" she contented herself with replying. But I knew by her tone that I had fallen in her estimation and she was sorry for my wife.

With that I took my leave, saying I would call again. I walked home in a brown study over the curious anomalies of this man's character. A poet of high promise (so I thought for the moment) looked down with disdain upon a skilled craftsman. And yet, but for the craftsman the poet would starve. The idealist struggled to throttle the realist. The realist kept the idealist from drowning. The two greatest forces in the world were fighting for supremacy in one man's soul!

My train of lofty thought was suddenly arrested when I opened my own front door.

"Well, when does he say he will have it finished?" was my wife's greeting.

"He is still working on the third act," I replied absent-mindedly.

"The third *what*?"

"The third——" I paused with my mouth open. It had just dawned upon me that realism, and not idealism—tables, and not poems—was the subject uppermost in my wife's

thoughts. "The third section," I amended hastily, covering my retreat so that it should not become a disastrous rout. It would never do to admit the truth—which was that I had seen the man, but had not said a single word to him upon *any* subject, and that the table-top had utterly escaped my mind until the present moment!

"I did n't think it was to have three sections," said my lady doubtfully.

"Oh, yes, dear," I asserted hastily, "we want at least three sections, so that it can be extended when necessary."

"Yes, but we had planned to use the old centre leaves. Now if he makes a whole set of new ones, just remember it is n't *my* mistake. How did the top look?"

"I did n't see it, as he was still working on it." I answered this question truthfully enough, and was thereafter able to get my second wind and divert the examination into safer fields.

My visit had not been unproductive of good, however, for the cabinet-maker at once set to work—perhaps wishing to keep in my good graces after his unconventional conduct—and finished the piece in two days. It was a fine bit of workmanship. The wood was carefully joined with reference to grain patterns, and fitted over the old top perfectly. My wife was delighted and I was forced to admit that the new table was more in keeping with the contour of the room.

"I feel as though I ought to pay you a bonus," I said; "this is like a prize story in a fiction contest."

"But I exceeded the time limit," he replied, for once entering into the jest. "If I have earned any good will, please pass it along to my tragedy when it is ready for a hearing."

"I will do that gladly for my own pleasure," I rejoined; "but meanwhile do you know you are creating tangible poems of everyday life in such work as this?"—laying my hand upon the table.

"Bosh! Where will that be in a thousand years? Work such as that, however fine, is only material—temporal; while a great poem is spiritual—eternal," he retorted; and I thought I had never heard a finer distinction.

"And yet—and yet it is the material and temporal, after all, upon which our bread-and-butter is based," I argued, a mental vision of the man's pale wife silencing my æsthetic approval.

"The Master said, Man shall not live by bread alone," he answered quietly, and I felt that I was silenced.

Nevertheless, after he had gone I shook my head with inward misgiving. His were beautiful theories, but the workaday world was too busy to heed them.

The winter just then setting in proved to be stern and rigorous. To the great tribe of suburbanites especially such winters are memorable. With two feet of snow covering the ground for weeks at a time, going and coming again, a constant struggle is necessary to keep in communication with the outside world, either along one's own sidewalk, or by means of the wheezy, discouraged locomotives. Country life in such circumstances is not a thing of unalloyed bliss.

The severity of this winter was partly the reason why I neither saw nor heard from the poet-woodworker for more than six months. But in the late spring I wished to have some bookshelves built, as well as other things more prosaic, like screens; so I went one evening to look him up.

I found the light burning brightly from one of his windows, but it was that of the workshop, and not the study. He was hard at work planing a piece of oak, and did not at first notice my entrance. When he finally looked up, his greeting lacked cordiality.

"Ah, it is you," was his strange salutation, as he continued with his work. "Well, you were right, sir!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"About the material and temporal. I have found it is the bread-and-butter after all."

For a moment I was at a loss to follow him; then our conversation of six months before came back to my mind—aided by his next abrupt statement.

"If you come to me as a literary man, sir, I have n't time to talk with you. But if you are looking for a carpenter, I'm your man!"

"What has caused your change of heart?" I asked.

The low wail of an infant in the adjoining room now came to our ears. The man dropped his plane and nodded his head in that direction.

"The answer is there," he said. "Two of us still live under this roof, but in place of the wife I have the son. She—the bravest woman God ever sent to live with a man—could not pull through the winter. The doctor said she had been 'insufficiently nourished.' Do you know what that means?" His voice sounded harsh and far away, but his nether lip trembled. "Bread-and-butter, sir! bread-and-butter! I had let her starve to death!"

"No, no! You must not think that! You exaggerate," I interposed. "It amounts to the same thing," his hard voice continued. "I wonder what Shakespeare would have done in a case like this?"

"There was Poe," I ventured; "he struggled on through privation to fame."

"He is not a happy example. Not all the laurel wreaths the world can bestow will add a single crust of bread to the portion of his starving wife—nor to *mine*!"

The infant's wail was heard again, and he turned to answer it.

"At any rate, *he* shall never suffer hunger, if I can prevent it," he ended. "I promised her that much as I knelt by her bedside. As for me, I abjure poetry; but who knows? Perhaps in that small body—bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh—I shall yet give the world the greatest gift of all!"



# SICILY: THE LAND OF UNREST

By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM



AND there she devoured them shrieking in her gates, they stretching forth their hands to me in the dread death-struggle.

And the most pitiful thing was this that mine eyes have seen of all my travail in searching out the paths of the sea." That was the impression left on the mind of Odysseus of many troubles by his adventure in the Strait of Messina. The place was ushered into human history with ominous words; it was a place where anything might happen. The very origin of the strait was seismic, as Æschylus knew. Originally joined to the mainland, Sicily was torn from it by an earthquake, and with a furious rush of waters sea was joined to sea. The Earthshaker was ever busy there and men went in terror. But terror and the memory of pitiful things were as weak deterrents then as now. If Persephone had been ravished from the fields of Enna, the flowers there bloomed as fair. The Greeks made themselves homes in lands where their fathers had shuddered before the natural and the supernatural. They found there a scant barbarian population, part of which feebly claimed the proudest distinction of primitive man—autochthony. There was doubtless a time when Sicily was part of a continuous continent, when Africa and Europe had between them no estranging sea. When Sicily emerged in history as an island it may have been peopled by folk of an ancient race, marooned there with the elephants and hippopotami who have

left their bones behind them. We shall never know. Iberians, Thucydides called them—if that helps the matter. At all events, when the Greeks first found them they were mingled with immigrants from Italy and doubtless from other quarters.

This mixed folk were mere men of fairyland to the early Greeks. To their country Dædalus fled on wings from Crete, there Minos met his death, and there was one home of the Cyclopes and the Læstrygones. The Greeks of historic times came upon the island with the gradual and irresistible force of a cosmic change. They overlaid the names, the language, the legends and the monuments of the natives with their own. For us to-day the antiquity of Sicily is Hellenic. The gods of Greece drove out the older, darker native deities and took over their powers and honors as Mary has taken over the festivals of heathen goddesses in Europe at large. As Venus succeeded Aphrodite in the temple on Eryx, Astarte had dwelt there before her; and very likely before Astarte some nameless primitive power had there her seat, representing (as did all her successors) the life-force, born of the sea-water, rising among men to consciousness and joy, struggling always to produce more life, and incidentally making the world go round. From far at sea the sailor prayed to her; she saved him from peril on the deep and consoled him when he made harbor. The beautiful girls who were her ministers turned piety to pleasure and pleasure to piety. On one of the slopes of her mountain lies a great heap of broken jars, Greek, Roman and Carthaginian—the débris that in all ages and among all men

tends to collect about the haunts of Jack ashore.

The traveller who beholds the temple of Ægesta on its lonely hill can hardly realize that the men who built it were in the eyes of Thucydides "barbarians." Yet these people, so early blotted out, who have left so little trace of their own ways, were the nearest approach there has ever been to a Sicilian race; if they were not a Sicilian nation there has never been one. The native tribes themselves offered no obstacle to the Hellenization of Sicily; it was another set of outlanders, already engaged in exploiting the island, that made the Greeks fight for possession. Europe has become familiar with the spectacle of powers contending for Sicily; the beautiful island has launched more ships than Helen, and like her has been the helpless victim of capture, siege, bargain and reconquest. We do not know how early the process began, but when history dawns the Phœnicians and the Greeks are deeply engaged in the eternal struggle between East and West. The Phœnicians were first in the field. Their trading-stations fringed the island. Before the advance of the Greeks they fell back, little by little, to the northwest; but there they were entrenched in great and strong towns. The military and political struggle lasted for centuries, but the social struggle was so brief, the victory of Greek civilization so thorough and so conclusive, that Phœnician remains are almost as much to seek as those of the aborigines. Greek coins, Greek art and the Greek language penetrated the strongholds of the Phœnicians; their chief city, Panormus, is known to us only under its Greek name.

It was towards the end of the ninth century before Christ, according to Thucydides, that the first permanent Greek settlements were made, and the second of them was Syracuse, destined to be the greatest city of the island, for a time the most populous city in Europe, to be the champion of Hellas against Carthage even as Athens was champion against Persia,

and to endure as a living home of men from that time to this. Within a century and a half virtually all the Greek colonies were established. The older settlements on the coast threw out inland outposts for protection against the natives, as did the first settlements of Englishmen in America. But there was in the long run only one course open to the American aboriginal—to disappear. The Sicilian native had a happier alternative, which he embraced: he became Greek.

The original Syracuse was planted on the island of Ortygia (Quail Island), bearing the same name as the birth-place of Artemis and Apollo in Delos. The settlers built as behooved them a temple for their Lady, and its ruin still lies on the spot whence it has seen so much. But the great temple of Athena, built by the Council of Syracuse before the tyrants, stood on the most prominent site on the island, so that the shield of the goddess surmounting it was the last thing a sailor saw as he dropped down to sea. When that was lost to view, he poured a libation and set his face forward. The huge Doric columns of this temple are still part of the Cathedral. They have served the gods of Greek and Saracen and Christian. Pindar walked under them, considering how to wed music with his immortal verse; and there, some twenty-five hundred years later, walked Richard Wagner, bent on the same amazing marriage. Agathokles was the contractor who built the temple; a faithless man, for he chose out the best of the stone brought for the sacred purpose to make him a house withal, and when it was built the Council sat in judgment on him; but Athena took the matter into her own hands and smote the house with a thunderbolt so that it was utterly destroyed. On this same island lovely Arethusa, the water-nymph, burst forth to the air after her passage beneath the sea from Elis, pursued by Alpheus. This bit of hagiography was supported by experimental proof: cups thrown into the Elia stream



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LOOKING FROM CHARYBDIS TO SCYLLA—FROM FARO POINT, SICILY, ACROSS MESSINA STRAIT TO CALABRIA

(says Strabo) came up in the Ortygian fountain.

The greater Syracuse, under Gelon in the fifth century, took in the peninsulas north and south and began to annex outlying towns. Great men were the tyrants, glowing darkly through a cloud of myth, but typifying the splendor of the new Hellas. Evil communications with the barbarian may have corrupted the pure Hellenism of their manners; there is a flavor of Moloch about the brazen bull of Phalaris. But they were manfully engaged in the great mission of Hellas—to preserve Europe for Europeans. Himera and Salamis were fought in the same year. It is symbolic of the unity of feeling that for a moment prevailed among the Greeks, that Æschylus reproduced in Syracuse his play of the "Persians," which translated into terms of eternal law the exploit of the Athenians. Splendid indeed is the roll of great Greeks associated with the best Sicilian period. In the comparison between Dorian and Ionian, the abnormal and eccentric norm of Sparta should not be accepted as the sole

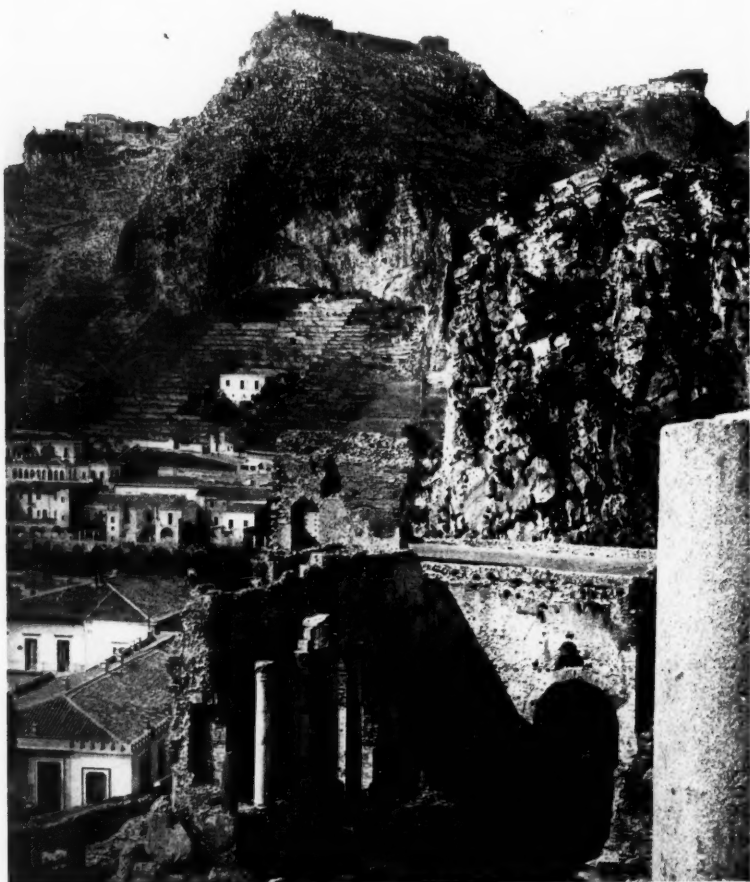
type of the Dorian. The court of Hiero is as proverbial as the court of a Medici or a Borgia. After the fall of the tyrants, Syracuse played the part of democratic Athens, free itself and the cause of freedom in others.

In Sicily the Dorian spirit expanded. There it expressed itself, for instance, in architecture on such a scale that the student of the Doric finds more to his purpose in Sicily than anywhere else in the world. Whoever looks upon the temple of Ægesta, a ruin before it was finished, can see the means of art reduced to their lowest terms. It consists merely of thirty-six columns bearing an entablature. It is of the coarse stone of the neighborhood, unpolished and devoid of ornament. It is not large. Architects say that its dimensions are not of the most perfect type. But its indescribable beauty rests on sheer competence, the sureness of touch and mastery of the medium that mark Greek art everywhere. In a land of war and earthquake its columns have borne their burden undisturbed for twenty-five hundred years, since the sight of their rising splendor possibly

played its part in leading the Athenian envoys to overestimate the resources of the little town.

Pindar the aristocrat was greatly at his ease in Syracuse. The Sicilian princes, longing, like all provincials, to distinguish themselves "at home," competed in the Pan-Hellenic games, and Pindar sang their achievements in royal verse, dwelling on the ties that bound the victors to the motherland. The plays of Æschylus, greatest of tragic poets, and of Epicharmus,

father of comedy, were rendered in the theatre of Hiero. In Sicily lived Xenophanes, who first, says Aristotle, "directing his gaze to the general heavens, declared the One to be God." Akragas, fairest of cities, was the home of Empedocles, genius, patriot and *poseur*. The people of his own time saluted him in the streets as a god, and the people of Girgenti to-day place his name everywhere and make his statue a pendant for that of Victor Emmanuel. The colony be-



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THEATRE OF OLD GREEK AND ROMAN ERAS AT TAORMINA

came the teacher of Hellas, and left its mark forever on the literature of the world when Gorgias of Leontini first showed the Athenians that prose speech was no less an art than verse.

The nature of the mission of Gorgias to Athens was ominous. Syracuse had become too great to be a comfortable neighbor. She was following Athens in the most paradoxical of political paths, that of a republic aiming at empire. The Carthaginians had been repulsed and a great uprising of the Sikels had been suppressed. Danger from the barbarians being for the time averted, the Greeks were at leisure to quarrel among themselves. The great struggle between Ionian and Dorian, which was to be the ruin of Greece, had taken shape in the Peloponnesian War. It was reflected in the politics of Sicily. Ionic Leontini sent its greatest orator to Athens to ask for help against the Dorian coalition headed by Syracuse. The next year the barbarian Ægesta renewed an old alliance with Athens, deceiving the envoys sent to ascertain its solvency. The public buildings of Ægesta were impressive. Treasures of silver-gilt which the envoys took to be gold lay in the temples. All the golden table-service of the countryside was collected and passed from house to house where the strangers were entertained, so that they went away



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LOOKING OVER TAORMINA'S ANCIENT THEATRE TO SNOW-COVERED  
ÆTNA

believing every honest burgess of Ægesta to live like a prince. This small but able swindle had afterwards a share in the great Athenian disaster. At the time it was merely one of the small events that familiarized the Athenian mind with the idea of meddling in Sicily.

The Sicilian expedition is perhaps the most striking example in history of a great people, a practical, efficient and logical people, with one accord gone mad—of the *folie de la foule*. Neither Thucydides nor Plato had any doubt of the diagnosis. Great achievements had bred insatiable desires. Pindar had already noted what modern psychiatry tells us, that "on insatiable desires swift madness follows." Alcibiades stands as the hypostasis of this reckless,

greedy mood; but he was its offspring rather than its creator. He did not carry the Athenians to Syracuse as Napoleon carried the French to Moscow. He merely played upon a state of mind, congenial enough, no doubt,

poned and nibbled at, until the Syracusans had recovered from their consternation and the Athenians had lost heart. Nevertheless, in the second year the investing walls were all but complete and the ruin of the



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TEMPLE OF CONCORD (LEFT) AND RUINS OF TEMPLE OF ZEUS, AT GIRGENTI

that had been forming before he was born. Nikias and the conservatives were but a small minority. The great new element at Athens, the commercial, seafaring class, dependent on the dominance of Athens as a seapower, were inspired with what Plutarch called "the fatal passion for Sicily." In 415 B.C., a hundred triremes perfectly equipped set out from the Peiræus. The latest impression on the minds of the troops was the sacrilegious disfigurement by unknown hands of the Hermæ throughout the city; and the last sound in their ears was the dirge of the women celebrating the death of Adonis.

Every one knows the dramatic fate of the armada. Its allies in Sicily proved both feeble and lukewarm. Of its three generals, one was under a cloud and one was temperamentally unfit for his command. What should have been done in hot blood by a series of brilliant strokes was post-

city seemed certain, when Gylippus of Sparta appeared in the harbor with his fleet, as welcome as was de Grasse in Chesapeake Bay. The besiegers were themselves besieged. The Athenian fleet, bottled up in the great harbor, fought desperately to cut a way out, but in vain. The soldiers' only chance of escape was now to make their way overland to some friendly town. Leaving their wounded behind them, without supplies of any kind, the panic-stricken host of forty thousand men struck into the *hinterland*. The Syracusans harried them unceasingly; the rivers were choked with their bodies and red with their blood. Some got away to Catana; many were captured by the soldiery and appropriated as slaves. Those that were officially made prisoners were brought back to Syracuse and shut into the quarries. With no roof over their heads, with an allowance of



a pint of food and half a pint of water a day, with the bodies of the dead rotting in the midst of them, seven thousand men suffered for about ten weeks, until they were sold into slavery. "Of all Hellenic actions which are on record," says Thucydides, "this was the greatest—the most glorious to the victors, the most ruinous to the vanquished; for they were utterly and at all points defeated, and their sufferings were prodigious. Of the many who went forth few returned home. Thus ended the Sicilian expedition." The words of Odysseus ring in one's ears. For the second time Sicily had seen the height of human suffering.

The effect of the expedition on Sicily was chiefly moral. From the physical injuries of the war it recovered rapidly, and found itself on a new footing among Greek states. The help given by Sparta it was able to return. It was more closely bound up with Hellas in general. And the recrudescence of Hellenic sentiment was strengthened by the long period of Punic wars which soon ensued.

In the course of these wars, Greek towns on the one hand were obliterated and the Apollo of Gela was carried to Tyre as the prisoner of Baal; on the other hand, a European army for the first time invaded Carthage.

During this time the Phoenicians established a band of Sikels on the hillside of Taurus, and from this unpropitious barbarian origin sprang lovely Tauromenion (Taormina). It is for this century of struggle that Europe must be forever grateful to Sicily. We have only to shut our eyes and think what would have happened if the Semite had prevailed and Hannibal had had Sicily for a base.



From stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York

ANCIENT GREEK THEATRE AT SEGESTA

In this century, too, Sicily emerges from the antique world and prepares to be part of modern Europe. Kings begin to occur—real kings, who dare to put their own names on their coinage. Pyrrhus with his elephants

marches across the scene, leaving little behind him but the idea of empire. The professional bandit arises and organizes himself. The sources for history begin to be in Latin, and the great barbarian state of Rome becomes the protagonist against Carthage. Archimedes lays the foundation of mechanics, and Theocritus—most modern of ancients—leaves immortal pictures of a fairyland that men have ever since been trying to recover, whether they call it the Petit Trianon or "the simple life." And, finally, Rome begins to develop an æsthetic sense by handling the loot brought home by Marcellus from Syracuse.

Sicily, the fertile, the rich, the civilized, as a Roman province, is the cause of a court-room scene in Rome so modern in its psychology that only the names need be changed to make it an episode of our own times. Verres the pro-prætor had looted Sicily until its ruin was nearly complete. He was a connoisseur as well as a financier and nothing came amiss to him. Unlike Clive in India, he had no reason to be surprised at his own moderation. He used to say that he could afford to spend two

was interested in exposing him, and the complainants went empty away.

But in the year 70 B.C., a wave of reform rolled over Rome, set in motion by political requirements. The Sicilians, turning up on their periodical errand, found themselves popular. The part of the ardent young district attorney, incorruptible, eloquent, burning to distinguish himself, was allotted to no less a person than Marcus Tullius Cicero, who perceived that his fortune was to be made. Verres was not seriously alarmed. He spared no expense to have eulogies of his conduct sent up from all the towns in Sicily. His influential friends in Rome assured him that it would be "all right." His counsel was a leader of the bar.

On the fourth of August all Rome was in the Forum to hear the case opened. Cicero had spent fifty days in Sicily getting evidence. He had also realized that popular sympathy was on his side. He played upon the people as on a drum; there was no order in that court. One day Verres was very nearly lynched—the day that made *Civis Romanus sum* a proverb. For thirteen days the pro-



From stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THE DORIC TEMPLE AT SEGESTA

thirds of his acquisitions in stifling inquiry or buying the court, and still live in opulence. The Sicilians had brought charges against him from time to time, but Verres's political party was in power, nobody

secution went on. It became clear that no judges would dare to acquit. Then Verres threw up his case and left the country with such of his possessions as he could move. If he had had a beautiful and high-minded

daughter to be torn between filial affection and admiration of the fiery representative of right, nothing would have been left for the centuries to add to the plot.

A circumstance of the Roman's life

the familiarity with Sicilian places, conditions and objects of art that Cicero could assume in his hearers. The professional guide prospered in Sicily; not only were the public buildings filled with precious things,



From a photograph taken by an American traveller Dec. 6, 1908, three weeks before the city was destroyed by an earthquake

#### THE WATER-FRONT AT MESSINA

that brings us nearer him psychologically than we can get to the Greek, is the fact of his having a foreign language to study, an older yet cognate civilization to profit by, the opportunity to go "abroad." The Greeks had of course Egypt and the East, but those societies were too alien, their languages too difficult of acquisition, to encourage travel for pleasure. The Greek traveller was an explorer, not a tourist. But the Roman, when he came into relation with Greece, took up a modern attitude. He was the first European to be gored by the dilemma of the "classical education." He felt, in relation to Greece (as we used to feel in relation to Europe), that while he had solved the political problem which had baffled the older civilization, and stood on immeasurably higher ground in regard to the civic virtues and the conduct of life, life itself was somehow more worth living under the old conditions.

Everybody travelled; young men went abroad to study; literary men went abroad to rest. And as Sicily was the part of Hellas closest at hand, it became the first stage of the grand tour. It is surprising to note

but there were private collections which strangers were permitted to visit. This beautiful land, with its natural charm already enhanced by the magic of art and literature, drew Vergil as irresistibly as Italy drew Goethe. His works bear witness to the good he got from Sicily, and the good Sicily got from him is imperishable.

The great cycles of Sicilian history as well as its episodes prove that no plot is new. After a thousand years of varying fortune as a humble member of the Roman Empire, the island renewed its experience as battleground between Europe and the Semite. For two centuries Christ and Allah contended as Apollo and Baal had contended of old. Allah went farther than Baal ever did. All Sicily was Moslem for a time; it had never been all Phœnician. Then Count Roger the Norman ousted the Saracens (though he kept their pointed arches) and the island became permanently European. There is hardly a country in Europe that may not find in Sicily the footprints of its people. Constance of Aragon, widowed queen of Hungary, came to Palermo to marry the boy-king

Frederick, who was later to become Emperor of Germany and the Wonder of the World. The festival was held in the Moorish palace, in the great hall of forty pillars, beneath a roof carved like a snow cave, or gleaming like a crust of jewels. Peter of Eboli tells us of the splendor of the mural decorations of the infidels; nor does he fail to say that the state apartments were adorned by Christian art with the exploits of Moses and David and Frederick Barbarossa. Amid this welter of cosmopolitanism, bringing a breath from the moist and woody hillsides of Scotland, moved Michael the Wizard, who had prepared as a wedding-gift for his royal pupil a treatise on the science of physiognomy, drawn from Greek sources *via* Arabic.

Anjou and Aragon and Hohenstauffen and Hapsburg and Bonaparte have all ruled in Sicily. Two brief moments of "independence" it has enjoyed, one under an English protector and one under an Italian patriot. But its rulers have been hardly less Sicilian than its population. Everything in Sicily is exotic except its soil, and a good deal of that is recent, as geology counts recency, being either alluvial or volcanic. The plants most characteristic in Sicilian landscape came from abroad—the olive and the vine long ago, the orange and the lemon, the agave and the prickly pear, in Christian times.

Of late as of old, the men of note we think of in Sicily are men of other lands. Freeman's great shade wanders there; and there Guy de Maupassant sniffs, in the clothes-press of his Palermo lodging, the very essence of roses wherewith Wagner used to bedew his linen. But nevertheless Sicily to-day has a national character of its own arising from all the

intermixture. Its landscape is half Africa, half Italy: that is what makes it look like Sicily. Its churches are Moorish, Norman, Byzantine and Spanish. In some of them, Saracenic arches ornamented with Norman mouldings rest on Greek columns—that is Sicilian and nothing else. Hardly in Greece itself, outside of Athens, is there such

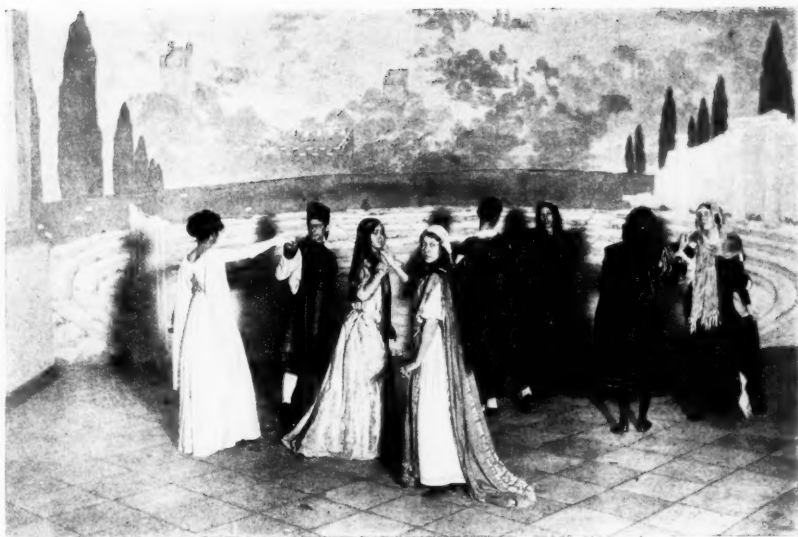


A VIEW IN MESSINA BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

heaping up of evidence of the greatness of Greece. Nothing in Sicily achieved perfection, it is true—that was the specialty of Athens. The Sicilians used inferior materials, and built heavily for fear of earthquake; that is what makes their work Sicilian. The ancient buildings of Athens seem to have been wrought by gods, and those of Sicily are the handiwork at least of demigods. Standing among the ruins of Selinous, one recalls the figure of Renan, dragging his stiff leg from one fallen capital to another, and crying, "Pourquoi ces demi-dieux crurent-ils qu'il était de leur devoir de s'entre-dévorés?"



OLD COINS OF MESSINA



THE DANCE AT FIESOLE

## CHICAGO'S RENAISSANCE

AN OLD ITALIAN PAGEANT IN A NEW-WORLD SETTING

By MARTYN JOHNSON



THE pageant of the Italian Renaissance given by the artists and art-students of Chicago in January was marked by a largeness of conception and vigor of execution characteristic of American enterprise. In only one respect was it totally unlike anything ever before undertaken in Chicago—it was not designed for the purpose of making money. Indeed, it was conceived and carried out in a spirit of revolt from those mercenary ideals which so largely govern American motives to-day. It is this feature of the pageant that marks it as significant in the history of Chicago. It was a straw, as it were, telling the tale of a wind that

is to blow Chicago free of her soot and grime—of the sordid and selfish ambitions which must ever characterize those who worship the Golden Calf.

The Antiquarian Society, under whose auspices the pageant was arranged, exists for the purpose of creating and fostering an intelligent interest in aesthetic matters. It was a desire to bring to the civic consciousness a perception of other than money values that moved the Antiquarians. The full significance of a pageant undertaken in such a Quixotic spirit did not dawn upon many of those interested until the spectacle had come and gone. To-day it is being remarked that a subtle parallel exists between the times portrayed in the pageant and the present period in Chicago, and the pageant is gradually assuming a symbolic aspect, as if it

were a token indicating a new era of the social consciousness.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, Europe lived in a cowl through the ages of reconstruction. There was no thought for the beauty of life; laws and governments were in the making; boundaries had to be established and trade relations perfected. When the machinery of the physical life was completed, there came a sudden consciousness of past and present, an intuitive insight, a comprehension of the rounded meaning of life. That understanding and consequent inspiration were the Renaissance.

And that has been the history of Chicago until to-day, expressed in slightly different terms. Since the great fire of 1871 Chicago has lived in the office, the factory, the packing-house, blind to all except the building of economic foundations for a great future. She rose from the ashes and marsh with the words "I will"; but there is a deeper meaning in that motto than the building of a city of vast wealth. There is that which expresses eternal reaching, endless endeavor, and we cannot stop to-day when we have attained the goal of commercial and industrial prosperity aimed at after the fire. Of this fact we are becoming aware.

To-day Chicago is in flux. Old conceptions are falling away and on every hand a new spirit is manifesting itself. The Chicago of the future will

be one in which artistic standards will be as vital as material standards. This is the message spoken by the production of the pageant.

One has but to glance at the signs of the times to know this. On every side to-day a new city is building. The structures of twenty years ago have served their purpose and are doomed to make way for more spacious, more beautiful buildings. This has been true of the larger part of the downtown "Loop" within the past three years. Again there is a universal babble of "The City Beautiful." A dozen schemes have been devised for beautifying the city—schemes involving the expenditure of millions for no other purpose than to

attain a beautiful Chicago. Even purely commercial associations have engaged in the exploitation of these schemes and are no less enthusiastic than the artists themselves. Boulevard systems, park extensions, a lake front, an outer parkway, a metropolitan park belt, the river improvement, the anti-smoke and anti-noise crusades—all these declare that an æsthetic revolution is at hand.

Chicagoans love their city for her



Photograph by Gross

RONALD HARGRAVES AS RAPHAEL



splendid energy, her vitality—traits that have built her up from a marsh and have enabled her to survive flood and fire, riot and municipal graft. He who grasps the true spirit of Chicago to-day sees her present in the perspective of her past and future.

The Art Institute is the centre of this new life becoming manifest in the city. It is not merely an art museum, nor yet an ordinary art school. It is a living factor in the thought of the people. Its name is a common phrase in the popular speech. It means something real, something vital. This peculiar position in the life of the city is the result of a democratic policy on the part of the directors, who have created a public demand by giving free exhibitions, popular lectures and many free visiting days. In the Institute are centred many of the leavening influences of the city. The Municipal Art League has its headquarters there, as have also the several architects' clubs, the Chicago Society of Artists and several alumni societies of art students. Fullerton Hall, the theatre of the Institute, is used for lectures of various organizations; and this year a new feature has been added in the

weekly dramatic performances of the Donald Robertson Players. All of Chicago's æsthetic influences converge around the Art Institute, and it is a municipal institution of the highest order.

Aside from the life and function of the Institute as a museum, it performs a unique service as a school. There are some twenty-two hundred students in its classes, many of them young people of leisure desiring only the cultural influences of an artistic education; others are employees of engraving houses, clerks, or commercial artists; but a majority are studying for professional work. Here are the dreamers of Chicago; and it is the dreams that the young men dream that determine the future of a people. Here, then, is most consciously manifested the soul of the city, with its hopes and aspirations.



Photograph by Gross

JANE HEAP AS LEONARDO DA VINCI

It was upon this soil that the suggestion of a pageant fell; and it was soon realized that the pageant was to be a promise, a prologue of a new life in the Western city. The question was first discussed early in December. One of the chief considerations was that of a suitable hall. Blackstone Hall was the only room large enough in the building.

It was a vast place filled with heroic casts of mediæval figures. In the centre stood a replica of the front of the cathedral of Charlieu. It would be necessary to move this in order to build an amphitheatre. It

undertaking was grasped in its full scope from the start. The men's life class volunteered for one scene involving a night battle; the Alumni Association of Decorative Designers offered to take the market scene;



JOHN F. STACEY AS THE DOGE OF VENICE WITH MEMBERS OF THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS IN HIS TRAIN

was not until late in December that it was found practicable to move it.

This task was accomplished under the supervision of the sculptor, August Zeller, whose services were given by the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh. The cathedral front was placed at one end of the hall to serve as a setting for the pageant. On either side were large equestrian figures like sentinels of the ages looking down across the plaza where the fantastic life of their own age was soon to bloom in mimicry.

Thomas Wood Stevens, a member of the school faculty, who had suggested the pageant, completed the scenario about the first of January and presented it to the students at a mass-meeting. The meeting was electric with enthusiasm, and the

the active designers took the wedding scene; the normal department the group of nuns; the Chicago Society of Artists the Venetian scenes—the most elaborate of the pageant; and the Art Students' League took charge of the triumphal procession of Cimabue's Madonna. In this way the entire pageant was apportioned within a few days. The seventy-five speaking parts were assigned to students whose abilities had been shown in past dramatic performances. A dozen of the weightier parts were assigned to the Donald Robertson Players.

The pageant was planned to cover a period of three hundred years, from the early awakening of the Renaissance to the full noon of its maturity. The tale of the development was

carried forward in stately prologues of blank verse, spoken by a Herald. Into this golden chain of verse dramatized episodes were set like in-taglios, showing the significant forces of each period fusing in a climax. Accompanying this spoken tale and the dramatic action were gorgeous pictures of the times, presented by some nine hundred people in costume.

The entire dialogue and prologue in blank verse were written in three weeks. The students were imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance. At once nearly a thousand people were engaged in preparations. The library of the school was rearranged in order to collect all the books relating to the period in one alcove. Here came the actors to read the lives of the characters they were to enact and absorb the atmosphere of the age.

Several galleries were hung with a collection of photographs of the paintings of the Italian masters which provided material for the costumers. Bevy of students were engaged in searching for portraits of Dante, of Raphael, of Pope Julius, of Fiammetta and others of the leading characters. When portraits were found they were compared, and tracings were made, from which the costumers devised the garments. One young woman developed a remarkable talent for costuming, and copied several of the most effective costumes in the entire pageant from old paintings, being exceptionally successful in getting the ancient feeling of color and pattern.

The work of making the costumes was carried on largely in Blackstone Hall, where beneath the arched entrance of the cathedral sewing-machines buzzed and scissors clipped as the bales of gay-colored fabrics were turned into picturesque garments for an army. Many of the costumes were made by the actors themselves; one young man even copied the ancient embroidery shown in the portrait he used as a pattern.

At the other end of the hall a class under Mr. Allen Philbrick was busy

painting the three drop-curtains. These measured 45 by 30 feet, and were the only scenery used. One showed a Venetian garden, in the foreground of which splashed a fountain in a formal setting, while in the background were silhouetted against the blue sky Saint Mark's and Santa Maria della Salute across the Grand Canal. Another was of a Roman garden showing the sombre mass of Hadrian's tomb lifting against the sky on the edge of the muddy Tiber. The third was of a hill-brow at Fiesole, crowned with the ruins of an ancient amphitheatre, and with the blue valley of the Arno in the distance.

The great barren spaces of Blackstone Hall with the stone figures of mediæval men in this strange bustle reminded one of some old painting in which the building of the cathedral went on side by side with the dancing of flower-girls and the haggling of market-women. Here seamstress and carpenter worked together; there a student in besmeared blouse turned from the scenery to admire the wondrous train of an Italian lady trying the "hang" of her new costume; over in the corner a droll-faced lad pranced about in bishop's robes, varying the rehearsal of the ecclesiastical procession with a jig step.

In the meantime special music was being arranged from the old Italian airs by Frank E. Barry, and several bushels of "property" vegetables were being made in the normal department; while students were building oldtime market-booths and wedding-chests for the market scenes, mitres and croziers, and all the paraphernalia entering into church festivals.

Rehearsals were continually going on in the classrooms, and one never knew, on opening a door, whether he would discover a mortal combat or a wedding procession in progress. As each scene was completed it was turned over to its group, under the direction of Mr. Dudley C. Watson. Mr. Stevens was called to every point constantly, to judge whether this was the most effective composition of a group, or if that was the correct in-

terpretation of his lines, or if a certain style of slipper would be harmonious in an early Florentine scene.

The whole desire of the actors was to catch the color of the age—not of the Renaissance in general, but of his particular period. Each forgot himself in a larger experience than he had ever known. The scenes were not acted—they were lived through.

A number of the actors were particularly successful in their make-up, gaining a striking resemblance to well-known portraits of the characters they impersonated. Among these were Albert Sterner as Michel Angelo, Alfred Juergens as Cardinal Farnese, Oliver Dennett 'Grover as Titian, Dudley C. Watson as Dante, Miss Jessie Arms as the lad Giotto, Margaret Hittel as Beatrice Portinari, Arthur Deering as Petrarch, Fred J. Cowley as Fra Lippo Lippi, Ronald Hargraves as Raphael and Richard F. Babcock as Pope Julius.

The pageant opened with the lines spoken by Donald Robertson as the Herald:

Time, who doth bind men with his chain  
of years,

Fate, who doth make all life to bloom and  
close,

Death, who doth reap for Time and Fate:  
these three

Wage war against the starry crown of song,  
And stand in dreaded leaguer, with drawn  
swords,

Before the garden where the Rose of Art,  
Like a blown flame, hath being and delight.  
But here, behold, a miracle; Time sleeps;  
Fate nods; and Death hath had his will.

To-night

The centuries, like pages of a book,  
Turn backward and the Rose of Art doth  
breathe,

With a new perfume, springtides long  
forgot.

There was a distant trumpet-call, and the faint sound of a great rejoicing like some mighty sea flinging its roar far inland. Then the noise grew into the clamor of a people singing and crying aloud, and around the corner of the Novelli church there poured the stream of Florentines bringing

home from the hills to its resting-place on the high altar of the church Cimabue's first Madonna. So wonderful was the picture that it seemed to breathe a blessing, and the holy people knelt as it passed. Walking in a dream came Cimabue amid the throng, greeted like a king. Presently he spies the shepherd lad, Giotto, whom he had found in the fields. The lad tells him that his father has sent him, as a gift, to the Master, to learn his skill. Now Dante joins the group, and as the crowd passes into the cathedral the afternoon sunlight fades, and in its dying rays Beatrice passes, garbed in a "dress of most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson." At sight of her a silence falls on the three, and as she passes the darkness steals into the square. Presently Piccarda Donati and her mother come to the church door to await her betrothed, Buondelmonte. But he of the Amedei is fated never again to greet his mistress, since even now men of the Uberti are loitering in the dim shadows of the square. As Buondelmonte appears and is about to greet Piccarda his enemies challenge him, and amid the shrieks of the women he is slain.

The Herald appears and tells of the flight of sixty years, with the change of Florence to a plague-stricken city, with the sad processions of the Brothers of the Misericordia filling the streets on their grim errands. The scene shows a Florentine square with the funeral processions silently passing. Here Petrarch greets Boccaccio, who asks him to join with a party who are going out to Fiesole. The scene changes to Fiesole where on the brow of the hill the Ten dance to a song.

Again the Herald, who tells of the flight of a hundred years. The scene now is between Fra Angelico and the lusty Fra Lippo Lippi, and betrays the difference between the lives of the two friar artists. Another scene shows Lippo Lippi painting the nuns in the convent garden, and covertly making love to the little novice Lucrezia, with whom he runs away to

the world at the close of the scene. Next, Florence is announced. The scene shows the merchants and market-women setting up their stalls in the early morning light. Presently the townspeople arrive, and soon the square is alive with laughter and song, with barter and street cries. Hither comes Verrocchio in quest of his erstwhile pupil, Leonardo, now become famous. He discovers him at the stall of the bird-seller, buying pigeons and opening the doors that he may delight in the wonder of their flight.

The scene changes again to Fiesole, where, suggesting Botticelli's painting, is seen Lorenzo holding a court of love, in which the lady Simonetta Vespucci gives her beauty to Botticelli to inspire his art. Next comes a wedding party haggling over gifts in the shop of the scheming Ghirlandajo, the Garland-Maker. The ensuing scene shows Savonarola exhorting the people; Lorenzo, now aged and near to death, comes and repents, giving the government back to the people. Then follows a scene of austere rejoicing in which fires are lighted and the Vanities burned.

Again the Herald; and the scene changes to a Roman garden where Pope Julius and Bramante discuss the plans for rebuilding St. Peter's Church. A sudden whim seizes the Pope and he delays the building of his tomb, ordering Michel Angelo to paint the walls of the Sistine Chapel instead. Angelo's despair at

this is changed to inspiration through the love of Vittoria Colonna.

The scene shifts to Venice, where Titian is beheld taking leave of his townsmen to do the Pope's bidding in Rome. The last scene discovers him arrived there, and conversing with Michel Angelo in a garden. Speaking of the difference of their art, Titian asks: "So we have failed—both failed?" and Angelo replies:

Nay, we have wrought  
Each by his light,  
and each has found  
his truth,  
Not both the same.

TITIAN: Then with us  
The glory dies. And  
still for me the  
doubt—

Which is the truth,  
the sovran truth?

Thou art  
A poet, and thou  
buildest lofty  
rhyme;

Thou art a painter,  
and the majesty  
Of Christ in Judgment  
o'er embattled hells

Is in thy ranging message; thou art one  
To whom the rearing of eternal domes  
Is like the blowing of a bubble in  
The silent air; and marble in thy hand,  
As to its lord, yields virgin ecstasies.  
As thou art wise, I pray thee shrive my  
doubt,

And set at rest the shaking of my soul.  
Thou knowest all these arts. Which one is  
Truth?

MICHEL ANGELO: These are not Art.  
These are the shadowy shapes of her, the  
moods

She masks in. Art—I know of but one Art.

The light comes on, and the Herald enters, leading a proconsular of all the characters of the pageant in reversed chronological order.



Photograph by Frederick O. Bemm

MATIE AKELEY, AS LUCILLE, LEADER OF THE  
"DECAMERON" DANCERS



Drawn by Robert Edwards

( See page 28 )

" A FACE PASSION-PALE WAS RAISED TO HIS FACE "



# THE WIVING OF LANCE CLEAVERAGE

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

## CHAPTER I

### A PAIR OF HAGGARDS



HE sat on a rock above the Big Spring, holding a sort of woodland state, like a rustic queen. The time of roses was past, but every dooryard in the Turkey Tracks was painted gay with hollyhocks, while in ravine and thicket flamed the late azaleas, ranging from clear pale yellow, through buff and orange to crimson. She was showing the girls how to trim their hats with these, and the boys were looking on and presumably admiring. The curious feature of Callista Gentry's following was that it included almost as many young women as young men.

Only daughter of a widow, who had in her time been a belle and beauty, this girl was accepted in her circle as the pattern of all maidenly excellence, the thing as it should be. The chariot wheels of her mates looked lean always, because, inferentially, any man who courted another girl in the neighborhood would rather have Callista Gentry if he might.

Even the Widow Griever, the sour censor, admitted that Callista was the young woman perfect. Callista Gentry had been coached and forwarded, exploited and made the most of ever since she could remember. She was

a bright, pretty child, and a dutiful student, during her brief days of country schooling. Her mother had from infancy enforced all the rural arts of beauty culture known to her. Long, home-knitted yarn gloves were worn to protect the shapely hands and whiten them. The grand big mane of ashen-blond hair was washed in fresh-caught rainwater, clipped in the dark of the moon, combed and tended and kept as no one else's hair was. When the sunbonnet was not in use, a broad hat jealously shaded the marvellous fairness of the oval cheek. And so the girl had grown up delicate as a court lady, smooth and fine to look upon, pink and white like one of those rare orchids, marvellously veined and featured, known only to the bees of the wood, whose loveliness is always a-shiver with peculiar vitality. This Sunday morning the lepidopteral flutter of gay calicoes and the bee-like murmur of young male voices in her court of youths and maidens carried out well the figure of the rare, moth-bewitching blossom.

The first church bell had rung in the little gray structure across the creek. It was a still, bright Sabbath morning, shining over the ocean of woods and cabin homes that like islets dotted the forest here and there. Every one of these wore, from porch floors hollowed with much scouring to innermost cupboard niche, an air of Sunday expectancy that lacked little of being sanctimonious. Only the house-mother remained in charge

of each, preparing the Sunday company-dinner with even more outlay of energy than the preceding six had required of her. The men folks had by common consent adjourned to spring, barn, the shelter of big trees in the yard, and such-like general loafing places, immediately after breakfast, lest their eyes be affrighted by the spectacle of a woman with a broom; and the young folks, attired in their brightest frocks and shirts, and whatever finery they could command, had one and all taken early the path to preaching.

"I wish 't Lance Cleavage 'd come—then we 'd see fun!" cried Buck Fuson, rising to his knees and gazing up the slope. "I 'd ruther hear him and Callista fuss as to eat my dinner."

Brown little Ola Derf, sitting slightly apart from the others braiding pine needles into a ring, looked up suddenly. A woman at the spring below, scooping a drink for a fat child, raised a long drab face and turned it in the same direction; this was the Widow Griever, elder sister of Lance Cleavage. Only Callista appeared to take no notice, while the girls about her, at the mere mention of Lance, all fluttered and resettled themselves with a certain vague air of expectancy.

"You boys ought to be ashamed of yo'selfs," Mandy Griever reproved. Then apart to young Fuson: "Callista's got more sense than to pay any attention to such a light-headed somebody as that fool brother o' mine. Let me tell you, Callista Gentry has more sense than any of you men persons give her credit for. She's a serious-minded gal."

Fathers and mothers were herding their broods of lesser children in, but boys and girls of older growth, young men and women of an age to be thinking of mating, strolled by twos or sat on the bank above the spring that supplied the baptismal pool of Brush Arbor church. Callista Gentry was wearing a new print frock—and looking quite unconscious of the fact.

"That ain't no five-cent lawn,"

whispered Ola Derf enviously as she eyed it from afar. The Derf girl was an outsider at most gatherings, and particularly so at church affairs. Everybody knew she came to Brush Arbor only on a chance of seeing Lance Cleavage.

"Thar comes Lance now!" announced Fuson, and then winked at his companions.

Callista never raised her glance, nor did the even tenor of her speech falter, though something subtly told the onlooker that she was aware. A richer glow on the softly oval cheek, a light in the down-dropped eyes which she jealously hid, a rearrangement, subtle and minute, of her attitude toward the world, showed that she needed no sight nor hearing to advise her of the coming of a lithe young fellow who approached across the crown of the hill, tonsured years ago by the axe of some settler, but offering half-way down its side resistance of undergrowth and saplings. He came straight through, paying no attention to paths—that was Lance Cleavage. His step was light and sure, yet it rent and crushed what was in his way. On his back swung a banjo; his hat was in his hand, and he sang to himself as he came. What he sang was not a hymn. His hazel eyes were almost as golden as the tan of his cheek, and there was a spark of fire in the depths of them that matched the defiant carriage of his head. At his advent the Widow Griever turned and let the fat child find her way alone.

"You Lance," she began in a scandalized tone, "don't you bring that sinful and ungodly instrument into the house of the Lord. You know mighty well and good the preacher is about to name you out in meetin', and here you go on seekin' the ways of the Evil One. Pack that banjo straight back home this minute."

She had evidently as little expectation of Lance obeying her as he had of doing so. Her words were plainly intended only to set forth her own position—to clear her skirts of re-

proach. The young folks about her giggled and looked with open admiration at the youth who dared to bring a banjo to Sunday preaching.

"Banjo 'll let the preacher alone, if the preacher 'll let it alone," smiled Lance, unconcernedly pulling the ribbon so as to get at the strings, and touching them lightly. "You go 'long into church and get your soul saved for heaven, Sis' Mandy. I reckon they need representatives of the Cleavage family in both places."

"Well, that 's whar you 're a-goin'—er more so," asserted the widow with dignity as she turned her back once more on the young folks and moved away.

Lance took the ribbon of his banjo from his neck and flung it over a blossoming azalea bush.

"I 'll hang my harp on a willer tree,  
And away to the wars again,"

he hummed softly just above his breath.

"I don't aim to hurt the preacher's feelings. I won't take my banjo into his church—sech doctrine as Drane's is apt to be mighty hard on banjo strings. Don't you-all want to have a little dance after meeting?"

The girls looked duly horrified, all but Ola Derf, who spoke up promptly.

"Yes—come a-past our house. Pap don't mind a Sunday dance. You will come, won't you, Lance?" she said pleadingly.

Callista Gentry did not dance. She had always, in the nature of things, belonged to the class of young people in the mountains who might be expected at any time to "profess" and join the church. The musician laughed teasingly.

"I reckon we 'd better not," he said finally. "Callista 's scared. She begged me into bringing my banjo to-day (you don't any of you know Callista like I do), and now she 's scared to listen to it."

Callista barely raised her eyes at this speech, and scorned to deny the truth of it.

"You-all that wants to dance on a Sunday better go 'long there," she

said composedly. "It 's mighty near time for preaching to begin, and you 've got a right smart walk over to the Derf place." Dismissing them thus coolly from her world, she addressed herself once more to pinning a bunch of ochre and crimson azaleas into the trimming of her broad hat.

"Lance," drawled Buck Fuson, "I hear yo' cuttin' timber on yo' land. Aimin' to put up a cabin—fixin' to wed?"

The newcomer shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply.

"When I heard it, I 'lowed Callista had named the day," persisted Fuson.

"Have ye, Callista?" Rilly Trigg put in daringly, as neither of the principals seemed disposed to speak.

"The names that the days have already got suits me well enough," Callista observed drily. "I don't know why I should go namin' any one of 'em over again."

There was a great laugh at this, of which Cleavage appeared entirely oblivious.

"Yes," he began quietly, when it had subsided, "I am about to put me up a house—I like to be a-buildin'—a man might as well improve his property. There 's one gal that wants me mighty bad, and has wanted me for a long while; sometimes I 'm scared she 'll get me. Reckon I might as well be ready."

"You hear that, Callista?" crowed little Rilly Trigg. "Ye hear that! Have ye told him adzackly the kind of house ye want? I 'low ye ort."

"Put a little yellow side o' that red," advised Callista composedly, busying herself wholly with the hat Rilly was trimming. "There—don't you think that looks better?"

Rilly made a face at Fuson and Cleavage, and laughed.

"No need to ask her which nor whether," said Lance nonchalantly. "Any place I am is bound to suit Callista. I intend that my house shall be the best in the Turkey Tracks; but if it was n't she 'd never find it out, long as I was there."

Again there was a chorus of appreciative laughter.

"How's that, Callista—is it so, for a fact?" inquired Fuson, eager to see the game go on.

Callista opened her beautiful eyes wide, and smiled with lazy scorn.

"Truly I'm suited with whatever Lance Cleaverage builds, and wherever and whenever he builds. Let it be what it may, it's nothing to me."

"You Rilly!" called a shrill feminine voice from the direction of the church. "Bring the basket."

"He'p me with it, Buck," said Orilla, and the two started down the slope together.

"Now," suggested Lance, with an affectation of reluctance, "if the rest of you-all don't mind giving us the place here, I reckon Callista's got a heap that she wants to say to me, and she's ashamed to speak out before folks."

The mad project of a Sunday dance, which nobody but Ola Derf had entertained for a moment, was thus tacitly dropped. There was a general snickering at Lance's impudent assumption. Again Callista seemed too placidly contemptuous to care to make denial. Boys got up from their lounging positions on the grass, girls shook out their skirts, and two-and-two the young folks began to straggle toward the gray little church.

"You're a mighty accommodatin' somebody," observed Lance, dropping lightly on the grass at Callista's feet. "I have been told by some that you'd make a contentious wife; but looks to me like you're settin' out to be powerful easy-goin'. Ain't got a word to say about how many rooms in the house, nor whar the shelves is to be, nor nothin'—eh?"

Reckless of time and place he reached up, put a finger under her chin, and turned her face toward him, puckering his lips meditatively as though he meant to kiss her—or to whistle. He got a swift, stinging slap for his pains, and Callista faced around on the rock where she sat to put herself as far from him as might be.

"Who said anything about wives and husbands?" she demanded. "I was talking about you building on yo' land. Hit's nothin' to me. I never expect to live in the houses you build, nor so much as set foot in 'em. When you named that gal that was tryin' to wed you, I shorely thought you must have been meanin' Ola Derf. As for me, if you heard me talkin' of the house I expected to *live* in, you'd hear a plenty—because I'm particular. I ain't a-goin' to put up with no puncheon floor in my best room. Hit's got to be boards, and planed at that. I ain't a-goin' to break my back scouring puncheons for no man."

The two were apparently alone together; but neither Ola Derf nor Fenton Hands was among the young people moving away down the farther slope. Lance gazed after their retreating friends and heaved a lugubrious sigh.

"Well, looks like they've all started off and left me for you and you for me," he commented sadly.

"Have they?" inquired Callista without interest. "They show mighty poor judgment."

"Same sort of judgment I'm showing, settin' here talking to you, when I might as well spend my time with a good-lookin' gal," retorted Lance promptly.

"The Lord knows you waste your time talking to me," Callista sent back to him with a musing, unruffled smile on her finely cut lips. "Your settin' up to me would sure be foolishness."

"Settin' up to you?"—Lance took his knees into an embrace and looked quizzically at her as she reclined above him, milk-white and pink, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired, a creature to cuddle and kiss one would have said, yet with a gall-bag under her tongue for him always. "Me settin' up to you?" he repeated the words with a bubble of apparently unsubduable amusement in his tone. "I reckon you're a-doin' the settin' up; everybody seems to understand it so. I just mentioned that the rest

of the folks had left you and me alone together, and I was goin' on to say that I began to suffer in the prospect of offering you my company up to the church-house. Lord, some gals will make courtin' out of anything!"

A subdued snicker sounded from the screen of leafage behind the spring; several young people lingered there for the fun of hearing Lance Cleavage and Callista Gentry fuss. The red began to show itself in the girl's smooth, fair cheeks. She caught her wide hat by its strings and got suddenly to her feet.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Lance Cleavage," she said coldly, "I never took enough notice of you to see was you courtin' me or some other girl; and I'll thank you now to step yourself out of my way and let me get on to the church-house. I've got to lead the tribble, come service time. I can't stand fooling here with you, nor worry myself to notice are you courting me or somebody else."

She held her graceful head very high; if she swung the hat by its strings a thought too rapidly, it was the only sign she gave of any excitement as she gained the path.

Cleavage stepped out beside her, leaving the banjo in the bushes. "All right—all right," he remarked in a pacifying tone, "I'm willin' to walk up to the church-house door with you, if that's what's troublin' you so greatly; but I don't want to go in and sit alongside of you on the middle seats. You take your place on the women's side, like a good gal, and let me have some peace, settin' over with the men."

For a moment she was literally dumb. Half a dozen had pushed into view, and were listening to them now. They all understood that Lance knew well enough she must sit with the singers, yet his open refusal to accompany her to the middle seats where the courting couples generally found place was not the less galling.

"Tell him you won't never step your foot in church beside him, Callista," prompted a man's voice, and Flenton Hands stepped out on

the path, twisting a bit of sassafras in his fingers and looking from one to the other with quick shiftings of his gray eyes.

Lance laughed radiantly but soundlessly, his face and eyes shining with mirthful defiance. The girl looked down and trifled with her hat ribbons.

"Why don't you say it?" inquired Cleavage at length. Hands leaned forward and stared eagerly at her, his mouth a little open and his breath coming quick. He had been the most pertinacious of Callista's followers for more than a year; an older man, with absences from the neighborhood which some people regarded as mysterious and discrediting, he brought to bear on his wooing the persistence and determination of his years.

Callista just glanced at the younger man, and let her slow, scornful gaze rest on Hands.

"What's the use of telling him what he already knows mighty well and good?" she said finally.

"Give me the pleasure of walking up with you this morning, then," Hands encroached eagerly.

With negligent composure Callista glanced about her. She was not willing to walk with Lance—she doubted if he would ask her again. She was not willing to discredit him and go with Hands. She was determined that Cleavage should not walk with another girl.

"Come on, Ola," she coolly addressed the Derf girl, plainly to be seen behind Hands. "Let's you and me hurry over and see what hymns Brother Drane is going to use. You sing mighty good counter, and I'd like to have you next to me."

Ola Derf could not refuse. It was almost equal to social rehabilitation to be allowed to walk beside Callista Gentry from the spring to the church, to sit beside her in the singing seats; yet the brown girl cast uneasy glances backward till she saw Lance, whistling melodiously, turn to the blooming azalea bush and catch up

his banjo from it. She stopped in her tracks, holding Callista back.

"Whar—whar ye gwine, Lance?" she inquired anxiously. If Lance was not coming to church it would scarcely be worth while for her to torture herself with an hour of old Preacher Drane's holding forth. "Whar ye gwine?" she reiterated, as Callista pulled her sleeve and attempted to hurry on.

"Whar you and Callista can't come," returned Lance, speaking over his shoulder unceremoniously.

"Ain't ye gwine to stay to preachin'?" persisted the brown girl. "I—I thought ye was, or I—ain't ye gwine to stay?"

"No," drawled Cleaverage. "I just brought the banjo to please Callista—because I promised her I would, when she begged me to. I had no notion of staying to listen to Drane."

"Come on—if you're going to," Callista admonished the Derf girl with a little flash of temper which Lance did not fail to observe, any more than she missed the chuckle with which he received it.

"Well, I'm a-goin' with ye," announced Ola. She let go Callista's arm, and turned back to where Lance was taking a shadowy path into the forest.

"I told you gals could n't come," Cleaverage bantered her. But Ola persisted.

"I can go wherever you can go. Lance—wait! Wait for me,—I'm coming. You promised to learn me to play on the banjo. Show me the chords this morning."

"Callista'll be mad," objected Cleaverage. "She begged and begged me, and I would n't leave her come along of me; now if I take you, she'll be mad."

"Like I cared where you went or who went with you!" Callista retorted, eyes shining blue fire, head crested. "Come on, Mr. Hands, it's time we were stepping if we want to get in to go through the hymns."

"And you will sit in the middle seats alongside of me?" Hands' voice pleaded close to her ear.

She shook her head, and in doing so managed to glance round and get a tormenting glimpse of Ola and Lance disappearing together between the trees. Under the green domes of oak and liriiodendron, the latter starred all over now with orange-tawny tulips, she saw them pass. Wine of summer was in the veins of the forest. Even the sober oaks, wreathed like bacchanals, overflowed with sweetness from their wrappings of wild grape. The two with the banjo took their way down a steep path toward a jade-green pool, a still reach of water arched over by fantastic tangles of laurel and rhododendron, black as the tents of Kedar, lighted only by the flash of a waterfall that caught the sun. This was the baptismal place.

Callista turned her face resolutely toward respectability and the church, albeit there was no joy in the countenance. Strung out over a quarter of a mile were courting couples bent toward the same destination. To these young hearts it seemed well worth while to have lain under the heel of winter to attain this marvellous summer morning with its green-clothed forest, its wreathing of blossoms where they passed.

Callista drew in her breath sharply. Summer and sun and light and love everywhere—and she was walking up to the church-house with Flenton Hands, while back on some forest by-path, with music at his finger ends and Ola Derf beside him, Lance Cleaverage forgot her with a laugh.

## CHAPTER II

### A DANCE AND A SERENADE

The Derf family occupied a peculiar position in the Turkey Track neighborhood. While not completely outcast, they were of so little standing that their house was scarcely a respectable place for a young, unmarried woman to be seen frequently. Ola, a homely, high-couraged, hard-muscled little creature, was permitted in the neighborhood circle



of young girls rather on sufferance; but she did not trouble them greatly with her presence, preferring as a rule her own enterprises.

Lance Cleaverage, a chartered libertine, came often to the frolics at Derf's. He seldom danced himself; whisky he never touched; but he loved to play for the others, and he got all the stimulation which his temperament and his mood asked out of the crowd, the lights, the music, and some indefinable element into which these fused for him.

It was nearly two months after the incident at the church that Ola was redding up and putting to rights for a dance. She had hurried through an early supper; the house was cleared, like the deck of a ship for action, of all furniture that could not be sat upon. Generally, she gave but little thought to her appearance. But everybody believed now that the time was set for the marriage of Lance Cleaverage and Callista Gentry; neither of the young people denied it, Callista only laughing scornfully, and Lance gravely admitting that there was mighty poor chance for a man to get away when a girl like Callista made up her mind to wed him. In the face of these things, the little brown girl clad herself carefully, laboring with the conscienceless assiduity of Nature's self to do her utmost to get her chosen man away from the other girl—to get him for herself.

A little after dark her guests began to arrive, and the moon had risen when, after hitching and halting, proposals and counter propositions, a quadrille was started. It was gone through rather perfunctorily; then they all sat down on the boxes and benches and stared into the empty middle of the room.

"Good land!" cried Ola, coming from the other side of the house, "play 'Greenbacks,' Lance—let's dance 'Stealing Partners.'"

The new amusement—half dance, half play—proved, as she had guessed, a leaven to the heaviness of the occasion. People began to laugh a

little, and speak above their breath. Two awkward boys, trying to "shoot dominackers" at the same moment, collided under the arch and went sprawling to the floor. The mishap was greeted with a roar of mirth in which all chill and diffidence were drowned. Lance Cleaverage leaned forward in his place, striking the humming strings with sure, tense fingers, his eyes aglow. This was the draught the mirth of others brewed for him. Its fumes were beginning to mount to his brain, when Ola's hard brown little hand came down across his strings and stopped the music. There was an instant and indignant outcry and protest.

"I want to hear Buck play on his accordion—and I want Lance to dance with me," Ola said petulantly. "What's the use of him settin' here all the time playin' for you-all to have yo' fun, and him never gettin' any? Come on, Lance."

Hand clasping hand, Ola and Lance whirled among the others, essaying a simple sort of polka. The two of them began to feel that intoxication of swift movement timed to music which nothing else in life can quite furnish, intensified in the girl by a gripping conviction that this was her hour, and she must make the most of it. She was aflame with it. When Buck broke down she proposed a game of Thimble, and boldly, almost openly, let herself forfeit a kiss to Lance.

There was a babble of tongues and laughter, a hubbub of mirth, a cross-firing and confusion of sound and of movement, which wrought upon the nerves like broken chords, subtle dissonances in music. Buck was trying to play again; some of the boys were patting and stamping, others remonstrating, jeering, making ironic suggestions, when Lance, a little flushed and bright of eye, dropped his arm around the little brown girl's waist to take his forfeit. As in duty bound she pulled away from him. He sprang after, caught her by the shoulders, turned her square little

face up to his and kissed her full on the laughing, red mouth.

Then a miracle! Kissing Ola Derf was not a serious matter; indeed common gossip hinted that it was a thing all too easily accomplished. But to-night the girl was wrought beyond herself—a magnet. And Lance's sleeping spirit felt the shock of that kiss. But alas for Ola, it was in her rival's cause the miracle was worked; it was in her rival's cause she had labored, enlisting all her primitive arts, all her ingenuity and resolution. The lights, the music, the movement, the gayety of others, these had, so far, pleased and stimulated Lance as they always did. But the unaccustomed warmth and contact of the dance; the daring and abandon of the kissing game afterward; finally the sudden ravisher's clasp and snatched kiss—these set free in him an impulse which had slumbered till now. To this bold, aggressive, wilful nature it was always the high mountain, the long dubious road, the deep waters, never the easy way, the thing at hand; it was ever his own trail, not the path suggested to his feet. And so, in this sudden awakening, he took no account of Ola Derf, and his whole soul turned toward Callista—Callista the scornful, whose profile, or the side of whose cheek he was always seeing; Callista, who refused to lift her lashes to look at him, and who was ever saying coolly exasperating things in a tone of gentle weariness. If Callista would look at him as Ola Derf had done—if he might catch her thus in his arms—if those lips of hers were offered to his kiss—!

Without a word of excuse or explanation he dropped the girl's hand as he stood in the ring of players, caught his banjo down from the shelf, and leaving open mouths and staring eyes behind him, strode through the door. A moment later he was footing it out in the moonlit road, walking straight and fast toward the church, where protracted meeting was going on, and where he guessed Callista would be with her family. A javelin,

flame-tipped, had touched him. Something new and fiery danced in his veins. He would see her home. They would walk together, far behind the family group, in this wonderful white moonlight.

When he reached Brush Arbor church he avoided the young fellows lounging about the entrance waiting to go home with the girls. He moved lightly to a window at the back of the building and looked in. There sat Octavia Gentry on the women's side, and old Ajax, her father-in-law, on the men's; but Callista he could not find from his coign of vantage.

When he was at last satisfied that she was not in the building, he turned as he had turned from Ola Derf, and made a straight path for himself from Brush Arbor to the Gentry place. Scorning the beaten highway of other men's feet, he struck directly into the woods. This took him through a little grove of second-growth chestnut, with its bunches of silver-gray stems rising slim and white in the light of the moon. Moonshine dappling through the leaves changed his work-a-day clothing to the garb of a troubadour. The banjo hung within easy reach of his fingers; he took off his old hat and tucked it under his arm, striking now and again as he went a twanging chord.

It was an old story to him, this walking the moonlit woods with his banjo for company. Many a time in the year's release, the cool, fragrant, summer-deep forest had called him by its delicate silvery nocturnes, its caverns of shadow and milky pools of light, bidden him to a wild spring-running. On such nights his heart could not sleep for song. Sometimes, intoxicated with the rhythm, he had swung on and on, crashing through the dew-drenched huckleberry tangles, rocking a little, with eyes half closed, and interspersing the barbaric jangle of his banjo with quaint jodeling and long, falsetto-broken whoops—the heritage that the Cherokee left behind him in this land. But now

it was no mere physical elation of youth and summer and moonlight. It was the supreme urge of his nature that sent his feet forward steadily, swiftly, as toward a purpose that might not be let or stayed. Speed—to Callista—that was all. He fell into silence, even the banjo's thrumming hushed to an intense quivering call of broken chords, hardly to be distinguished from the insect cries of love that filled the summer wood about him.

All the fathomless gulf of the sky was poured full of the blue-green splendors that flooded the night world of the mountains. Drops of dew spilled from leaf to leaf; down in the spring hollow he was spattered to the knees by the thousand soft, reaching fronds of cinnamon fern. Wild fragrances splashed him with great waves of sweetness. So the lords of the wild, under pelt and antler, have ever been wont to rove to their wooing; so restless are the wings that flutter among summer branches and under summer moons.

Callista had petulantly refused to go to church with her mother and grandfather. For no reason which she could assign she wanted to be alone. Then, when they had all gone, she wished she had accompanied them. An indefinable disquiet possessed her. She could not stay in the house. Candle in hand she sought an outside cabin where stood the loom. Climbing to the loft room, she set down her light and began to search out some quilt pieces, which she figured to herself as the object of her present excursion. Although she would have denied it hotly, the idea of Lance Cleaverage filled her completely. Lance the man who was preparing to marry her, yet upon whom—of all those who had come near her, in the free, fortuitous commerce of marriageable youth in the mountains—she had, it seemed to her, been able to lay no charm, to exert no influence. He met her; he exchanged cut and thrust with her, and he went his ways after their

encounters, neither more nor less than he had been before. He came back—seemingly at the dictates of time and chance only—and never hotter nor colder, never hastening to nor avoiding her. A bitterness tinged all her thought. . . . She wondered if she would have seen him had she gone to meeting. . . . She reflected jealously that he was much more likely to be at the frolic at Derf's. . . . She wished she knew how to dance.

All at once, on the vague introspection of her mood she became aware of the recurrent stroke of a soft musical note—the humming of Lance's banjo. Kneeling rigidly by the little chest that held her quilt scraps, she listened. It was a trick of the imagination—she had thought so much about him that she fancied him near. Then, with a sudden heavy beating of the heart, she realized that if he had been at the dance and gone home early he might be passing now on the big road. She smiled at her own folly; this tremulous whispered call could never be heard across two fields and the door-yard.

And it was a banjo . . . it was Lance's banjo . . . he was playing in a whisper, too, as he loved to do.

Then the strings ceased to whisper. Louder came their voice and louder. Without thinking to extinguish her candle, she ran to the window and knelt listening. She looked down on the moonlit yard. All was silent and homely, . . . but that was Lance's banjo. Even as she came to this decision, Lance himself broke through the greenery at the edge of the near field, vaulted a low fence, and emerged into the open. He came on in the soft light, singing a little, apparently to himself.

Spellbound she listened, gripping the window ledge hard, holding her breath, choking, wondering what this new thing was that had come to her. Above him she was set like a saint enshrined, with the moonlight to silver her rapt, shining face, and the glow of the candle behind making a nimbus of her fair hair. Yet never at all (or she thought so) did Lance

look up. Light-footed, careless of mien, he circled the house once—still humming under his breath, and striking those odd, tentative chords on the banjo. Then abruptly, when she had realized her position and would have hidden herself, or put out the candle which betrayed her, he stopped under her window and with upflung head was smiling straight into her eyes. She rallied her forces and made ready for the duel which always ensued when she and Lance met. She would give him as good as he sent. She would tell him that she had stayed away from church for fear she should see him. If he hinted that she had expected this visit, she would—she would say—

But this was a new Lance Cleaver-age looking into her eyes—a man Callista had never seen before. Subtly she knew it, but scarcely dared trust the knowledge. The young fellow below in the moonlight sent up no challenge to a trial of wits; he offered her no opportunity for sarcastic retort. Flinging down his hat, making ready his banjo, he lifted his head so that the lean, dark young face with its luminous eyes was raised fully to her in the soft radiance, and struck some chords—strange, thrilling, importunate chords—then he began to sing.

The serenade is a cherished courtship custom of primitive societies. Lance Cleaverage, the best banjo-player in the Turkey Tracks, with a flexible, vibrant, colorful baritone voice, had often gone serenading with the other boys; but this—to-night—was different. He felt like singing, and singing to Callista; for the moment it was his form of expression. What he sang was his own version of an old-world ballad, with his love's name in place of the Scottish girl's to whom it had been addressed three hundred years ago in the highlands of another hemisphere. Unashamed, unafraid—would anything ever make Lance either ashamed or afraid?—he stood in the white moonlight and sent forth his passionate, masterful call of love on the wings of song.

Callista's heart beat wildly against her arms where she rested on the window-sill. Her lips were apart, and the breath came through them quick and uneven. Despite herself, she leaned forward and looked back into the eyes that gazed up at her.

Was this Lance, the indifferent, taunting, insouciant, here under her window alone, looking up so at her—playing, singing, to her. Oh, yes, it was Lance. He wanted her, said the swift passionate notes of the banjo, the pleading tones of his voice, the bold yet lover-like attitude of the man. He wanted her. Well—a flood of tender warmth rose in her—she wanted him. For the first time probably in her life—misshapen, twisted to the expression of the coquette, the high-and-mighty, scornful miss who finds no lover to her taste—Callista was all a woman. The fires of her nature flamed to answer the kindred fire of his. The last, teasing note of the banjo quavered into silence. Lance pulled the ribbon over his head, laid the instrument by—without ever taking his eyes from her face—and said, hardly above a whisper.

"Callista, honey, come down."

No scornful retort was ready for him.

"I—oh, I can't, Lance," was all Callista could utter.

With a "Well, I'm a-comin' up there, then," he sprang into the muscadine vine whose rope-like trunks ran up around the doorway below her. She only caught her breath and watched in desperate anxiety the reckless venture. And when he reached the level of her window, when, swinging insecurely in a loop of the vine, he stretched his arms to her, ready arms answered him and went round his neck. A face passion pale was raised to his face, and eager, tremulous lips met his.

They drew apart an instant, then Callista—overwhelmed, frightened at herself—with a swift movement, hid her face on his breast. He bent over her, and laid his dark cheek against hers that was like a pearl. His

arms drew her closer, closer; the two young hearts beat plungingly against each other. The arms that strained Callista so hard to Lance's breast trembled, and her slender body trembled within them. Lance's shining eyes closed.

"Callista—honey—darlin'," he whispered brokenly, "you do love me."

"Oh, Lance!—Oh, Lance!" she breathed back.

And then his lips went seeking hers once more. She lifted them to him, and the two clung long so. The world swung meaninglessly on in space. The two clasped close in each other's arms were so newly, so intensely, blindingly, electrically awake to themselves and to each other, that they were utterly insensible to all else.

Finally Lance lifted his head a bit. He drew a long, sobbing breath, and laying his face once more against the girl's, murmured with tender fierceness.

"An' we ain't going to wait for no September, neither. You're going to wed me to-morrow—well, next week, anyway"—as he felt her start and struggle weakly.

"Oh, Lance—honey—no!" she began. But he cut her short with vehement protestations and demands. He covered her face, her hair, her neck with kisses, and then declared again and again, in a voice broken with feeling, that they would be wedded the next week—they would n't wait—they would n't wait.

Overwhelmed, drowned by her own emotions, terrified at the rush of his, Callista began to plead with him; and when that availed nothing, save to inflame his ardor, her cry was:

"Yes, Lance. Yes—all right—we will. We will, Lance—whenever you say. But go now, honey, won't you—please? Oh, Lance! They'll be coming home any minute now. If they was to find you here, Lance—Won't you go now, please, honey? Lance, darlin', do. I'll do just

like you say—next week—any time, Lance. Only go now."

There was no sense of denying, or drawing herself back, in Callista's utterance. It was only the pleading of maiden terror. When Lance acquiesced, when he crushed her to him in farewell, her arms went round him once more, almost convulsively; her lips met the fierce, dominating kiss of his.

Lance got down from the window, his head whirling. Mechanically he found his banjo, flung the ribbon over his head and turned the instrument around so that it hung across his shoulders. Thus, and with his hat again tucked under his arm, without ever looking back toward the house, he walked swiftly and unsteadily away, once more through the little chestnut wood, with its dappings of shadow and moonlight. He dipped into the hollow where the spring branch talked to itself all night long in the silence and the darkness under the twisted laurel and rhododendrons; once more he stood on the little tumbled hill above the church. The lights were out; they had all gone home.

Below him was spread his world; the practised eye of this free night-rover could have placed every farm and cabin, as it all lay swimming in this wonderful bewitched half-light. Those were his kindred and his people; but he had always been a lonely soul among them. The outposts of levity which he had set about the citadel of his heart had never been passed by any. To-night, with an upheaval like birth or death, he had broken down the barriers and swept another soul in beside him, close—close. He would never be alone again—never again. There would always be Callista. In the intoxication, the ravishment of the moment, he made no reckoning with the Callista he had heretofore known, the Lance that had been; they should be always as now on this night of magic.

(To be continued)



# LET ME ENJOY

SONG: MINOR KEY

## I

LET me enjoy the Earth no less  
Because the all-enacting Might  
That fashioned forth its loveliness  
Had other aims than my delight.

## II

About my path there flits a Fair  
Who throws me not a word or sign;  
I will find charm in her loth air,  
And laud those lips not meant for mine.

## III

From manuscripts of tender song  
Inspired by scenes and souls unknown,  
I'll pour out raptures that belong  
To others, as they were my own.

## IV

And some day hence, toward Paradise  
And all its blest—if such should be—  
I will cast glad, afar-off eyes,  
Though it contain no place for me.

THOMAS HARDY

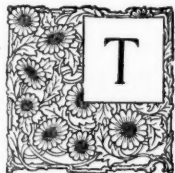
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# IN SOUND OF THE SEA

By ELEANOR SEELEYE

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN



THE environment that made of Mary Petherick a mystic and a dreamer, had no such effect upon her neighbors. From moorland and sea they drew but their daily bread; *she* drew from them in addition that finer spiritual food whose necessity was long ago declared in the purely mystical saying—"Man shall not live by bread alone." As a girl she had lived on the upland, though within sight and close reach of the sea. It followed, being faithful of nature, that she never ceased to love the moors with their mist-filled hollows and wind-swept levels, their broad shouldering sweep against the upper blue, their superb suggestion of equality with untamed sky and sea.

But even as the combe at whose head she dwelt descended to the sea, as the stream between its deepening walls fell eventually into the cove below the Castle rock, and the broken noise of water tumbling over stones blent at last with the deep murmur of the surge—even so did Mary Guard leave her upland home for the cottage at the head of the cove, and blend her life with that of Evan Petherick. And henceforth no part of her life was separate from the sea. Its mystery, its melancholy and its joy took possession of her being. It was as essential to her as the air she breathed.

There came a later day when it caught in its masterful embrace her husband and two sons, though returning their bodies to lie in the windy

churchyard. She grieved but was not resentful, and the sea still gave her joy. Wrecks marked that iron coast, monuments to those lost at sea freckled every graveyard; land-slips defaced the coast cliffs and fierce waves tore out their bowels, honeycombing them with "tide pots" and ragged caverns; each year the great Atlantic winds and waves yet further marred the gray castle crowning the gray height above the cove. What matter? Still was this wild coast her home, dearer in its savagery than the tame safety of the upland.

By long association and sympathetic comprehension of its moods, she had risen far above the level of a merely human environment. The prevailing attitude of her mind was one of receptivity to all impressions. Credulous rather than superstitious, she could believe what she herself had seen or thought she saw, though the evidence of others' eyes was against it; and again, she could believe in the possibility of things she had not seen. To her spiritual vision God was everywhere present, moving mysteriously in the performance of His wonders; and a still serenity of face and mien evidenced the depth of her conviction that our mortal steps are in immortal guidance. She really was a mystic, you will observe; and according to Arvède Barine—"Il n'y a rien, absolument rien, dont un mystique ne soit capable."

But if a mystic she was also a dreamer, a true Celt, to whom the boundary line between reality and fancy was ever indistinct. Imagination no less than mysticism gave color and rhythm to her life. She

related a story one day, so illustrative of these qualities and of the borderland betwixt known and unknown wherein she dwelt, that it seems to me to have a certain "documentary" value. It is the revelation of a unique and interesting mentality.

"I'm sorry for them as lives inland," she remarked tolerantly, "or them as are busy in towns. They never really notice things—they only see what is before their eyes. But when one lives by the sea as I do, and the sea is in his blood as it is in mine, why then you may be busy as you will with your hands, yet all the time your mind is travelling, taking note as it were of things which don't seem to exist for others. There is nothing too strange for the sea; anything might happen, anything might be true! Where else,—but I'll tell you the story.

"It happened the year my husband's boat was lost, off Barras Head. People thought I would go up to the village now that I was alone, as they said. They could n't understand that it was there I would be alone, not here where I had known my keenest joy and grief. No more could they understand that in time your very grief becomes a companion, and the spot where your happiness left you is the one spot on earth you cannot leave.

"After a while they stopped urging. I had always gone my own way, rather more than most Trevena girls, and I was no less opinionated now. Sir James sent word that I should have the Castle key and a percentage on the admittance; so that with this and selling cakes and milk to the summer trippers, I got on very well. I was glad though when the trippers stopped coming, and the winter storms made me a solitude. The villagers, too, were seldom guests, saving Kate Penberthy; and often for days at a time I would hear no sound but the roar of the sea.

"Kate was tokened to her cousin, Joe Penberthy. He was quite a warm man—money laid away, and a tidy little shop which he called King

Arthur's Hosiery, with a wooden image of the king above the door. He was getting on in years, more than double Kate's age, an' she not twenty. I suspected at first he chose her because of her handiness, and him needing a woman in the shop as well as for meals and linen; but I knew after a while that it was because he was really fond of her. Kate was willing enough, for in her home there was not only nothing to spare, but as a rule not enough to go 'round. Besides, she had n't seen Jem Colmer then.

"She was a witch-like girl, always with a gibe on her tongue, and a broad hint of daredeviltry from between her narrowed eyelids. I remember well the first time she came. It had been raining and blowing till I grew that restless I had to daunter out a bit, to quiet myself and watch the combers sweeping in. When I turned to go in, who should be standing near but Kate, with a puzzled sort of expression on her face, as if she were trying to make out what I saw and could n't succeed. It may have been curiosity that took her back with me; anyway, she came in and sat a while, asking a question now and then, and often laughing right out.

"'You're the oddest woman!' she declared, after I'd been telling her the story of the Castle. She had lived all her life in sight of it, and knew less of it than she did about the creed—which was just nothing at all. She was a natural pagan, I used to think. The laws we others tried to live by meant absolutely nothing to her. Well, perhaps one could n't expect much from a girl brought up in harness to the hardest sort of work, and whose father beat her black and blue only a few months before her marriage. Why? I don't know, but I doubted it might be about Jem Colmer.

"His bark, the 'Bridge of Bideford,' was cast away on the rocks below the church some time before, and Jem the only one saved. He had an arm broke, and stayed up to the village till it should heal, so he said; but he stayed long beyond that. He was

much of Kate's kind, daredevil, reckless spoken; and they took to each other at once. They were often seen walking together, along the hills and on the cliff path; and several times the coast-guard saw them sitting on the rocks below the keep. Several times, too, they came to me for the key, and went strolling over the Island as we called it. I found them there myself, one day, in the King's Seat, talking so earnestly that they never heard me till I stood in front of them. I made as though I thought nought, and with a word about the Cups and Saucers and the view from the King's Window, I went my way.

"If I didn't say much, however, I did the more thinking. They had n't come to me for the key this time—it was in my own pocket, and I had n't known they were on the Island when I went for my stroll. They must have climbed the ledge above the footpath, therefore; and the more I considered things—the danger to Kate in the climb, and the secrecy which I liked least of all,—the more worried I grew. I was vexed with the lad, and troubled at heart for the maid.

"Every time her father got to hear of her being with Jem, he beat her; but that only made her the more set to take her freedom while it lasted. Joe Penberthy said nought; he'd made up his mind to marry her, and most likely felt that it was n't yet time to put a bit in her mouth. I was n't to be her husband, though, so I said to her one day: 'Kate, if you're fond of Jem, why don't you break off fair an' open with Joe, and walk to the altar with Jem?'

"Her eyes narrowed an' she looked downright wicked for a moment; but she answered with a careless kind of laugh—'That's a road, as it happens, that Jem is none so anxious to travel. You need n't fret about old Joe—he'll get me in due time, worse luck!'

"She used to come to my house a good bit, about this time. She never said much, but would sit about for a while, then get up always as if she would have liked to sit longer, and go

out of the door sort of heavy-like. I did n't wonder at that, knowing, as I say, the home she had to go back to. Jem, too, took to coming now and then; and I am free to say that the more I saw of him the less I liked him. I was glad Kate was soon to be married, for I could n't think him the sort of man to be trusted with a girl. After a bit I spoke plainly:

"'You ought n't to follow her up like this, doing her a harm with the man she's to marry, making her father beat her cruel and the neighbors talk away her good name. I'd rather you had smashed like an eggshell on the rocks where better men went down, than live to ruin a foolish girl! If you have any heart in you, and are as fond of her as you've made her of you—then marry her and give her at least a chance of honest happiness. I tell you frankly, I'd rather for it to be Joe; but if so be as her heart's set on you, then marry her like a true man.'

"His face changed; the sneer died out of it and the hard mouth softened: 'I wish to God,' said he, 'I could—I'd do it fast enough! I'll be open with you, Mrs. Petherick, since you've been that with me. I do love her—but it's no use. When I was younger 'n I am now, I tied myself to an old hag of a wife in Plymouth, an' hell would n't be in it if she found I'd took another.'

"I could n't speak at first—I was that sad for Kate. Yes, an' for him too. They were natural-born mates for each other, but between them like a fast-locked door lay this error of his boyhood. 'Poor boy!' I said at last, and put out my hand. He gripped it hard, and I thought for a moment there were tears in his eyes; the next, he laughed hard an' long. 'Queer, ain't it?' he said. 'Well, I'll be going. You're the right sort, if you are a woman, and I'll try to hurt Kate no more. Poor Kate!' he added, with that same softening in the line of his lips which made me think of how he must have looked as a baby.

"I only saw him once again. I heard he had work at Boscastle, and

it must have kept him busy, for he was n't seen our way any more. But Kate came double of what she did before. I make no doubt he had told her what I said, and the poor forlorn maid felt she had in me a friend, which I surely was. Mostly she'd come at dusk, after the day's work was done, wrapped in her long cloak, and sit a bit, for the most part without saying aught; then she'd press my hand and go. I knew pretty well how she was feeling. The man she loved was gone, an' the one she did n't love was close at hand, and she due to marry him in the spring.

"Save for her visits I was well-nigh solitary this winter. Long hours I'd sit watching the waves and when the weather was at its wildest, thinking of my man, and of my boys who would never be men—not here at least, though they may have grown tall in the Lord's garden. Folks thought me odd because I liked to be alone, and was so fond of the sea. But I never learned to know it as I did this winter. I came to understand that it was by nature a wild thing—it never had been tamed, and never could be, do what one might. And then, with a sudden flash of insight, it was borne in upon me, how such a tameless creature would resent being driven and directed and ridden over with ships and robbed of its fish, and confined in harbors and held back behind breakwaters. It did n't drown my three because it bore them a grudge; but because they had dared it too far, and the great creature would n't take a dare.

"Day after day I climbed up to the island part of the castle; and then again I spent hours in the keep, especially where an opening that must once have been a window looked from over the sheer cliff upon the sea. I discovered for myself a small cave, where I came to believe an old seal wintered; or if not a seal, then, as I sometimes thought, a man or maid of the sea. It has always seemed so natural that there should be people—of a sort—in the sea as well as fish. Anyway, I heard mur-

murs there that surely came from some living creature.

"One night I took a fancy to go through the cavern that ran under the island neck. It was bright moonlight, cold and still; the tide had just turned, and the faint beat of its pulse was all that could be heard. Half-way through it was dark as my pocket, but I knew the way and went on steadily towards a pin point of light where the moon was gilding the exit. All at once there was a little soft rush and a sort of noiseless scurry. Something filmy intercepted the light for a moment, then was gone. I hurried after it, but when I reached the opening there was only the black rocks with the water lapping up the inlet, and the moon silvering both shore and sea. I stood a bit before retracing my steps, and upon my soul I heard a laugh!—nothing human; it sounded remote, like the noise of a distant seal perhaps; and it was n't a full good-natured laugh, but small and fine and malign,—it was fair pixyish, and turned me cold. I looked in the direction of the laugh, an' though I could n't be sure, it yet seemed to me as if near the tide line, close up to the rocks, I could see something quivering, as it might be light reflected from wet scales. Well, if it really was sea folk, it was n't for me to harry them, so I went back into the cave. This time I could n't have been mistaken, no way; that same elfish laugh came trilling after me, and the walls of the cave took it up, and echoed and re-echoed it till the place was alive with the sound.

"I told Kate Penberthy about it when she came in a little later, an' she smiled. It sounded fair mischievous, I said, but somehow it did n't sound happy. '*Happy!*' says Kate—an' then, without a sign of warning, she went into a fit of weeping enough to break your heart. I knew right well how it was;—her happy days were past, or she thought so, which was quite as hard to bear: so I just took the poor child to my heart—a thing she'd never endured before,—and let



LOOKING FROM THE ENTRANCE OF TINTAGEL

her cry in my arms. 'Oh Aunt Mary, Aunt Mary!' was all she said. But just as I was thinking how best to cheer her, she began to laugh, and my soul, how she laughed!

her head went out into the night, before I could say another word.

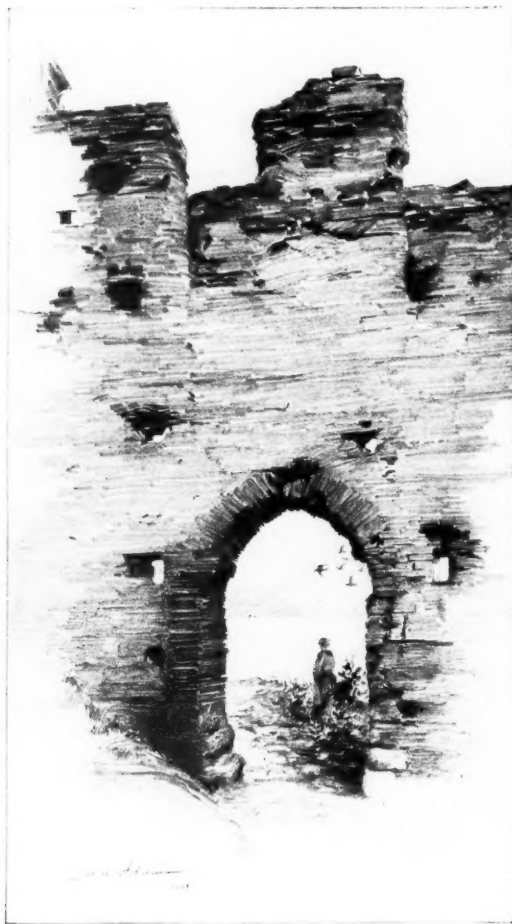
"For a week or two I saw nothing of her, though I felt sure that I heard laughter more than once. Presently,

however, she resumed her visits; hardly a night but her long dark cloak fluttered against my door, and the wilder the night the surer she was to come. Then one evening a strange thing happened. Again it was moonlight, and by good fortune the night was still: we don't get many such in January. The rise and fall of the waves was like the gentle breathing of a sleeper; "Peace, be still!" was written large on land and sea. The silver tranquillity of the waters led me once more to visit the cave; and I could not but wonder if the impulse that took me there might not also bring out those other guests from the sea.

"I walked straight through without hindrance save from my own stumbles, for the rocks were wet and slippery; but returning, there was the same interruption to the light, and again I had the sense of something moving hushed and soft before me. Just as I reached the mouth of the cave the sky grew dark—the moon was passing under a cloud. I watched her nearing its

edge and the darkness thinning, till she slipped out from under it like one throwing off a cloak; then turned my eyes back to the path. You can't look up all the time, in spite of the apostle; and I don't know but it is as well you can't.

"Well, as I was saying, I looked



PORTION OF TINTAGEL ON "THE ISLAND"

"Stop it, for the Lord's sake!" said I; 'stop it, or I'll go crazy. It sounds for all the world like the sea folk outside—as if neither they nor you had souls, or had just lost them. I won't have it, I tell you.' And she did stop, as suddenly as she began; and pulling her cloak over



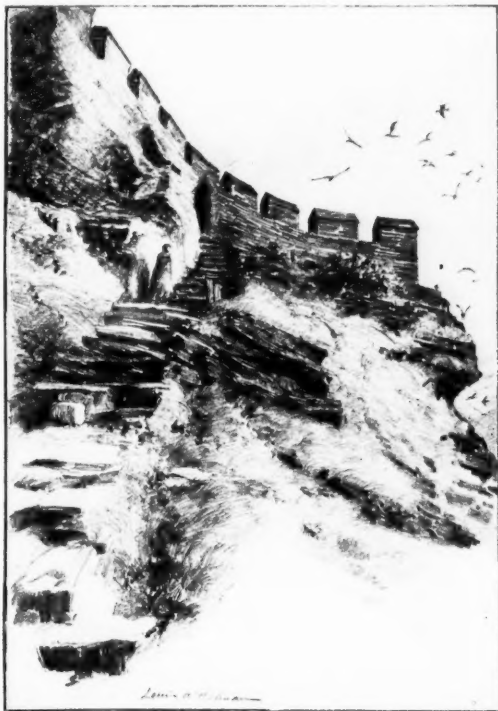
down—and there, almost at my feet, was a patch of something white. I was staring at it with all my eyes, when the patch stirred and uttered a little sound. As I live, it was a baby lying there on the cold wet stones, as bare as when it was born, and shining white in the moonlight. Its eyes were open—yes, and it was actually smiling when I bent over it; and every now an' then it breathed out that queer little croon. It was n't human—it could n't be, I thought; and on the very point of lifting it I straightened back. If it belonged to sea folk I had no right to it; they would miss it like any other parents. I don't know how long I might have stood there in my uncertainty, if the elfish thing had not puckered up its face and begun to cry like any child of the land. That decided me; I nestled the cold little body under my cloak and stepped on towards the house. This time no mistake was possible;—I certainly did hear a long quivering sigh from the depths of the cave.

"I did the best I could to mother the sea waif, for its people never came; but I could n't feel that it was human. It did n't cry and it did n't laugh; it just lay there, smiling a little and looking from between its narrowed lids with the strangest, coldest gaze, as if we had naught in common. And, not being used to our things, as I suppose, and its blood being different from ours, it found no nourishment and gradually pined away. It did n't seem to suffer; it just ceased to live.

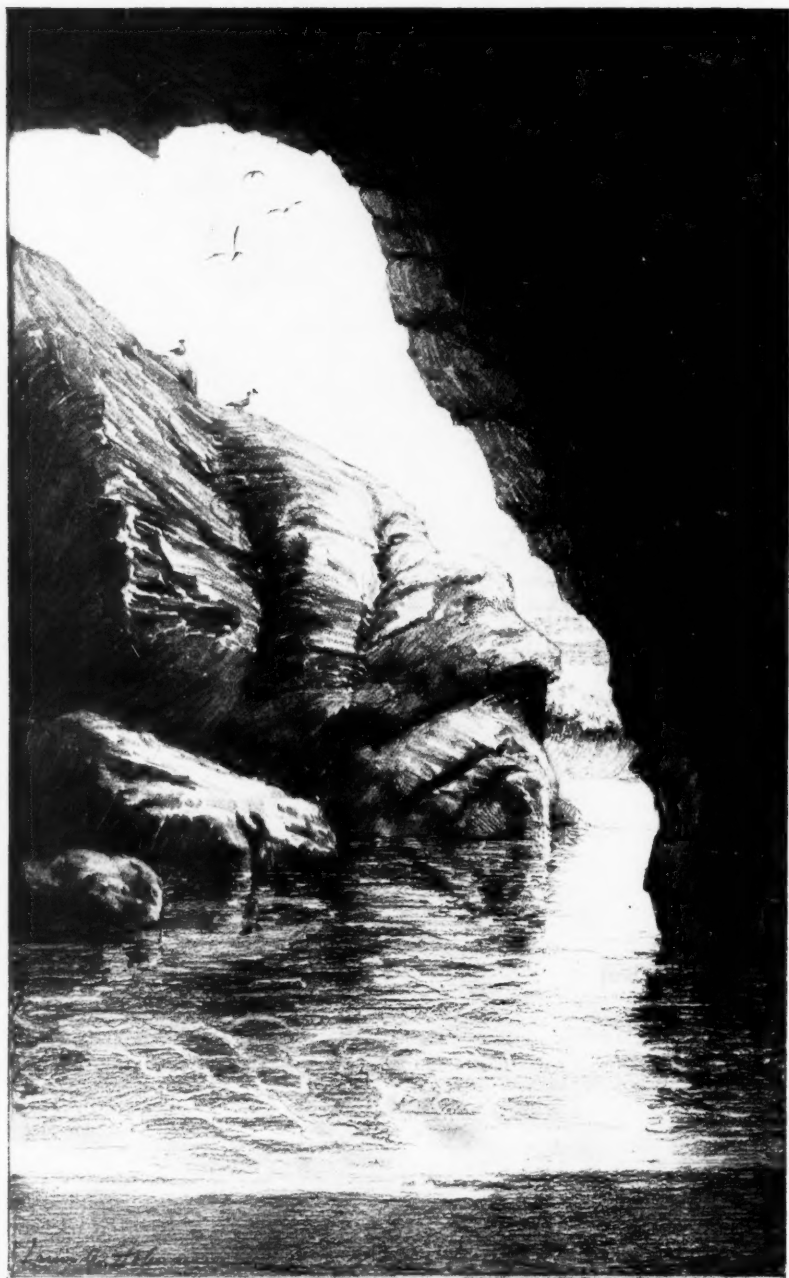
"The villagers of course were all agog; but when it came to be known, the morning after I found the child, that a ship had gone ashore a few miles below, with all lost, they thought at first that the baby might

be from the ship. It might have been so—I don't know; I kept my thoughts to myself. And as, no matter where it came from, it now had to be buried, I went to the vicar. He was new to the place—a good man, no doubt, but spiritually shortsighted, and he made considerable objection. He had n't been able, he said, to find an infant on the passenger list of the ill-fated ship; and a good many were coming to think that instead of being a waif from a shipwreck, it was the child of some common sinner. Probably, too, it was unbaptized. And so much fuss was made, and so many discussions were held, that finally I made bold to say I would bury it in my own garden if there was no objection—which there wasn't, you may be sure.

"I put it in a small box, with some shells around it, and then I sent for



THE ENTRANCE—TINTAGEL.



LOOKING FROM THE CAVERN UNDER TINTAGEL.

Kate Penberthy. She was the only one I could think of bold enough to help me, and hold her tongue about it afterward. She came in that evening, still and pale as a ghost, and I told her what I wanted. 'Kate,' I said, 'they don't like for this waif to lie in holy ground; and to tell you the truth, I don't think he would wish it himself. He would n't like to be so far from the cove and the sound of the water. If I bury him in the garden, his little bones may be disturbed when I am gone; so I thought that if you would help me, we'd take him to the ruined chapel on the Island. It was God's house once, and is so still as it seems to me. I think the poor mannikin will rest well there, in sound of the sea.'

"Kate looked very steadily at me while I talked, and I was just beginning to notice what I had been too preoccupied to observe before, that she was dreadfully white and worn; when she suddenly began to tremble till the chair she was sitting on shook, and then she began to sob. You see, she was all worn down with her own troubles, and on top of them I had brought her out this stormy night, and asked of her what many a man would have refused with trembling and dread. I told her I knew I had done wrong; she must n't think of it again; and gradually she got back to herself. It was just a fit of the nerves, she explained,—she was better now. 'And indeed,' said she, 'I'm glad you asked me. None but us shall do it, and none but us shall ever know.'

"We sat still some time, her hand in mine, till at last I said it was time to go. She was quite composed by now, and it was in much her usual tone that she asked if she might see the baby before we buried him. So I opened the box and raised the handkerchief I had laid over the body. There the waif of the sea lay—such a tiny, tiny face, with the mouth like a frozen bud, and an almost living gleam through the parted eyelids. I say again, it was like no human child I ever saw 't was

uncanny, 't was marvellous to see the look of age and alien experience upon its little face. I had picked out my prettiest shells—they seemed fitting somehow,—and had put them around the baby like a frame. The lamplight showed all the pretty colors, shimmering like changeable silk, but no touch of color warmed the small, frozen features. I looked up at last at Kate: 'He 's a dear little thing, is n't he?'

"She gazed very steadily at him, and was so white that I feared she might have another attack of the nerves. But she kept herself well in hand, and her voice was quite even as she answered,—'Yes, he 's a dear little thing, as you say—God knows how dear!' She bent down, with that, and kissed its mouth in a sort of passion before gently replacing the kerchief.

"'Kate,' said I, full of wonder at the different sides of her character she kept revealing, 'don't grieve so; his troubles, whether of land or sea, are over. All will be well with him now. But you'll make a splendid mother yourself, some day, if God wills.' She winced at that, and I remembered too late that the father of her children could never be the man of her choice. I did n't much wonder at her drawing away—it was only for the moment though; the next she was back at my side, and said, 'Aunt Mary, let me carry him while you take the spade.' And I agreed.

"Presently we set out. I don't remember a darker night, but I took no lantern for I wanted no one to know what we were doing. I knew the way perfectly, dark or light, and Kate was rarely sure-footed. It came to me as we went through the gateway, how many famous kings and knights must have passed there before us if the old stories were true, and what strange followers we were! The steep climb was not without its danger, especially on this night of wind and rain, but we reached the top at last and the low walls of the chapel. I had marked my spot dur-

ing the day, at the left of the altar; so now while Kate sat on the broad flat altar stone holding the box, I dug as deep as I could. Once she offered

add, 'For of such is the kingdom of Heaven,' being doubtful as I was; but remembering my first sight of the child I added, 'Have mercy, Lord, on this little creature. Put him on the knees of some kind angel, and give him the love of Heaven. Amen.'

"Amen!" breathed Kate Penberthy beside me in a long sigh which strangely recalled that breathing of air or water when I lifted the child from the wet stones. The stone I now placed above him was quite as wet, for the rain was falling heavily. With such speed as might be I heaped the earth, meaning the next day to see that all looked as usual, in which the rain would help; then touched Kate on the arm. She rose at once, and we went our way back with no word spoken. At the door, she would not come in. 'No,' said she, 'I'm best at home,' and she sped away through the rain and gloom.

"For a long time after she left I could not sleep, but towards morning had the rest of exhaustion. The whole happening about the child had taken a powerful grip of me, and I was torn with varied feelings. But finally, as I said, I slept, and must have heard knocking for some seconds before I realized it. When I came to sense things I hurried on a skirt and shawl and began opening the door. The wind tore it out of my grasp, and the rain swished in upon me. Tim Fisher, the coast-guard, was standing there big in his oilskins: 'Mrs. Petherick, there's a man at the foot of the Castle cliff. Get you hot water ready, and aught else that's useful, if so be he's yet living. I'll bring him here.'

"The coals were red, so I threw



REMAINS OF KING ARTHUR'S CHAPEL, TINTAGEL

to spell me, but I knew best how to manage and she sat still, only gathering the box under her great cloak and bending down over it as though to make the shelter more complete.

"At last I was ready, and told her so. For a moment she did not move, but when I spoke again handed me the box in a sort of hurry, as if to get it over. I put it in the hole, and then stopped short. For the life of me I could n't think what to say that was fitting, and yet I could n't bear to leave it without a word. But I felt Kate beginning to tremble against me, and knew that I must make haste. So I said, stumbly enough though gaining some surety as I went on, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not.' I did not

on kindling and driftwood and filled the kettle, before following Fisher. When I got to him, he was feeling the stricken creature's limbs. Presently he turned him over, so that I saw the face.

"Yes, it was Jem Colmer, just as I had felt in my heart that it must be. There was something in the set of the shoulders, all crumpled though he was, something in the length and breadth of him that prepared me for the face. Often we have no idea why we are glad or why everything seems dark; and so now I had no reason to think of Jem before seeing him except that Kate had been much in my mind, and I was so hopeless of her happiness that I was on the lookout, so to say, for misfortune.

"Can you help me, do you think?"

him I beckoned to walk forward with me.

"Joe," I said, "you may have seen who 't was they lifted." He nodded. "Well, then, you may know too that there's one who will take it hard." He nodded again. "She's but young when all's told," I went on; "she's had a hard life, and him yonder was her first love. If ever you want her to be happy with you, Joe, be a brother to the poor child now. Go before she hears it from harsher lips, tell her what's happened and bring her to see the lad once more. I tell you true, you'll not lose by it. She'll feel that she can trust you; and after the sorrow has lost its keenest edge, her heart will turn to you for sheer gratitude's sake."

"Joe never was wordy, and he



TINTAGEL HEAD (THE CASTLE ON RIGHT)

said Fisher. "There's a little life in him still." Between us we managed to lift him, but I did n't have the heavy load far. Even as we left the rough stones for the footpath, I saw men hurrying towards us; so we set down our burden and waited. They were only a few moments getting there, and big Jan Haynes and Tom Birket shared the weight with Fisher. Joe Penberthy was there, too, for all he weighed two hundred; and it was

was n't now. He only wrung my hand and started for the village. "Get the doctor!" I called after him—and he waved his hand to show he heard, but did n't slacken his pace. He was as solid as he was good, was Joe, but for a heavy man 't was amazing how he got over the ground. The doctor came first, being nearest, but he gave no hope. He thought there would be a moment of consciousness before the end, though

perhaps not; the lad was broken to pieces, and to be conscious would be to suffer like the damned. Still—just here the door opened soundlessly, and we saw Joe Penberthy, breathing heavy and red with his exertions, bringing in Kate.

"She was white as that frozen baby, with her eyes for once wide open and staring. I'm sure she would have fallen but for Joe's arm around her. 'Make way please,' he said with a dignity I had n't thought was in him; 'Jem and Kate were fast friends, and I've brought her to say good-bye.' We parted right and left to let them near. Kate took no heed of us, or of aught but one: she slid from Joe's hold to her knees, and threw her arms across the motionless figure, even as she had shielded the dead baby a few hours before. 'O Jemsy!' she wailed,—but that was all.

"The doctor stirred first: 'He's coming to,' he whispered; 'it will only be for a minute.' 'Kate, my child,' said Joe—and I could have loved the homely old fellow for his tenderness and honesty,—'you heard? Be brave now; lift your head and be ready to say good-bye.' I doubt if she really heard him, but he guided her with his hand; and when after a faint flutter Jemsy's eyelids parted, his gaze met that of Kate. We could see the consciousness fairly leaping into his eyes, and the struggle for speech, but we could barely hear the words which at last he breathed rather than spoke: 'I wanted to see you once more,—but I fell.' The

faint voice trailed into silence, the eyelids closed, and Jem was gone. 'Kiss him, Kate!' said Joe huskily.

"There is little more to my story. Joe told me long afterward that the poor bewitched maid had really been up to the Castle keep that night—she must have gone straight there after leaving me,—and had waited hours for him who never came. Joe had no word of chiding when she told him; and months afterward, as I had predicted, the tide of her heart turned toward him, and they were married. Hard things were thought of her for a while, but Joe's love was a wall of shelter, and folks became more reasonable in time. They forgave to his wife the girl's misplaced affection.

"She does not come to see me so very often now; husband and children claim her time, and I hope the old memory may be fading. I however am alone and old memories are living; so I go more often than might be thought reasonable to the chapel on the hill, and wonder as I sit there how it may fare in another world with that waif of the sea whose bones found landward burial."

The light began fading as she finished, and long shadows crept over Tintagel Head. The immemorial ruins above grew black, and the hollow murmur rose of waves lapping the crag where Arthur lived and loved. Yes, anything might have happened, might yet happen in this sacred birthplace of romance!



THE KEEP—TINTAGEL.



# MEN OF THE WIRELESS

THE HURRY CALL OF THE SEA, AND THOSE WHO  
SEND IT

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH



WITHIN two hours of the moment when the wireless operator at Siasconset was startled by the ill-fated *Republic's* C Q D call, last January, the public was beginning to get the news. The White Star liner, Mediterranean-bound, had been rammed by an unknown vessel, and was sinking, though her passengers were safe. Crowds gathered in the streets of New York, whence she had proudly sailed the day before. They besieged the steamship offices and the offices of the Marconi Company. It took little imagination to realize that a drama of surpassing interest was being played behind the curtain of fog that enshrouded the sea south of Nantucket Island.

In this state of public suspense, wireless telegraphy bridged the billowing waves, telling in quick, throbbing beats the story of the accident. Wireless stations on shore caught the brief bulletins from the rescuing liners that were feeling their way toward the *Republic*; and these were served up to the waiting multitudes on shore as fast as newspaper presses could throw off the printed sheets. Now and then, a faint buzzing in a receiver indicated a message from the *Republic* herself, where "Jack" Binns—the youngster of twenty-six who became famous in a day—was sitting at the key in his shattered cabin, nursing the power in his depleted accumulators, so that he might keep in touch with the outside world.

It was to the wireless that the passengers on the *Republic* owed their salvation. The collision waterproof bulkheads and the iron discipline of the liner's crew must receive their due meed of praise. Yet, had it not been for the wireless instrument that Binns contrived to run on his accumulators, after the incoming water had flooded the engine-room dynamos, it is quite conceivable that the *Republic's* danger might have been unknown for hours—perhaps for the two days that, as it was, sufficed to bring her passengers back to New York. To be sure, the transfer to the *Florida* was made within that time; but the *Florida* was badly damaged herself, and an attempt to reach port with such an added load might have resulted disastrously. At any rate, it is the wireless that the *Republic's* passengers must thank for saving them much discomfort and a certain amount of physical harm.

The world learned a thing or two about the wireless service and the brotherhood of operators, in the two days that followed the ramming of the *Republic*. Previously, it had only conceived of the service as nests of wires strung on tall poles. Messages were sent from these, but how or why was beyond the comprehension of all except the scientifically instructed. Of the operators, as well, the world only knew, in a vague, general sort of way, that they were men who sat in the little cabins on the hurricane-decks of ocean liners, living amidst a constant crackle of blue sparks.



CAPTAIN INGERSOLL, CHIEF OF STAFF, USING RADIO TELEPHONE BETWEEN SHIPS ON RECENT WORLD-VOYAGE OF AMERICAN FLEET

Now, it realizes that a new guild of men who live face to face with danger has been established. For the code of the wireless operator is the code of the locomotive engineer, of the shipmaster, the fireman, the soldier. He sticks to his post to the last. His is the same spirit that animated Captain Sealby of the *Republic*, who almost insisted on going down with his ship; for so long as there is a spark to be got from the batteries, the wireless operator stays by his key.

It will be many a long day before men of the sea forget the names of "Jack" Binns and H. G. Tattersall, the operator on the *Baltic*, who sat at his key for fifty-two hours while the work of rescuing the passengers of the *Republic* and *Florida* was in progress. With the wall of his metal cabin splintered and shattered by the knife-bow of the Italian liner, Binns

stuck to his instrument all through the dreary day, sending, sending, sending the hurry call of the sea—C Q D! C Q D!

The fog clung round them like a clammy veil; strange noises and mutterings sounded, dimly; the submarine bell signal tinkled an ominous warning that was too late. But Binns stuck to his key and tapped out the cry of the stricken in streaks of electricity that pierced through fog and ether to where the sandspit of Siasconset stretched into the Atlantic.

Of Tattersall it was only known, until he reached New York, that he was the man who, two nights after the accident, ended a message with the pathetic paragraph: "I can send no more. I have been constantly at the key without sleep for fifty-two hours." Afterwards, striding up and down the pier, with the nervousness of the man who has lacked sleep so

long that it is no longer necessary to him, he told his story of the rescue.

"Excited?" he repeated. "No—that is, I was, once, when I got the first message from the *Republic*, via Siasconset. After that, I don't remember anything coherently. Things just happened, one after another. I don't even remember the order in which they took place. The most trying part of it was having to send and receive those *Republic* messages, matters of life and death, while all the time the powerful batteries of the shore stations were calling me. It was a terrible strain on the nerves.

"Five minutes after the *Republic* was struck her lights went out, and the dynamos were put out of business. After that, Binns, her operator, had to rely on his accumulators. You can't get a great deal of power out of your accumulators. They won't send a spark much more than sixty miles—not more than eighty, at a maximum. And even at sixty miles they are very faint.

"With the shore stations jerking out flashes of desperate power, it was all I could do to decipher the feeble signals from the *Republic*. They were mere buzzes in my receiver, for the first few hours. They were jammed out, as we say, by the powerful messages from the shore stations, dinning and crackling into my ears. But all the time I kept calling '*Republic! Republic!*' and telling them that we were coming to their aid.

"At last, when we were within forty miles of their position, I began to be able to make out words from the buzzes in the receiver—scattered, senseless syllables to begin with, and then whole phrases and sentences. They gave me their position, and I



A. CRUTTENDEN, OF THE ST. PAUL

The first wireless operator conspicuously identified with a disaster at sea

answered that we were coming as fast as we could steam through the fog.

"Was I excited? No; it's the awful nervous strain of striving, always striving, to get the messages right, when half a dozen gigantic batteries are jerking flashes to you at the same time, drowning each other out, pounding in your ears, making the night seem to swarm with sparks before your eyes. That's what gets on a man's nerves; that's what makes you next to insane. I hardly knew what to do, with the *Republic* calling me faintly, so faintly that I could not make out whether they were saying: 'We are sinking!' or 'All safe!'

"Sometimes, I wanted to swear at Siasconset or Woods Hole. It made me angry that they could n't realize



ERECTING RADIO TOWER ON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING,  
BUFFALO, N. Y

they were spoiling my receiving. How could I take those flutters from the *Republic's* wires, when they were crashing out their sparks powerful enough to travel two hundred miles?"

There is nothing at all romantic-

looking about Tattersall. He is a little, slim, red-whiskered Londoner, as quick and limber as a cat. And, strange to say, he is bashful about what he has done. It is not easy to make him talk about himself, and when he realizes that he has been led into such a digression, he blushes and stammers like a school-girl. "Jack" Binns is the same sort of man—young, boyish, quite immature in appearance, but possessed of the identical iron nerve and dauntless resolution that kept Tattersall at his post for more than two days.

He took it as a matter of course that he should be the last man to leave the sinking *Republic*, except her captain and the second officer, who insisted on remaining with his chief. It was Binns, too, who held his broken instrument together with one hand, while with the other he rapped the cry for help. Of this, he made light, afterwards.

It was nothing, he insisted, with a cheery grin. "Any fellow could do that much," he declared.

Binns and Tattersall are like most of the other operators on the trans-Atlantic liners, in that they are young.

Somehow or other, the wireless trade seems to be attractive to youth. It is not because men do not last long at it. It is a hearty and healthy, though strenuous, occupation, and gives a man bracing air in his off-hours. Yet the constant change and excitement incidental to it are factors that appeal to youth. That is the reason most of the men in the trim blue uniforms who have charge of the network of wires that criss-cross between the masts, are under thirty.

As a general thing, they are men of education; most of them, in fact, have what corresponds to a technical college training. This is particularly true of the American operators, afloat and ashore. They come from a superior class. On the English steamers, not a few of the wireless men are "younger sons"—members of that varied army of adventurers who have followed, and sometimes preceded, the British flag to the earth's ends. It is the hint of adventure in the life that appeals to them. They like the sensation of sitting in a quiet cabin, with untold ohms of power beneath their fingers, snapping short, staccato messages across the ocean waves to their brethren of the craft.

Then, also, a wireless operator is an important personage on a steamship. He ranks as an officer, and takes his orders from none but the captain himself. He has real responsibility on his shoulders, and that is another thing that appeals to a young man. Most of the operators, as has been said, have had the usual advanced technical education, and perhaps have served for a time as telegraph or cable operators. But before they qualify for the wireless service, they must take a course of instruction in one of the company's schools, in this country or abroad; and it is in these schools that they are imbued with the ethics of their calling.

When a wireless operator is appointed to a position on a vessel, he is supplied with a booklet of rules, covering his conduct on and off duty.

But, after all, rules are not what bind a man to his obligations. On all big steamships, like the *Republic* and the *Baltic*, there are two, if not three, operators. The rules say nothing explicit about what a head operator shall do in time of stress and danger. Yet the words of Tattersall, shot through the murk that shrouded the sea, were pregnant with the spirit of the wireless operator.

He had a mate at hand who could have relieved him of his task, a task from which he never swerved, save to gulp a cup of coffee or eat a roll, while he chewed on a black cigar and tapped away all through the weary hours. But it was not in accordance with his idea of the duty of a chief operator, to leave to a subordinate the responsibility that devolved upon the wireless in that time of suspense.

Yes; it will be many a long day before those who go down to the sea forget the names of Binns and Tattersall. They did not fail when the test came, and they will be added to the roll of heroes of the wireless service, which begins with Cruttenden, of the *St. Paul*, who clenched his teeth and never took the receiver from his ears, that afternoon of snow and fog off the Isle of Wight, when the cruiser *Gladiator* went down, and the *St. Paul*, reeling backward from the shock of the collision, limped crippled into port with her tale of death and disaster.

It may be said by carping critics that the wireless heroes are not numerous. The answer is that the wireless men have a record of 100 per cent. Besides, there are not lacking men whose names deserve to be on the roll of honor and who are not even known outside the ranks of their own profession. The service is in its infancy. Its chances for the display of heroism have been few, but not one has been refused. And it may be taken for granted that the morale of the service will be raised even higher by the examples provided by Cruttenden, Binns and Tattersall.

Finally, if proof was needed of the innate gallantry of these men, it was provided by the conduct of little "Jack" Binns. Fêted on every hand, the subject of laudatory addresses in Congress, in the Legislatures, in foreign Parliaments, kissed by scores of chorus girls, presented with cigarettes by the hundred, voted a medal

While praises have been heaped upon the heads of the operators afloat, one should not forget the men who keep their vigils in lonesome shacks dotted along the coast of Long Island and the main shore. It was these men who, by relaying the *Republic's* message of distress, from station to station, acquainted

the world with the news of the accident. The life of a wireless operator at one of these shacks is not exactly cheerless, although, by one means or another, the opinion has gained credence that the shore stations are gloomy, barren, draughty boxes of lumber, thrown hastily together over a dynamo and a key. Not long ago, a story in a popular magazine gave what purported to be a description of the interior of a shore station that aroused considerable wrath among the officials of the company to which the station was supposed to belong.

Indeed, there are many far worse places than a wireless operator's hut, even if it be on windswept Fire Island, or Siasconset, or Cape Cod. At Cape Cod, there is a force of nine men, and they have a *chef*

of their own, and very comfortable living quarters. The chief operator at such a station is a person to be reckoned with. He receives a salary of \$125 a month, besides his living accommodations, which is extremely good pay for the wireless service.

It may be well to remark, in passing, that the pay of wireless opera-



A MARCONI STATION, SHOWING RECEIVING AND SENDING MASTS

by the French Chamber, given theatre parties and dinners, Binns stood the ordeal for five days. Then he gave up. "I can't stand any more of this," he said to his friends. "I never want to see my own picture again." And he fled to England.

The true test of a hero is the manner in which he takes his ovation.





THE YACHT RADIO

Equipped with wireless telephone and new system of wireless telegraphy

tors is anything but high. A man like Binns, for instance, gets about \$12 a week. This rate of pay, to be sure, applies distinctively to British ships. On the few American boats equipped with wireless, the men are paid according to the American scale. Operators on the American Line are started at \$60 a month. As a rule, however, the wireless operator gets more pleasurable excitement than money out of his profession; and often he has to learn the difficult lesson of making his own company interesting.

In the seven years that have passed since wireless apparatus became a recognized part of a seagoing vessel's equipment, much improvement has taken place in the methods of sending and receiving. The open-mouthed wonder of the men who stood at Marconi's side at Glace

Bay, four years ago, and heard him taking down a message from the storm-beaten *Umbria*, hundreds of miles away, would now be regarded as a thing to laugh at. We are used to such trivial marvels. The Federal Government is advertising for bids for the construction of a station at Washington capable of maintaining communication within a radius of 1000 miles. The Eiffel Tower station in Paris already receives messages from the same distance; and communication, between the coasts of Newfoundland and Ireland, is an established fact.

But, despite the advances that have been made, the wireless transmission of

messages still labors under certain weighty disadvantages. Most important of these is the inability of an operator to guard his spark from interference. Once shot through the air, a message goes to every receiving station within a given radius. In other words, privacy is an impossibility in wireless telegraphy, unless a private code is employed. Vessels and stations are continually picking up messages meant for others. They cannot help doing so. As often as not, in fact, it is inconvenient for the eaves-dropping operator to listen to some one else's secrets. Very likely the interloping message interrupts him in the middle of an important communication. If the second station happens to be more powerful than that which it interrupts, then the first station is drowned out—or "jammed," to use the wireless term.

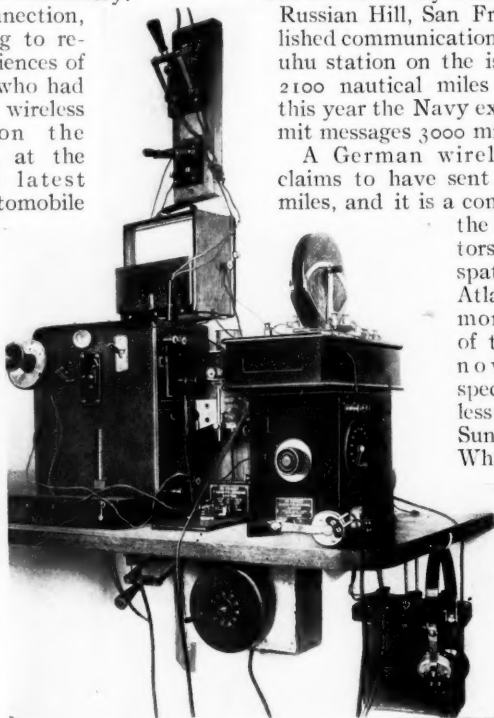
"Jamming" is the great inconvenience that wireless operators have to face continually. Few of us know that the air above New York City is constantly thick with messages, flashed from stations along the coast, from vessels in port and at sea, and from the private stations that many enthusiastic amateurs have built on their houses—to the occasional vast disturbance of regular communication, one may observe. So bothersome has this interweaving of currents become, that the wireless companies have been obliged to issue strict orders, forbidding operators aboard ships in port to send any but official messages. The gossiping habit is a confirmed one with wireless men, and if it were permitted to thrive unchecked in New York harbor there would be no possibility of serious use of the machinery.

In this connection, it is interesting to recall the experiences of the operators who had charge of the wireless apparatus on the *Times* Tower, at the time of the latest Briarcliff automobile race, which was reported to the *Times* by wireless. To these men the air seemed full of noises. Signals were picked up from Washington, Cape Henry, Fire Island, and Glace Bay; and when an experiment in wireless telephony was started at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the men who

were endeavoring to take down the account of the motor-car race found themselves interrupted by faint echoes from the phonographic band records that were being played into the receivers of the Navy's new invention. Once, it was necessary to ask the manager of a shore station to request ships at sea to suspend transmission for a few minutes.

One can hardly over-emphasize the development of the science. It was so recently as 1895 that Marconi sent his first message two miles. Regarded seven years ago in the light of a toy—as a questionably practical adjunct to man's power,—it has since leaped into position as one of the most useful inventions vouchsafed by modern science. Probably Marconi himself was pleasurably surprised when he first sent a message fifty miles. It was but the other day that the station on Russian Hill, San Francisco, established communication with the Kuhuhu station on the island of Oahu, 2100 nautical miles distant. And this year the Navy expects to transmit messages 3000 miles!

A German wireless company claims to have sent messages 2200 miles, and it is a common thing for the Marconi operators to flash despatches across the Atlantic—so common that some of the newspapers now publish a special page of wireless news in their Sunday editions. While the battle-ship fleet was in the Pacific, last year, certain messages flashed from the men-o'-war to the California land-stations were received by the operator



COMPLETE WIRELESS TELEPHONE OUTFIT AS INSTALLED  
IN THE ADMIRAL'S CABIN ON THE "CONNECTICUT"

at the Pensacola Navy Yard. Think of that! Those communications had passed through the ether, over many miles of tumbling blue water, across the Sierra Nevada, the hot sand-wastes of the southwest, the broad Texas prairies and the Gulf of Mexico, to the station on the Florida shore.

It may be of interest, by the way, to note that the Marconi Company is not the sole wireless concern to gain fame by its efficiency and dispatch. It was apparatus of the United Wireless Company that sent and received the messages exchanged by San Francisco and Oahu; and it is the De Forest system that is installed on most of the ships on the Pacific Coast and in the West Indian, Caribbean, Gulf and Atlantic coast trade. In fact, one seldom encounters a Marconi operator below Hatteras. In various parts of the world, thirteen systems in all are in use to-day.

The number of independent wireless concerns has been a great hindrance to uniformity of communication. The Marconi Company, for instance, refuses to accept messages from the United Wireless, and there is a general lack of friendly spirit. Fortunately, only three wireless companies worth mentioning operate on the Atlantic coast. The third is the Massie Company, whose system is confined to some of the Long Island Sound boats. The same system is also employed, to a certain extent, on the Pacific Coast. Were there more than the three companies hereabouts, it can be seen that the confusion would be well-nigh unendurable.

Last winter, Senator Hale introduced a bill in the Senate, to bring about unity among the several wireless companies, and making it obligatory for each to handle messages in the interest of others. This bill was consistently fought by the wireless people, however, and never became a law, although with the memory of the part wireless telegraphy played in the *Republic* disaster fresh in men's minds, it may well be that Congress will now force the measure through.

Wireless apparatus is installed to-day on upwards of two hundred vessels following the trans-Atlantic and coasting routes. Its use had been demonstrated often before the collision off Nantucket, although never in such a sensational manner. People have not entirely forgotten the stranding of the *Coamo* on Fire Island, a year ago. It might have been an adventure to worry over had she not been equipped with wireless; all her captain had to do was to call on his New York agents for tugs. The knowledge that they were in constant communication with their friends did much to keep his passengers cool.

As soon as the Metropolitan tower is finished it is proposed to erect a wireless station upon it, by means of which, it is hoped, communication with the Eiffel Tower station in Paris may be permanently maintained. There seems to be no reason why this should not be done. Dr. De Forest does not hesitate to say that the system of wireless telephone stations which he is planning to establish along the Atlantic coast will provide adequate vocal communication between all the large cities of the Eastern seaboard. So it will hardly seem surprising to send aërograms to Paris.

Indeed, the most serious rival of the wireless telegraph is the wireless telephone. All of the battleships of the Atlantic fleet are equipped with it and the Italian Navy has adopted it. British warships have talked together, while under full head of steam, fifty miles away from each other. Improvements are constantly being achieved in this latest invention, and the possibilities of its development no man can prophesy.

In the meantime, however, the wireless telegraph must be awarded first place. Originally branded as a plaything for military uses, at the most, it has become a solid commercial proposition, and a paying speculation for investors. Its possibilities in assisting the advance of civilization have been strikingly illus-

trated in Alaska, where recently installed stations enable constant communication between points separated from each other by hundreds of miles of snow-clogged trails.

And yet, while it is an undoubted commercial asset, a word should be said on the importance of the wireless in modern warfare. Its initial test, of course, was in the Russo-Japanese war. Heretofore, the only known way of giving battle to an enemy was to sail until you found him, and then to close in, if he was not too strong, or turn tail and run, if he was.

But this mode was changed by the Japanese. Squadrons of light, fast cruisers or destroyers were sent out, miles in advance of the battle fleet, to scout and reconnoitre the enemy. They acted upon the enemy as a sort of bait, drawing him farther and farther away from his base, while keeping in touch with their own heavier divisions at the rear. When the enemy had been inveigled far enough to suit the purpose of the opposing commander, a call was flashed for the battleships, and sud-

denly they would appear on the horizon, steaming down upon the startled enemy almost before he had opportunity to dispose his forces.

In the American Navy, use of the wireless plays an important part in all battle manœuvres, and experiments are being conducted by the Army Signal Corps with a view to employing it as an adjunct to the field telegraph and telephone, as well as providing a means of communication between war-balloons and airships and the earth. In future campaigns on land or sea, it is destined to play as prominent a rôle as any of the engines of destruction.

And with the time not far distant, according to many engineers, when Bellini and Tosi will perfect their device for independent communication—too complicatedly simple for the layman to understand,—and when Hans Knudsen will succeed in working linotype machines by wireless waves, not to speak of flashing perfect photographs through the infinite ether, what seems the fairy-tale of to-day, will be the familiar proceeding of to-morrow.

## LAWLESSNESS\*

By PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY



TWO months ago I wrote an inscription to be placed on the Court-House at Duluth, as follows: "The people's laws define usages, ordain rights and duties, secure public safety, defend liberty, teach reverence and obedience, and establish justice." This is a great function for the law; and, if it be correctly described, the law embodies the most valuable parts of the experience of any people in its

onward march towards liberty and righteousness. If this be a just description of law, what a mischief and calamity it must be for any individual man, group of men, or community to be lawless! The law does not attain its greatest dignity until it records the progress, embodies the sentiments, and expresses the resolves of a free people; and yet it is freedom which gives the opportunity for lawlessness.

We are to consider how American freedom has made possible lawlessness in many forms.

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The ordinary violations of laws intended to preserve the public peace are called crimes, and the individuals or small groups of persons who commit them may properly be said to be lawless; for they commit offences against the public and private welfare which law is intended to protect. Robberies on the highways, hold-ups in city street-cars, in banks and shops, and in trains on railroads, burglaries in houses, banks, railway-stations and post-offices, setting fires, picking pockets, assaults, and murders are such crimes, which illustrate an extreme lawlessness on the part of individuals. These individuals are few in number compared with the whole population; but their lawless acts in total involve immense injury to society. The material losses are very great; but worse than these losses are the perpetual apprehension and terror which these crimes cause. The defences American society has constructed against this sort of lawlessness, though costly and burdensome, are utterly inadequate. The police force is insufficient everywhere in this country; but it is almost helpless in rural districts. The high explosives, powerful tools, and fast vehicles which applied science has furnished are well utilized by criminals; but the resources of science are not effectively used by society in its own defence. Burglars study a village beforehand, then arrive in automobiles at night, cut the telephone and telegraph wires, fasten up the outer doors of the houses near the bank, blow open its safe, snatch their booty, and are off in safety before any armed citizens can rally to attack them.

The defences of society against criminals have been broken down. A state mounted police, with a thorough military organization, is needed in every part of our country—north, south, east, and west. The impunity with which crimes of violence are now committed is a disgrace to the country, and demonstrates the urgent need of much more effective protective forces. These forces should be provided, whatever they cost,

for the credit of free institutions, which ought to prove themselves at least as competent as other governmental régimes to provide the people with security for their lives and property. It is time the American communities realized that a government which does not secure to its people order, tranquillity, and immunity from criminal violence and the fear of such violence, does not deserve to be called civilized. A vigorous use of proper protective forces will require a modification of the common American ideas about local government. Now that a motor car can run through half a dozen towns and cities in an hour, a police force which is used to operating only in one town or city will inevitably be ineffective.

Again, quick action of the courts in criminal cases is indispensable. Our protracted criminal trials with their many volumes of typewritten evidence and arguments, their unreasonable technicalities, ingenious metaphysical defences, and possibilities of appeal and retrial, are travesties of justice, and in practice amount to a grave public danger. They account for a large part of the increasing distrust of courts in the popular mind. The forms of lawlessness thus far considered are, however, by no means the worst forms.

A far worse form of lawlessness is the violation of law by commercial corporations. Many of these violations are not explicit, but implicit—that is, involved or implied in a course of conduct which seems fair on the outside. Thus in the commercial operation called promoting, the promoter organizes a corporation, issues a large amount of stocks and bonds which represent in real values only a small proportion of their nominal value, and then sells to a confiding public these stocks and bonds by means of false promises, and exaggerated estimates of profit. When a satisfying amount of stocks and bonds has been thus disposed of, he steps out himself, leaving the deluded share-holders to put what real value they may into the paper capital. No

crime, or explicit violation of law may have been committed; but innumerable lies have been told, and many credulous people have been swindled out of their money. The operation taken in its entirety can only be described by the word "theft," although it may be quite impossible to get the courts to deal with the thief as they would deal with a man who snatched a purse in the street, or stole coupon bonds from a safe. Nevertheless, this form of larceny is more vicious and much more injurious to society than the ordinary form. The common thief is an outlaw, and his exploits do little harm by way of example, even when they succeed. The dishonest promoter, on the other hand, does not necessarily become an outlaw, and when he succeeds he is apt to stimulate others to attempt like iniquities, so that the ruin he works is widespread.

The public mind is often confused on this subject because not all promoters are lawless. Some are only sanguine, and ill-advised. They actually believe their own promises and predictions and so are only chargeable with lack of good judgment or reasonable caution. Other promoters, who capitalize largely properties which look small to most people, are men of sound judgment, who have acquired at a low rate some property which has great intrinsic value as yet undeveloped, so that the real property behind the paper capital is not extravagantly represented in paper. These promoters, however, never abandon the enterprise whose stocks and bonds they have largely unloaded on the public at a great profit. They remain in the management of the enterprise, and justify, by their skill in developing income from the property, their original valuation of it on paper. Such promoters increase greatly the wealth of the country, as well as their own wealth. They are men who have the good judgment, or the good fortune, first to seize on undeveloped natural resources, and then to develop them patiently and wisely. In some

respects, however, their early operations look like the operations of dishonest promoters, and this resemblance confuses the public mind as to promoters in general. It is a real misfortune for society that the dishonest promoter so often escapes the clutches of the law; because his kind of swindling can be, and often is, conducted without express and demonstrable violations of law. On this very account he is a peculiarly pernicious kind of lawless person.

Any man, or any corporation, who conducts his business on the edge of the law, so to speak, is morally a lawless person, though he never gets over the edge; and any person, firm, or corporation, which conducts business in this way sets a very evil example in the community. An habitual law-evader is almost as bad as an habitual law-breaker. There are some unmistakable signs that a business is being conducted illegitimately, or on the edge of the law. When, for instance, a corporation seeks quietly, and in an obscure, unnoticeable act, new legislation intended to legitimize corporate acts previously illegal, it is safe to infer that the corporation has been conducting its business in questionable ways, and is taking securities for the future conduct of its business in questionable ways. When a set of men who would naturally procure an act of incorporation in one State proceed to another, and there procure an act of incorporation, the assumption is a natural one that they mean to do in their business things which would be illegal in their own State. In the interest of the community some States impose restrictions on the conduct of corporation business which other States carefully avoid imposing. Thus one may do things under an act of incorporation obtained in Maine or New Jersey which one could not do under a Massachusetts or New York act; and yet the restrictions imposed in Massachusetts and New York are presumably for the good of those communities, and of any communities. They have been im-



posed by the legislatures for good and sufficient reasons. The presumption therefore is that the man, or the firm, or the corporation, that wishes to avoid these restrictions is moved by the hope of selfish advantage to the injury of his neighbors, or of society at large. To call such a man, or firm, lawless would be going too far; but it is certain that men who thus act are not living up to the best standards of their calling or occupation, and are not taking due account of the public welfare.

Low standards of business conduct are often justified by the statement that business cannot be conducted in conformity with lofty ethical standards, that the business man must take his choice between destroying his business or taking advantage of the lowest standards which the law allows. If the law in one State has foolishly set the ethical standard too high, the practical man will move his business into another State where the standard is lower. Again, we cannot say of such conduct that it is lawless; but we can say that it is degrading to the man who perpetrates it, and to the community which witnesses his career, particularly if that career is successful.

It is a safe rule to suspect lawlessness in all business transactions which have to be kept secret between buyer and seller, or between agents and their principal. When, for instance, a transportation company gives rebates or other illegal advantages to one shipper, but not to all similar shippers, the act must be kept secret, because it is illegal, and the corporation which habitually does such things is justly described as lawless. Any individual or company which accepts such favors is also lawless, and the profits which result from such secret arrangement are lawless profits. If it be contended that there are businesses highly advantageous to the community which cannot be carried on except in this lawless manner, the answer is that those businesses had better not be carried on at all. When a poor creature who had committed a com-

temptible act said to a hard-headed philosopher, in justification of it, "I must live," the philosopher replied, "I do not see the necessity." That is true of all businesses, if there are any, which cannot be successfully carried on except in lawless ways.

Much lawlessness in this country has been justified on the ground that the managers of large businesses must protect the interests of the owners by procuring favorable legislation, and preventing the enactment of unfavorable laws. This justification is usually pleaded by directors in corporations for unlawful acts of their own towards legislators or public officials. It is said, for instance, that directors must procure some wished-for legislation by any necessary amount of bribery and corruption, because the interest of the share-holders for whom the directors are in some sense trustees or managing agents requires the enactment of this legislation; and that when purchasable members of a legislature introduce laws adverse to the interests of a given corporation or group of corporations, they may properly be bought off, because, again, the interests of the share-holders require protection. In either case the proceedings of all parties to the corruption are supposed to be secret; but it is an easily penetrated secrecy. The briber and the bribed are both lawless; but the worse of the two is the briber, and so far as the quality of the lawlessness is concerned it makes no difference whether bribery is used to procure favorable legislation, or to ward off unfavorable. Such conduct not only is liable to secure the enactment of unjust laws; it also impairs the confidence of the people in legislation in general. It saps the public faith in legislatures and legislators.

Another form of the same lawlessness is the hiring of members of a legislature to promote some particular agricultural or manufacturing interest when questions of internal taxation or of tariff are under discussion in the national legislature. It is the

supposition of the law that legislators under such circumstances keep themselves disinterested and impartial, because their votes are to settle the general policy of taxation to be adopted, and the special enactments in which that policy is expressed. That any of them should become hired agents to promote the interests of any particular industry or manufacture is utterly repugnant to the law and to every principle of equity; and yet, whenever Congress engages in a discussion of the tariff, such transactions are apt to occur, and sooner or later to be revealed, although they are secret at the critical time. Through such lawless operations grave injury has often been done to the national legislation, and subsequently to the moral standards of the people, and to their faith in the honor alike of the legislators and of the leaders in great industries.

A peculiarly deliberate form of lawlessness is exhibited when corporations or large combinations of men for business purposes, foreseeing that they shall shortly wish to commit illegal acts, procure beforehand protection against prosecution for illegitimate practices by means of legislation apparently innocent, but really designed to intrench in their control of trust institutions speculative and immoral officials, or to prevent convictions for criminal violence not yet perpetrated, but to be perpetrated. A familiar example of the first form of lawlessness is the 56th Section of the New York Insurance Law, which made it impossible for policy-holders to bring suits against their company without the consent of the Attorney-General. This section defended from attack by policy-holders a small number of executive officers and speculating directors who wanted to use the policy-holders' money for their own advantage in stock and bond speculations.

Another interesting form of lawlessness is defeating the purpose of a law to one's own advantage without actually violating the law—for example, by paying for a patent, and

then pigeon-holing it, so that neither the purchaser nor any one else can use the patent. Now a patent is an absolute monopoly granted by a government for a limited period; and the object of the grant is to promote useful inventions, and the consequent progress and improvement of industries. When a patented invention is not used, the national industries lose all advantage from it, although the inventor may have profited somewhat by the sale of his invention. The purpose of the law to stimulate invention may have been partially answered, though not in the manner intended; but the purpose of the law to improve an industry has been completely defeated. So obvious is this defeat of the law-making power by such action on the part of an individual interested to keep things as they are, and so serious may be the consequences of this mode of defeating the patent law, that the English Government and most European governments have provided that a patent not used within a reasonable time shall cease to be valid. American law provides no adequate security against the substantial defeat of the main purpose of the legislature in granting patents. Legislation to grant perfect monopolies is at any rate highly exceptional, so that both patents and copyrights have always been granted for strictly limited periods and, considering the antipathy of freedom-loving peoples to monopoly in general, it is remarkable that in the United States it should still be possible to maintain a monopoly of which for selfish reasons no use is made. To hold and hide a monopoly right for selfish reasons is to defeat the intended beneficence of an exceptional law. Whether such conduct is better or worse than violating a law is an ethical question concerning which conscientious men might differ.

One of the greatest inventions of the 19th century was the invention of incorporation with limited liability. This invention is hardly sixty years old; but it has had a prodigious ef-

fect on modern industries, trade and commerce. It permits the massing of the savings of a large number of individuals to provide the capital for the conduct of a large business which can be carried on by a few directors, with an appropriate number of managers and foremen, in the common interest of the share-holders. The foundation of the whole structure is the common equal interest of all the share-holders. If profits accrue they are to be divided at the same rate among the share-holders; if losses ensue they are to be borne by all equally; and in the choice of the directors or managers each share-holder is to have his own proportional equal right. In spite of the fundamental justice or righteousness of this arrangement, and its enormous value to the community as a whole, some insidious forms of lawlessness have crept into the management of corporations. One of these forms of corporation lawlessness is the selling of the control of the stock by a group of directors without the knowledge of the share-holders, and without giving the minority of the share-holders the opportunity to share in the profits of the sale. In this manner the directors or managers of the corporation may be changed in a way to affect greatly the value of the stock, and yet the minority of the stock-holders may have had no opportunity whatever to protest against the change, or to take the action which their judgment dictates in view of the coming change. Equitably considered this is a violation of the fundamental principles on which the law of incorporation rests, and yet in such a transaction the law may not be actually violated in the sense that the violators subject themselves to criminal prosecution. Nevertheless, such conduct on the part of directors or managers has all the ill effects of violation of law in damaging the moral sense of the community and the sense of honor among the leaders of the business world. It is only fair to say that in respect to such transactions there

has been great improvement within a few years in the acknowledgment of the honorable obligations of directors and managers, and that the knowledge of the duties of trustees as understood in law, has been diffused among business men to an extent before unknown. Indeed, one may say that five years ago many leading men in large affairs had no correct view of the duties of a trustee, and no appreciation of the fact that directors and managers in corporations were in a proper sense trustees for their share-holders. Many a firm, and many a board of directors would not think of doing to-day things they habitually did five years ago. The public scandals and disasters in the business world during the past few years have proved in a high degree instructive in regard to those lines of business conduct which the law and the sentiment of honor alike condemn.

The next unlawful process to which I propose to refer is the secret defeating of competition, when competition is asked for, and is indeed necessary to the legal transaction of the business in hand. The owner of land, on which a building is to be placed, advertises for competitive bids on the plans prepared by his architect, or a city for which a bridge is to be built advertises for bids for the construction of the bridge on the designs of the city engineer. Instead of making independent bids on the work, a number of building firms or corporations enter into what the law calls a conspiracy to defeat the legitimate object of the owner or city. They agree among themselves which one of them shall have the job, and therefore which one shall put in the lowest bid, the rest of them putting in higher bids; and they further agree that the firm or corporation which does the work shall pay a part of its profit to each of the corporations or firms which put in the higher bids, or shall pay a lump sum at the start to each of the corporations which agree not to get the job. This kind of conspiracy results, in the first

place, in an unreasonable price for the work to be done, to the injury of the owner of the land, or of the city; and in the next place it is the defeat of a perfectly legitimate competitive method of doing business, a method which is necessary in a great variety of trades and industries, and which is commanded by law in regard to the transaction of much public business—national, state, and municipal. It is noticeable that many firms and corporations called respectable have used this lawless method, and when detected in it have defended the method. Convictions in court have, however, given public demonstration of the lawless quality of this sort of conspiracy, and the wholesome publicity given to transactions of this nature has satisfied everybody that there was very good reason for the secrecy with which they were always conducted.

Some faint justification for this lawless conduct in recent years may perhaps be found in the very general outcry against competition which has pervaded of late the industrial, educational, and philanthropic world. All sorts of people, indeed, have talked about competition as an unqualified evil, which was everywhere to be resisted and condemned. So business men, who ought to have known better, may have thought that it was not wholly unrighteous to defeat the attempt to award contracts on competitive bids. Now the fact about competition is that it is not only the life of trade, but the great means of improvement, not only in industries, but in the development of personal character. Competition is the great revealer to a man, or to a nation, of his own power and capacity. To know one's self is impossible without active competition with other people. A nation protected from competition will soon prove itself a stagnant, unprogressive nation, rich and strong perhaps, so long as its abundant natural resources are not fully utilized; but sure to decline when its further progress comes to depend on the trained skill

and capacity of the population as a whole. In family, school and college, competition and emulation are the great animating and stimulating forces, wholesome and effective in the highest degree. It is just so in the great industries. To defeat competition, therefore, is to inflict a serious injury on society at large.

We have thus far been considering chiefly corporation lawlessness, which is ordinarily lawlessness on the part of single men or small groups of men, who are managing corporation business. We come now to another sort of lawlessness—the violence of large combinations of men in prosecution of their pecuniary interests, or in resistance to wrongs they suffer actually or in prospect. Under this head come the lawless acts of trade unions in pursuit of higher wages, shorter hours, or better conditions of work. The violence which ordinarily accompanies a great strike in a trade which employs many thousands of workmen is of the plainest and most elementary character. It consists of assaults with intent to kill or disable, either for the moment or permanently, of the destruction of property by explosives or by fire, of intimidating marches in great numbers and often at night, and of many less open, but equally formidable, efforts to frighten into acquiescence non-union men and their families. No one doubts that all these actions are utterly lawless; but no one expects that the unions concerned will take any measures whatever to prevent such violence, or to punish it by their own action when committed by their members. The community at large not infrequently sympathizes with the demands which the strikers are endeavoring to enforce. It seldom sympathizes with the violence used to enforce the demands. Occasionally the majority of the people seem not to object to the destruction of property, particularly the property of a transportation company; but they are generally offended by violence directed against persons, particularly if it is murder-

ous violence, or reaches women and children. Sometimes the unions or their leaders nominally object to violence; but they never assist the public authorities in their efforts to prevent it. For this policy they may reasonably claim certain justifications. In the original resistance of the unions to unreasonably long hours, very low wages, and barbarous conditions in the places of work, the contention inevitably became that of warfare. Violence was inevitable. It was a downright fight which the unions entered into, and success was only to be won by sanguinary and destructive methods. To be sure, this condition of things long since passed away; but its influence survives. Hours are no longer unreasonable, wages are fair or high in most industries, and the physical conditions under which wage-earners labor have been in most industries greatly improved. Collective bargaining is an admitted improvement in many industries, and the right to strike is universally recognized. Nevertheless, lawless violence has repeatedly occurred in the American cities within very recent years in support of strikers, and much of it has been committed with impunity. Often in recent years, but seldom during the past year, it has seemed to have contributed to the success of the strikers. It is proper to point out that under the new circumstances violence to procure higher wages is violence on behalf of a purely pecuniary claim. It is not to be compared with violence in resistance to grave oppression and intolerable conditions of labor. It is violence to get more money, and is on that account a peculiarly offensive form of lawlessness.

In another respect the unions persist in methods which were originally necessary, but are no longer even defensible. Thus they insist on the secrecy of all their preparations for striking, and on the absolute suddenness of the strike, so that the employer shall have no warning. These are sound methods in actual

warfare; but they are wholly unnecessary to-day, and they are very destructive to the industrial interests of society as a whole. Violence secretly prepared, and breaking out suddenly, is a peculiarly objectionable sort of violence in civilized society. An incidental result of this policy is to induce manufacturers who employ union labor to keep in their service spies upon the proceedings of the unions, a practice which emphasizes very much the warlike relations between capital and labor. Society at large justly distrusts all secret organizations, and movements planned in secret. It objects alike to secrecy in the trade unions and in the boards of directors. It particularly distrusts and dislikes secrecy in any part of the operations of a corporation which deals with public utilities. It not unreasonably apprehends that action which must be kept secret will prove to be lawless action.

This inevitable apprehension, so often justified by experience, has suggested the real remedy for the violence accompanying industrial disputes. The remedy has been successfully put into the form of law in the Canadian Act for the Investigation of Industrial Disputes, an act which forbids strikes or lockouts prior to an impartial investigation of the causes of the dispute. This beneficent act has now been in operation for twenty-one months, and its success in preventing and settling strikes and lockouts without violence and without any arbitration, either voluntary or compulsory, has been remarkable. The act relies solely on publicity obtained through a tribunal, the appointment of which either party to a dispute may procure.

Lynching is another form of violence which is precisely described by the word "lawless." It argues the absence of an adequate police force, a lack of confidence in the prompt administration of justice by courts, a liability to gregarious rage in the ignorant part of the population, and often the existence of an intense racial antipathy. The barbar-



ous cruelty and the indifference to the risk of killing the innocent, which characterize lynching, demonstrate that its worst effects are upon the lynchers, except, indeed, in some revolutionary crisis, when all the bonds of society are loosened, and laws are silent amid arms. A population which frequently, or habitually, resorts to lynching as the punishment of alleged crime, makes public confession that it is a barbarous population, or that its barbarous elements are not controlled by its civilized elements. This demonstration is complete and unanswerable. The causes of the degradation being moral causes, the remedies for it must be the slow-working influences of education, steady productive labor and a gradually acquired respect for laws, courts and the protective forces of society.

Another illustration of the readiness with which a portion of our people may take to lawless violence has been given by the night-riders who lately harried large portions of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. This seems a form of violence copied from the Ku Klux Klan which terrorized the negro population of the South during a bad part of the deplorable "reconstruction" period. The object of the night-riders was to destroy young plantations of tobacco, and prevent the sale of tobacco below a price fixed by an extensive organization of tobacco-growers, which had been created to prevent the tobacco trust from buying tobacco at a price determined by the trust. Resistance to an oppressive monopoly was at the bottom of the movement; but the movement availed itself extensively of lawless violence in order to accomplish its objects. It was a case of strong combination fighting strong combination, but by unlawful means. It relied on a widespread opinion that to kill a few people, whip many, burn barns, and scrape newly planted fields, was a trifling evil compared with the selling of tobacco to the tobacco trust at a price below what the tobacco-growers thought "a

living wage." The night-riders have finally won remarkable success. Their tobacco has been sold at a price higher than they ever demanded during the long period of their lawless operations; and on this account the harm they have done to the States in which these outrages took place is all the deeper, and will be the harder to cure. They have exhibited lawlessness unpunished and triumphant. They have taught all the young people in the counties affected that might makes right, that personal liberty is insecure, that law and order may be defeated with impunity by a disguised mob operating in the darkness, and that in the pursuit of money many men combined may absolutely disregard and trample under foot those rights of the individual to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness which American civilization professes to protect.

The worst effect of night-riding, like the worst effect of lynching, is the barbarizing of the men who do the violence. This is always the worst effect of organized and extensive lawlessness, particularly when the lawless work is planned in secret, and executed at night and in disguise. In such dark work there is something peculiarly appalling to the community affected, and peculiarly degrading to the men who take active part in it.

Lawlessness in connection with political office and government administration is the next phase of this great evil which we ought to consider. The buying of public office is a pernicious form of this lawlessness. Senatorships, collectorships, even judgeships are sometimes paid for outright and without disguise, either at the stage of nomination or at that of election, by contributions to party funds or by money payments direct to persons who control the nominations or the elections. Cases have repeatedly occurred in our country in which the notorious purchase of office had apparently no effect on the political or social standing of the purchaser, or, more accurately, in which the pur-



chaser was never sensible of any ill effect on his career. Yet the fundamental principles of republican government could hardly be more grossly offended, or more meanly betrayed, than by such conduct.

Another form of lawlessness is the use of public salaries to advance personal interests, which was frequently done without shame under the régime of patronage. The maxim "To the victors belong the spoils" is a war maxim and a war practice. In Roman times, in mediæval times, and even in times so recent as the capture of the Imperial Palace at Peking by the allied armies, the spoils of war meant something very real and often very valuable. Political spoils have also been very real in our country until civil service reform made headway enough to limit seriously the spoiler's opportunity. The whole business of using public places to reward political service is really as lawless as the looting which a victorious army perpetrates in time of war, particularly in wars between a so-called civilized state and a barbarous one.

A well-known politician who had had experience in city, state and national administrations once asked me if I knew what the vice of politicians was. On my professing an uncertainty on that point, he said, "Stealing, just plain stealing." When we read about the robbing of cities by their own officials through rackets on contracts, commissions on purchases and pay-rolls, padded pay-rolls, and bribes for votes against the city's interests, we sometimes feel as if this experienced politician's verdict were absolutely correct. When we read of officers of the law, whose duty it is to repress and punish vice, habitually collecting from the haunts of the worst vices large sums of money paid for protection we feel as if lawlessness could go no farther, as if had really reached the bottom of the pit. Surely there is no worse lawlessness in any part of our country than that developed by dishonest governments in great cities.

Again, governmental agencies themselves have often fostered lawlessness. Thus States have underbid other States in offering easy terms of incorporation, in order to reap money from the fees charged for acts of incorporation and charters, and have not stayed their hands because they knew that easier terms of incorporation than neighboring States offered meant opportunities for dishonest men to defraud the community. Executives have complained of court decisions, and have reproached judges for giving decisions contrary to the policies of the executives. Courts have been packed by executive appointments in order to procure subsequently from those same courts decisions in conformity with the wishes or opinions of the executives. Courts themselves have contradicted each other, have given decisions on technical grounds without expressing an opinion on the merits of the case, have divided as evenly as possible on important questions and have brought courts into contempt by long delays, by reversals of judgment, and by multiplied appeals from court to court. Whenever through any of these causes failures of justice occur, the courts are brought into contempt, and the spirit of lawlessness is fostered.

Society at large must bear the chief responsibility for lawlessness. It neglects to provide the protective forces necessary to secure order and peace. It permits lawless persons to carry on with impunity their operations against the public welfare. It fails to educate the children in reverence and obedience, and to inspire them with the love of liberty under law. It declines association with burglars and forgers, but not with dishonest promoters, corrupt officials, and lawyers who teach their clients how to evade laws. Under free institutions the law-breaker and the law-evader cannot allege that law and government have cruelly oppressed them, and that they are only wreaking a just vengeance on society at large. The victims of a

despotic government may sometimes have to rebel utterly and ferociously against all law; but this state of mind is impossible in such a republic as ours.

We have thus surveyed a series of phases of one great evil which has long manifested itself, and still manifests itself, in our free American society, among the educated and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the dwellers in cities and the dwellers in the country alike. Some forms of the evil are old and some are new. Some were prevalent in societies much older than ours, some seem to have been invented or rediscovered on this soil. Is, then, American society improving or deteriorating in respect to reverence for law and obedience to it? No intelligent American who has studied his fellow-countrymen during the past sixty years can

hesitate to say, in reply to this question, that American society has greatly improved in this respect, not steadily, but by spasmodic advances, and has made specially large gains during the past twenty years. The means of progress have also been made plain: They are education in home, school, college and church, the habit of regular industry, the amelioration of industrial strife, the general disuse of alcoholic drinks, resistance to all forms of political corruption, the establishment of pure and efficient government in city, state, and nation, and the steady inculcation of the ancient precept that righteousness alone exalteth a nation, and of the Christian doctrine that material prosperity and public happiness alike may be best promoted by the universal practice of goodwill.

## A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING THEORY

By JANE DALZIEL WOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



O you remember how often you used to come upon the face of Anita Ravenel in the picture galleries of the magazines? Why, there wasn't an issue of any periodical interested in beautiful women, that had n't a picture of her copied from a portrait or an etching or a photograph.

There was also much written about her social successes and her distinguished lovers. She was said to have had more prominent English suitors than any American girl on record.

Anita Ravenel lived in the Sound suburb of our town and this is a true history of one day in her life. It will explain a great deal that has mystified the fashionable world, and

will present her "off duty," so to speak—in the natural free life she loved and sought between seasons of sturdy work in society.

Nine servants, two brothers, three cousins and a father and mother begged Anita not to go canoeing on equinox day, but Anita was so accustomed to controlling men and events that the weather seemed a pitifully paltry circumstance that must be taught not to interfere with her arrangements. So she slipped away from the big white Sound house and strolled nonchalantly down the long avenue of mock-orange trees to the shore of the Sound and waited for her dog.

"Since there's a chance of being shipwrecked—a scary, romantic chance—I may as well take a good-by look at home," mused Anita, settling herself comfortably on the railing



"I MAY AS WELL TAKE A GOOD-BYE LOOK AT HOME"

with the apparent intention of staying there forever.

It was good to wait a moment on the land end of the gangway and look back at the old-fashioned hyacinth garden and the greening grape arbors that screened the negro cabins. To smell the delightfully spicy mock-orange blossoms and to look beyond it all into the near-by woods—white with dogwood blooms and yellow with jessamine. Somewhere a mocking-bird was imitating a passionate strain from a thrush's love song.

"Spring's like an eager lover," whispered Anita in the collie's ear. "The sap is rising with a bound in the heart of the long-leaved pine, just like the ardent blood that climbs to your lover's heart and shakes him and shakes him and rushes on to his head and makes him drunk and crazy and irresponsible.

"There are the warm peach blossoms flung about on the ground like your lover's hot kisses, and there is the yellow-flowered Banksia rose

insinuating its wealthy branches about the water oaks like tender caressing arms. Winsome and awesome, winsome and awesome," concluded Anita wistfully, patting the collie's ear, "lovers are just like that, Toots, lovers are just like that."

Toots ought to know without being told, and looked up and blinked an eye which Anita felt was reminiscent of many courtships he had heard while pretending to be asleep, so she kissed him on his ear. It was a valuable kiss, on the whole, but it would have been more valuable if it had been placed on his nose—kisses depend for desirability entirely on location.

So it was pretty late when Anita turned her face toward the boat-house, for it takes time to get in all the details of your Sound home and to compare nature with certain men you know. The sky was beginning to look unfriendly before Anita had untied the painter of the canoe, but it's more than likely that she counted on coaxing it into a good humor just

as she was in the habit of cajoling a recalcitrant lover.

You could n't blame Anita for taking chances on Equinox Day, when the strong, salty, wet-earth smell rushed into your nostrils and made you think of the dank, cool ground, and lawless winds brought you messages safely across half a globe, and the passionate joy of the marsh-hen softened her croupy voice with a lullaby, and the glad free whirl of sea-gulls' wings way over your head forever praised an utterly uncivilized life.

All the little marsh islands tittered with the tide because they were so happy about summer coming, for it would bring with it people, and no marsh island or sound or sea is content without the human voice and the human touch.

Anita knew all the Sound's secrets and the Sound knew the great bursting secret of Anita's life. It knew the one tremendous, unique thing that grew so important with the added years that it finally had a throne-room built in her heart that it might set up definite quarters.

A dominating, hoarded secret in your life makes you Merlin-wise and you are, because of it, an expounder of mysteries. In the Sound waterways, shallow and muddy, there could be no possible danger to a girl and a dog, but when you grow dreamy and moody over your secret, and forget that the channel ahead of you is connected with the great ocean by two inlets, you are driven before you know it into its swiftly rushing waters.

It was an Equinoctial wind that blew Anita's baby canoe into the broad stretch of the channel, and it was unmistakably an Equinoctial gale that drove her madly along over the heaped-up waves. That's the way the Equinox does on the Carolina coast—wakes up all in a minute just as soon as it gets night and day perfectly divided by two, and roars and halloos and applauds with all its might, like nothing in the world had ever been well balanced before.

Indeed, why should n't it, since it made the first equation long before algebra was invented? It had to smash something in its glee, so it dashed vehemently against the sail of the canoe and split it in strips like bandages; but the worst part of it all was the mad practical joke it played in urging the canoe along toward an opening in the huge piers that supported the trestle-work connecting the mainland with the far-away Beach Island and then suddenly dashing it cruelly against a great barnacle-covered piling and causing it to creak and groan and settle at last into a dreadfully leaky, gaping boat.

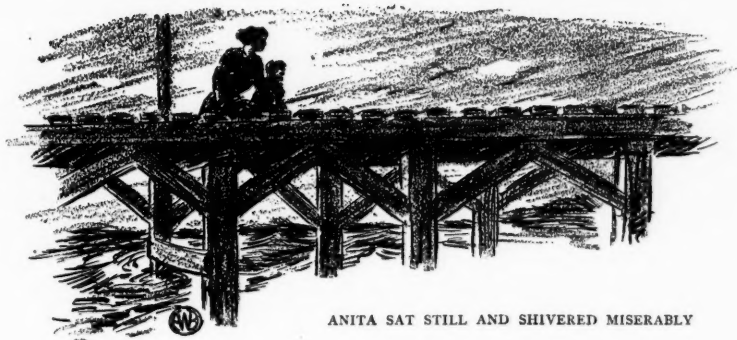
Anita clutched the pier firmly and to her joy found a projecting board that offered a foothold, so she climbed painfully to the framework above and coaxed Toots to follow.

It's very dangerous on a trestle in an Equinoctial gale, and a great many people are afraid to walk over water; so Anita sat perfectly still and shivered miserably. The winds meantime increased in violence until the solid and substantial trestle shook like an earthquake. After a time there came a great wrenching, and the battering-ram gale banged the pilings near the mainland athwart the telephone poles and twisted the railroad track as easily as a girl doubles her necklace in trifling way.

After the trestle began to go, Anita knew there was no time to be lost, so she crept on her hands and knees from cross tie to beam along the trembling length of the swinging framework. Her progress was pitifully slow and her knees ached like a bone felon and at length she stopped from pure exhaustion. This gave her a breathing space and an opportunity to hear the shouts of a perfectly strange man who was walking slowly toward her assisted by a great oak stick.

"I believe I can help you to walk across if you will let me," he cried, speaking very loud that she might hear above the shrieking and bellowing of wind and water.

Anita held out her hand, too spent



ANITA SAT STILL AND SHIVERED MISERABLY

to speak, and the man lifted her to her feet without effort, being himself very broad and long and a match for any wind under heaven. It almost amounted to carrying her, for she was stiff with cold and strained muscles.

The reeling trestle and the raging waters below them made that rickety, tottering walk a very perilous adventure, and when the man finally got the girl on the solid ground of the Island Beach it seemed as secure a refuge as the Rock of Gibraltar. But my, my! that Island Beach is like a fiddle-string to an ocean bass viol, and the man saw it behooved him to seek one of the summer cottages on the highest point of land.

So still struggling with the violently crazy wind they finally reached the shelter of an odd-looking house that possessed the unusual advantages of a rain-barrel and a fire-place in the dining-room.

The man forced his way into the house, while the girl lashed herself to a post of the piazza and watched the communicating trestle fall like the walls of Jericho.

When the man got the door open he fixed a big strong toddy and brought it to the girl with a smile. Then it occurred to them both that about all they had said to each other so far had been in smiles, and so—they laughed.

"My family predicted the shipwreck," Anita remarked casually.

"Have you ever noticed that Cassandra prophecies are never accompanied by any hints of amelioration? How much better it would be to post up the antidote side by side with the poison, as chemists do."

The man smiled. "I saw Irwin's portrait of you in *Baldwin's Magazine*, in the article on 'Noted Society Beauties.' Irwin ought to paint you shipwrecked. Jiminy!" he interjected, dismayed and self-rebuked, "your feet must be drenching wet!" He dropped to the floor and investigated a pair of very wet, very foolish little pumps, the bedraggled hem of her dress and the ruined gay and festive ruffle on her plaid silk petticoat. "I'll have a fire in a jiffy," he promised, and hurried off to the woodshed.

Meantime it was getting very cold and bleak on the piazza, so Anita sat down beside Toots and hugged him round his neck.

"Toots," she whispered, "you ought to begin right now and pray if you are ever changed to a man you can have steel-gray eyes with flickers in them and a wide, wide, wide back, Toots, and arms like the Village Blacksmith."

But Toots saw the warm flames making their way up the chimney and decided that dogdom was good enough for him, and went and stretched himself luxuriously on the matting rug, watching sleepily while the man held two ridiculous shoes to the blaze.

"Thank you for getting shipwrecked," he smiled, presently, looking over at Anita with the pleasant flicker in his eyes.

"Isn't it bully?" she returned, cordially smiling back at him.

"It certainly is interesting to happen to meet a magazine beauty,

characteristics and the few I have known have confirmed my opinion."

"I am glad you do not think me disagreeable," Anita commented with evident amusement.

"You have every right to be conceited," the man observed gravely, "when you know your face is as

familiar as the lady in the Baker's Chocolate advertisement. And all the world knows of the impetuous and impassioned suit of the Duke of Wedmore, whose wealth and title proved no attraction for you when you could not accept his hand and heart."

Anita flushed delicately.

"Thank you for understanding about the Duke," she said softly.

"So many people have misconstrued my conduct that it is a joy to have it interpreted honestly."

"What makes you so simple and natural?" persisted the man, turning the shoes about to dry them thoroughly.

"I suppose I *am* natural," mused Anita dreamily; "people usually tell me so. I think it is living here in the generous South. Nature is lavish and open-handed and teaches giving what you have to-day, assuring you of abundant fresh manna to-morrow, so we do not hoard anything. I think that's the reason."

"It's an interesting theory, at any rate," returned the man, with a smile. "Do you happen to have any others?"

"That's a rather intimate question to ask, isn't it?" quizzed Anita. "If you'll notice, people are pretty chary of expressing their theories. I only happened to find this out by once asking a friend if she had ever had a theory to explode, and she turned perfectly crimson and said, 'Yes,—but I'll never breathe it!'



"THANK YOU FOR GETTING SHIPWRECKED"

and particularly *you*, for it happened that the number of *Baldwin's* that brought out your picture drifted into our camp in South Africa during the Boer War." The man stopped a moment and looked into the fire. Then he said slowly: "I think we learned every word of that magazine by heart; I think we also learned the pictures by heart. But you are different from my conception of your type," the man observed, studying the girl closely.

"How?" she asked. "How am I different?"

"Why," explained the man, "I think most renowned beauties are a little or a great deal spoiled—quite haughty and self-conscious and exacting of homage. The pictures of all I have seen suggest these



This interested me so that I immediately began to question all my friends on this subject and one evaded me, another said she was an optimist, another that she had put away childish things, and the rest candidly replied that they would die before they told; and that was all the satisfaction I ever got!"

"But your own theory," the man persisted, "please expound it. It ought to be very valuable since you have had so many opportunities and experiences!"

"It is the sum-total of my observations," Anita said slowly, toying with her rings, "and it reached definite expression when I came to solve the riddle of second marriages. When you see a man or woman blissfully happy the second time, you are just forced to conclude that their affections have been transferred. It can't be that perfectly new love has been made for the new tie, because you know that all the wealth of their being, past, present, and future, mortal and immortal, went into the first attachment. It can't be constructed all over again,—why," Anita cried protestingly, "a love that is veined and arteried and muscled and nerved with all your hopes and ambitions and desires, your observations and experiences, and your disappointments, failures, and regrets, is an entity that may grow, but is as much a personality as the person itself, and it is the very self-same love that was given in the first instance that is offered the second time or even the third. And so, I believe," Anita confessed, her beautiful face settling into sweet seriousness, "that the great fundamental force in every life is love, but the object upon which it expends itself is absolutely secondary.

"I do not believe there is one supreme and only mate for a man or woman; but affection that has ever clasped hands with a related soul may take another to its embrace if its arms are ever emptied. The unchanging principle is love, the variable quantity is its object."

The man's face fell, and his mouth twitched with the quivering that betrays strong emotion. When he turned to her at length, he was sad and disappointed.

"Let us go out on the front piazza and see what the ocean is doing," he suggested irrelevantly. (If you've noticed, when a woman is disappointed in a man she argues the matter with him, but when a man is disappointed in a woman he changes the subject. He knows that controversy cannot restore faith.)

Anita was more rebuked by the man's proposition than she would have been by any words he could have said, so she sprang with alacrity to her feet and followed him into the raging evening wind. Sea-gulls scudded over the face of the sea, and waterfowl scurried off to their families. The ocean itself,—flat as a savannah normally and now a mass of serried sierras—was racing across the thread island to join hands with the channel. It had crossed it a quarter of a mile away and they were only comparatively safe because they were on the widest portion of the beach.

When they saw the havoc and the undissuadable ocean, their eyes met in a look of mutual understanding, and hand groped for hand.

"We being about to die—salute each other," quoted the man solemnly, seeking her other hand and drawing her away from the sight of the encroaching waves.

Anita turned her beautiful eyes up to the man and said gently, "I must not let you touch me—I—I—am married."

A very stern look came over the man's face.

"Where is your husband?" he demanded.

"God only knows," whispered Anita with white lips; and down the beach a summer cottage collapsed like a house of sand. Did the man's hopes fall and totter in that selfsame crash?

"Come," he commanded, and led her back to the fire. The warmth and light, the exhilaration of danger,



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I MUST NOT LET YOU TOUCH ME—I—I—AM MARRIED"

and the necessity for striking a lower note, roused Anita to her usual gayety and the man saw and obeyed her mood. They rummaged the pantry and store-room, which were fairly well stocked, and made merry over their evening meal, but Anita knew she was merely postponing her examination, and the man knew he was merely enjoying a reprieve.

"There is no use in disguising from you that we stand in jeopardy of our lives," the man observed quietly as they came to sit once more before the roaring fire.

"I know it," Anita answered, her face bent toward the flames, "but it makes no impression on me."

"—And you have loved a great many men!" blurted out the man with no connection whatever, and he said it as though it were a great hurting fact.

"You are mistaken," observed Anita quietly. "I have never, in all my life, loved any man!"

"You said," the man reminded her, "that love was the fixed quantity

and its object variable. How did you come to that conclusion?"

"Merely by observation," smiled Anita sadly, "I have never loved any one."

"Your husband?" suggested the man ironically.

"No, I did not love my husband," Anita confessed promptly, but a very great tenderness swept over her face.

"Can you find it in your heart to tell me about him?" the man asked gently.

"It is a secret," Anita answered softly, "and those who once knew have forgotten it so long ago that you might call it a lost secret."

"I will keep your secret," the man pledged quietly, "if you think well

of telling me. It—seems to me," he stammered, "I could not rest even in a watery grave unless I knew all about it."

"I have never told any one," Anita said gently. "There has never been any occasion. I always meant to tell the man with whom I fell in love, but—there never was any one."

"Had n't you better modify that a little?" suggested the man, his voice trembling with anxiety. "Surely, —surely,—there must have been a slight response at least to some one's cry for love? How can you recognize a negative unless you argue from a positive?"

"I will tell you," Anita answered slowly, "though it is one of the things that are so slight that they remain forever disembodied in your consciousness.

"I said I never loved any one. I said I never even loved my husband, but an inverted pyramid could scarcely stand on slimmer base than my reason for my conviction.

"For just one second before we were married my husband roused in

me a quick rebellion, which he as instantly subdued. You may laugh at such a triviality, but as my soul liveth, no other man has ever even stirred my eyelashes to a flicker."

The man turned away and walked to the window on the channel side. Anita did not see his face and gazed steadfastly out to sea, from whence it always seemed to her her happiness would come. It might come unwillingly—might even be forced to tarry shipwrecked upon a beckoning coast—but once there it would accept its welcome and bestow its treasure.

The man broke her reverie at length by asking, "Will you tell me the whole story about your husband?"

"I should like to tell you," Anita answered quietly, taking the chair he placed for her and watching while he chose a little hassock for himself.

"To preface my story I must explain that the relation of Southern boys and girls to each other is that of sweethearts from their very infancy. I had dozens, but there was one, two years my senior, a stranger, who moved to our town when I was twelve and entered my circle with a seriousness which the others lacked. I had always bragged I would do anything once—just childishly, you know, and believing the utmost daring feat was to smoke a cigarette or go somewhere alone at night.

"The boy and I grew to be great beaux, and I would have died before I failed him; so when I was thirteen, and he found me after some school theatricals dressed in grown-up costume with my hair done up in mature fashion, he dared me to go with him to a little Methodist mission chapel on the outskirts of town and be married—just for fun.

"Do you suppose I hesitated? Intoxicated with the dawning power of womanhood and restless after the sensation of acting and loath to return to the normal, I was delighted to do something exciting and ladyfied.

"Come then," he said and lifted me from the platform where I was sitting to the floor where he was

standing. That instant suspended in air was the moment of quick rebellion, but it passed and we hurried away to the parson.

"I do not know how the license was obtained, but it was forthcoming and the old preacher, almost sand blind, married us without demur. We had absolutely no plans, we were not thinking of running away together, and I remember how silly I thought my grandmother acted when we saw her carriage dash up through the thick sand while she waved frantically from the window and then bore down upon me and carried me away—away from the minister's, away from Leabury, away from America, with lamentation and recrimination. She said because I was rich the boy's father had put him up to the prank to get my fortune, and she said the marriage was voidable because I was under age.

"My grandmother took me to my parents who were travelling in Europe and they filled my mind so full of other things that my boy-husband got shoved 'way back in my heart. But, although they said my marriage was voidable, I kept the certificate like an amulet, and once when we were travelling in India I had a carved box made with mother-of-pearl lotus-leaves inlaid upon the lid, and I laid my marriage license away in it with attar-of-roses like a bridal veil."

Anita's voice trailed away dreamily and the man bent to catch the words, for the fury of the wind made it an effort to hear ordinary conversation.

"And have you been waiting for him ever since?" he asked anxiously.

"No, oh no," Anita returned brightly. "But—I have always felt that I had an anchor to windward!"

"Answer me this," demanded the man hoarsely, "have you ever been engaged?"

"I don't know why I am not furious with you for your impertinence," Anita said mildly, "but I'm not. Have I ever been engaged? Why of course I've been engaged.

Did n't I tell you I believe love must be expended? That it cannot thole empty arms? But I have sought it in vain. I have been so willing to be happy, and I have allowed and encouraged frantic courtships hoping to find my own,—but 'the quest was not for me'! And Anita smiled bravely through her tears.

"You are very inconsistent," said the man, and his voice was husky. "You said I must not touch you because you were married, and now you declare you have been engaged more than once."

"I am trying to reconcile that very thing," Anita confessed slowly. "You see I have always known my marriage was voidable and the mere form of it has never been any barrier in my mind to another union. Engagements in the South are n't always solemn betrothals. They are many times an acknowledgment of a mutual interest given an opportunity to justify its existence. Mine have only been experimental engagements; but, no matter how much I thought I cared, I found in time that my affections were never involved."

"But you would not let me touch you," reminded the man mercilessly.

"I know," said Anita quietly. "It is your personality."

"Have you ever heard anything

about your boy-husband?" asked the man in a hard voice.

"No," said Anita with wistful tenderness; "he has made no sign through all these years, but I have coaxed myself into believing that he is a stout, phlegmatic person who would saunter up to me if he met me unexpectedly and begin to joke coarsely about what he would be pleased to call our escapade."

The wind suddenly subsided for a minute and a distinct rushing of water was heard.

"Do you know," said Anita quickly, "I believe the water is washing under the house?"

"We will go and see," said the man, lighting the huge lantern that hung against the chimney corner and leading the way into the Egyptian blackness. On the channel side there was still a considerable breadth of land between the house and the water, but when they skirted the piazza and reached the ocean side they found the waves had eaten through great sand-hills covered with sea oats and were lapping like hungry



"AND HAVE YOU BEEN WAITING FOR HIM EVER SINCE?"

beasts at the slender underpinning of the cottage. The man set the lantern on the floor and turned to Anita.

"If this lull in the wind means it is about to change its course, there is no cause for alarm, but if it blows a quarter of an hour longer from the southeast——"

"Is it absolute lunacy?" questioned Anita breathlessly, "that I am not one bit afraid? It is you. The overwhelming realization of your presence precludes dying and death. Have you mesmerized me?" She laughed nervously.

The man snatched her hands. "Anita Ravanel, I hate the influence of that boy-husband controlling you through the years. Shut your eyes forever to his intrepid madness, and open your arms wide to my full-grown love."

"My anchor," whispered Anita. "I fear I am dragging my anchor!"

The man drew her to himself solemnly, and the wind dropped to a breath of air, shifted, changed its perilous course and set back again to sea. O wind, did you cast a great happiness on the friendly coast and fly off with errand finished, the genius of Destiny?

The man brought Anita back to the fire and knelt beside her. The fire-light blazed like a torch in his face.

"Anita," he whispered, "who am I? Who am I?"

Anita looked searchingly into his eyes, suggestion and doubt duelled together, and into the breach certainty dashed, appalled but unwavering.

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"You are my boy-husband!" she gasped. "It is you whom I have loved through all the years, you!"

She stooped and held his face between her hands. "Now I know that I knew it all the time—but knew it not."

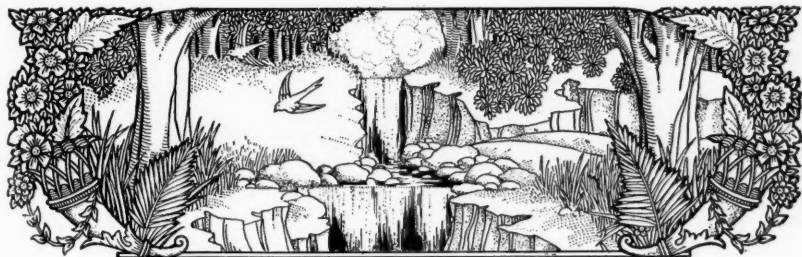
"I would not tell you, till I was sure how you felt toward me as you had known me. I meant to go away unrevealed if I thought you could not care for me."

He took her hands, rose to his feet and drew her into his strong arms with a very definite expression of ownership.

"Anita," he whispered, "we are already married! We are already married!" And Anita held up her head for his kiss.

"Anita, you said the object of love was the variable quantity," he reminded her presently, "you said love alone was steadfast and stable. What do you think of that opinion now?"

And Anita with her boy-husband's and man-husband's arms around her whispered, "It's a good-for-nothing theory,—and I'm glad of it!"



## "OMAR" FITZGERALD\*

By HENRY D. SEDGWICK



THE biography of Edward Fitzgerald, by Mr. A. C. Benson, contains this description of him in later years: "Fitzgerald appeared a tall, dreamy-looking man, . . . with large, sensitive lips and a melancholy expression; his face tanned with exposure to the sun; moving his head as he walked with a remote, almost haughty air, as though he guarded his own secret; . . . with straggling gray hair; slovenly in dress, wearing an ancient, battered, black-banded, shining-edged, tall hat, round which he would in windy weather tie a handkerchief to keep it in its place; his clothes of baggy blue cloth, as though he were a seafarer, his trousers short and his shoes low, exhibiting a length of white or gray stockings. With an unstarched white shirt front, high, crumpled, stand-up collar, a big, black silk tie in a careless bow; in cold weather trailing a green and black or gray plaid shawl; in hot weather even walking barefoot, with his boots slung to a stick. . . ." In the evening while listening to reading he "sat on a low chair, with his feet on the fender, in dressing-gown and slippers. . . . He invariably wore his tall hat, only removing it occasionally to get a red silk handkerchief out of it. He would hold his snuff-box in his hand or a paper knife."

In youth Fitzgerald's eccentricities were less marked, but all his life his disposition tended to an extreme unconventionality. His exceptional behavior may be set down in part,

at least, to the effect of inheritance, for his brother came dangerously close to the line that borders lunacy. The poet never let himself forsake the normal path of sanity so far as that, but more and more as he grew older his impulses to forsake the common ways of men became habitual, and his native incapacity for accepting the ordinary values of life became steadily more rigid.

That a man so wayward should have been singled out by the Muse, is one of those whims of hers in which she has indulged herself more freely in England than elsewhere. Her choice seems to have been wholly unanticipated by his contemporaries. They regarded Fitzgerald as a dear, whimsical fellow, and merely knew him as a scholar, a recluse, a man of highly cultivated literary tastes. Their lack of appreciation was natural enough. He seemed far more fitted to be a critic than a poet. If we were to judge from his letters only, it would be reasonable to infer that those volumes which are now sepulchally known as his "Literary Remains" would consist of critical essays; for he shows himself in his letters deeply interested in literature, careful of excellence, definite in his views and independent in his judgments. Indeed, he himself says: "Though I cannot write poems you know I consider that I have the old woman's faculty of judging of them; yes, much better than much cleverer and wiser men; I pretend to no genius, but to taste." This was true. Most of us cannot judge of poetry until it has been associated in some way with our own moods and experiences, until it has become a comrade to our

\* Fitzgerald was born in 1809. His translation of the *Rubáiyát* first appeared in 1859.



more poignant memories and as it were incorporate in ourselves; Fitzgerald had the divining gift, and one cannot but regret that he made so scanty use of it.

Perhaps the reason that Fitzgerald did not choose to be a critic, except in random judgments to his friends, is to be found in his seclusion. Retirement, withdrawal from the world and even from friends, freedom from all jars, all causes of disquiet, all disturbers of peace, lead to sluggishness, indifference, sloth. Fitzgerald was not merely physically but also morally withdrawn; he was a hermit in spirit, the world ignoring as well as by the world ignored. He was impartial and serene; but impartiality and serenity are not springs to action. Criticism presupposes some interest in the spread of good taste or true ideals, some wish that the many shall understand and intelligently appreciate, shall admire for right reasons the famous things that occupy men's minds and mouths. Fitzgerald was indifferent to all this. To say that he disliked the many would be too strong, but he kept himself well away from them. He went with reluctance to London; he chose solitary places, fields and seacoast, where he alternated his studies with a walk or sail. Perhaps, too, he was not sufficiently supple-minded for a critic. "I differ in taste from the rest of the world," he said; and he did in fact differ so much that his taste, however useful as a stimulus, as a light and a help, could not as a rule become the common taste. Witness his fondness for Crabbe; here he mistook his personal enjoyment for a well-educated, disciplined taste. All to which the public is indifferent is not caviare.

Debarred from criticism, Fitzgerald's talents sought another outlet. The Muse had kissed him in his cradle; but the gift she had given him was a paradox,—*"Lacking originality, thou shalt be highly original."* At twenty-two he had written some charming verses, ascribed to Lamb and worthy of Cowper; but with the exception of a few scattered poems

he abandoned the attempt to write "original" poetry. The adjective "original," as applied to poetry, is rather an unmeaning word. Poetry always evades definiteness; it has too many functions. Poetry is a personal god. It is the tale of an episode in the poet's life, of his random loves, for a Highland Girl, a Bajadere, a Country Churchyard, a Deserted Garden, a Rape of a Lock, a distant view of Eton College, or anything else. And why, among the multitude of things that catch a poet's fancy, should there not be a place for a foreign poem? The poet endeavors to recount in his own words the moving cause that stirred his soul with pleasure. Fitzgerald's imagination was excited by foreign poetry, and he put his own emotions into verse.

He showed his originality by his attitude to what he undertook to translate. He believed that his duty was not to replace a foreign word by an English word, but to render one poetical idea by another. "I am persuaded," he says, "that to keep life in the work (as Drama must) the Translator (however inferior to his Original) must recast that original into his own Likeness, more or less: the less like his original, so much the worse: but still, the live Dog better than the dead Lion, in Drama, I say." He began with Calderon; but he took from Calderon little more than the scenario, and rounded out an idea, a phrase, a scene or an act, into an English paraphrase, which, if justified at all, was justified by itself and not by its equivalence to the original. One has but to read a dozen lines of Calderon to see how utterly the light, sparkling, melodramatic Spanish verse, that shifts from lyrical intensity to conventional pirouettes, differs from the solemn blank-verse of Fitzgerald's renderings.

The translations from Calderon may be set down as a failure. Indeed, Calderon is too remote from us to suffer translation, even in Fitzgerald's sense of "taken from" the Spanish.

Calderon belonged to a world that seems, to our eyes, most oddly enmeshed in fantastic religious conceptions and in a still more fantastic social code; and, even where he rises beyond the boundaries of his age and country, his verse is still an insuperable difficulty. Miguel Cervantes, the greatest of Spaniards, by the nobleness of his spirit and the originality of his genius, has leapt over national barriers to a greater degree, perhaps, than any writer except Homer alone. A second Spaniard, Velasquez, has won universal recognition, because painting is not confined by national barriers. But Calderon was in a different situation; he was not merely profoundly a part of his generation, but also rather a lyrical than a dramatic poet, and no more to be translated than Petrarch.

Fitzgerald's translations from the Greek—the Agamemnon and the *Œdipus*,—noble in their fine, resonant English, and striking in their dramatic presentation of the triumphant march of doom, must meet the fate that overtakes all translations from the Greek poets. They spring up like grass, flourish for a season and wither in neglect. All who are interested, really interested, in the Greek drama, go to the Greek itself. No argent moon, however beautifully hung in heaven, can take for them the place of the sun itself. Each generation must create its own relations to the immortal Greeks, and needs a new interpreter.

Credette Fitzgerald nella traduzione tenerlo in campo, ed ora ha Murray il grido.

If Fitzgerald's fame were to rest on his translations from the Spanish and the Greek, considering how the one has but a fitful interest and the other immortally surpasses the translator's art, he would scarcely be remembered, except as an odd friend of Tennyson, Thackeray and Carlyle. His letters would never have been collected. But the ingenious Muse of Poetry, remembering her paradoxical promise, found a way

to redeem it. Fitzgerald's friend, Cowell, a student of oriental literature, introduced him to a poet unknown except to a few scholars.

The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám proved the stepping-stones by which Fitzgerald climbed to his permanent niche in English literature. The Muse fulfilled her promise. The ideas were furnished by Omar, the English words by Fitzgerald; not an unequal division of labor in this noble collaboration. The translation is far more literal than in the plays from the Spanish and the Greek. Mr. Heron-Allen says: "A translation pure and simple it is not, but a translation in the most classic sense of the term it undoubtedly is." And he explains that of the one hundred and one stanzas nearly fifty are faithful paraphrases of Omar's quatrains, over forty compress into one quatrain the ideas contained in two or more quatrains, while the others either echo the spirit of the whole or are taken from other Persian poets. So, an original poem in any just sense it is assuredly not. But Persia is far away, Omar lived long ago, his Persian Rubáiyát will always remain a sealed book to English readers, and hence Fitzgerald's "rendering into English verse" is lifted quite out of the common category of translations. It stands by the side of the books of the Old Testament as one of the few contributions made to English literature by the East.

The same two essential causes that give glory to great classics have raised Fitzgerald's poem to its high eminence—substance and form; and, as has not always been the case with English classics, both substance and form have joined to make the poem popular. Omar sang, as Fitzgerald says, "in an acceptable way it seems, of what all men feel in their hearts, but had not express in verse before." The Rubáiyát express the indignation of petulant youth, angry that it is not the dandled darling of the universe, as well as the sadder experience of older men; they echo the rebound from narrow schemes of

ethics, and speak the eternal language of Epicurus. They proclaim what the whole power of organized Christianity has denied and endeavored to smother; and exhale the freshness of forbidden fruit. There is nothing in English comparable to them. Ecclesiastes, The Wisdom of Solomon, and Ecclesiasticus, contain wise saws on the vanity of life, but they express rather the lassitude of debility and defeat than the Farinata-like defiance of angry hopes. Put these two temperaments side by side, and you see the difference.

These differences between the Hebrew poet and the Persian are differences of mood, of temperament, of experience. To sane men, especially to the young, the conception of man as wronged, as tricked or at least misled, by the powers that are, is a congenial and inspiring thought. When a young man finds himself thwarted in his desires, hindered in attaining what to him is a high and noble end, impotent in the presence of mighty forces, helplessly prostrate underneath unintelligible layers and deposits of wickedness and ignorance, he is inclined to play the Prometheus, to declaim rhetorical verses, to climb the Caucasus and bare his breast to the vulture. The mood is a happy one. It is inspiring and intoxicating to challenge the forces that seem to make for evil; and this mood, in a less exaggerated form, finds its sympathetic expression in Omar Khayyám.

Opposed to this attitude is the mood whose graver side is the submission of resignation and fear, whose brighter side is confidence, hope and superstition, both which sides have been best expressed in Christian literature in Thomas à Kempis, for instance. Between these two positions there is a third. We all have moods when any expression of a definite conception of man's relation to the sum and soul of things sounds irreverent and unintelligent, when any utterance beyond that of a profound and bewildered consciousness of littleness in the presence of

the unknown seems impertinent and childish. This is the position of the authors of Ecclesiastes and the other books of Wisdom. They look around them at the world and find all ethical theories which are based on any *a priori* dogma hopelessly out of joint. They find life serious, solemn and mysterious, and feel themselves incapable of sounding its solemnity and mystery; yet in their needs and their desires they create an exalted state of mind which they call Wisdom. They, brothers of Plato, take refuge in a large hope, built half of philosophy and half of fancy.

Is not this mood more universal, more enduring, more reasonable than that of Omar Khayyám? Is it not more likely to be approved by that permanent disposition—*quod semper ubique et ab omnibus*—to which man has so freely appealed? And, if that is so, Solomon's fame (for his name is attached to this book of Wisdom) will be exalted in the triumph of his mood, and Omar's will be dimmed with the failing of his doctrines. Whatever be the outcome of the opposition of these moods, Fitzgerald's fame as an artist, even if hereafter he should become a neglected artist, is secure.

Fitzgerald did not follow the sequence of quatrains in the original; the order is all his own, and by it he has gained a dramatic presentation of his theme that the books of Wisdom wholly lack; his stanzas have a poetry, to which their temperate agnosticism offers no rivalry. What verses from the Hebrew compare for vigor and a noble, rebellious spirit with these famous stanzas:

LXVI

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,  
Some letter of that After-life to spell:

And by and by my Soul return'd to me,  
And answered, "I myself am Heav'n and Hell,"—

LXVII

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,  
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,

Cast on the Darkness into which Our-  
selves,  
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

## LXXI

The Moving Finger writes; and, having  
writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

Can these thoughts, and especially in the first two lines of quatrain LXVII, be more memorably expressed? In order to appreciate justly Fitzgerald's craft they should be compared with the literal translation by Mr. Heron-Allen.

One might go on adding praise to praise, as others have done abundantly; but everybody knows all the stanzas by heart. And if one turns to the reverse of the picture and seeks to perform the ungracious office of carping, how hard it is to find a straw to clutch at! Is there, one suggests tentatively to oneself, a little hardness, a trifling lack of finesse, of chiaroscuro, of trembling delicacy, like that of twilight which deceives the eye into doubting whether it sees shadow or substance? Perhaps this quality was wanting in Omar, and so Fitzgerald also omitted it.

Omar, though an Epicurean, and, to quote Mr. Heron-Allen, a "transcendental agnostic and an ornamental pessimist, not always supported by the courage of his convictions," has been accepted by some of his countrymen and also by some western scholars as a mystic to whom wine and the wine cup are merely symbols. Ignorance can merely guess in the dark; but is it not likely that Omar, not having "the courage of his convictions," sometimes faltered in his bold defiance; that sometimes, as he watched the immeasurable stars, he quailed before immensity and mingled some doubts concerning this "unintelligible world" with his bolder certainties?

In these high altercations between the soul and destiny, a play of un-

certainty, a touch of irony, a hesitation, a smiling doubt, is, at least to some minds, a welcome embroidery. Fitzgerald, however, did not find it in Omar; and very likely it was not there. Nevertheless, granting that Omar lacked finesse, a suspicion lurks at one's elbow that Fitzgerald lacked a certain delicacy of expression. Such lines as these,

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;

Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?

inevitably bring up that far tenderer line,

*Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan!*

In place of a delicate modelling on varying emotional planes, instead of some Leonardesque play of uncertainty, one has the sense of a slightly crude over-explicitness. Cavilling built on such conjectures is, however, the sturdiest kind of praise. Certainly, if we put aside the Bible, Fitzgerald, by his classic English, his exquisite taste and his strong sympathy, has achieved the most memorable of all translations from foreign poetry into English.

Since the Rubáiyát have become a string of household phrases, Fitzgerald's letters have sprung into fame—"incomparable letters," Mr. Benson calls them. Matthew Arnold set the fashion of admiring poets' letters more than their poetry; and, indeed, people whose appetites begin to cloy when they perceive the crowd gaping for their dish, are sensitively ready for what has a fuller relish of the unusual. Fitzgerald's letters have profited by this sentiment. Letters—not letters in their native charm of handwriting, but all "endimanchus" in print—are the peculiar interest of a leisure class, and often depend very largely for their interest upon gossip concerning the doings and declamations of noted persons. For instance, Cicero owes his renown as a letter-writer to his oratory, to his acquaintance with the mightiest Julius, with Octavius, with Brutus and

Antony, though most of all, perhaps, to the majestic memory of Rome; Walpole owes his—in a measure, at least—to anecdotes of eighteenth-century notables; and the letters of Byron and Shelley are interesting in great part because they are the letters of meteoric poets. Besides these two classes of letter-writers there is a third, to which Madame de Sévigné and Cowper belong. Their letters contain in themselves, thanks to insight, humor and delicacy, their own value independent of the outside world or fame in other fields. To this third class belong all those charming persons who are letter-writers born. Fitzgerald certainly belongs to the first two classes, and if he is not at the top of the third class he must be allowed to be in it. His letters are easy, daintily descriptive, sympathetic, full of sensitiveness and independence; they all smack of a whimsical, and poetical, personality. Fitzgerald was an artist, and in writing letters not wholly unself-conscious. Though modest, or rather proudly modest, he knew how entertaining and agreeable, how out of the common, his letters were, and he knew his own ability to record himself. *C'est moi que je peins.*

Nevertheless, his letters distinctly owe much of their interest to Tennyson, Thackeray and Carlyle. Certainly many readers might hesitate to read them were it not for the vivid pictures of those three great personages

of the Victorian Era. Fitzgerald's comments on his friends are delightful; they have the kindly admiration of Du Maurier's pencil and also the eccentric and deeper genius of a Theryon. Best of all is that on Spedding with his "Platonic perfume," but most notable is the figure of Tennyson as he appeared to his contemporaries in the morning glory of promise—not as he now appears, criticised and deprecated, to the generation of rebound. Tennyson stalks through Fitzgerald's pages like a young Achilles. One feels the superb, confident self-consecration of the poet. One sees his lofty stature, his noble head commercing with the skies, and also the self-consciousness begotten of adulation that wrapped his cloak around him and pulled his hat brim over his eyes.

Fitzgerald's letters will always be welcome to those who like a pungent and yet delicate humor such as clings to old-fashioned laces packed away in sandalwood, for Fitzgerald has an exotic tinge. But our remembrance of his hundredth birthday is not due to his letters nor to his translation of Æschylus or Calderon; his fame must rest upon the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám "rendered into English verse," which Tennyson calls that

golden eastern lay,  
Than which I know no version done  
In English more divinely well.



# SOME RECENT BOOKS ON MUSIC

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON



WITH the possible exception of Mr. Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera," which is noticed elsewhere in this magazine, the most important book of the season, relating to music, is undoubtedly Mr. David C. Taylor's "The Psychology of Singing" (the Macmillan Company). Mr. Taylor undertakes nothing less than a destructive criticism of all modern, so-called "scientific" methods of teaching singing, and a vindication of those empirical methods of the old Italian school which they have superseded. Whether he succeeds or not is a question about which readers may differ; at least no one can deny the thoroughness of his knowledge, the cogency of his reasoning, or the interest of his conclusions.

He begins by showing how the old Italian methods, which flourished from 1600 to 1800, were in the early nineteenth century gradually displaced by methods based on newly acquired knowledge of anatomy and on the idea of a conscious control of the vocal organs. Next he shows, by many citations, that the supposed anatomical facts were interpreted in endlessly conflicting ways, that however interpreted they afforded little guidance in practical singing, and that the attempted "conscious control" of the vocal muscles led only to throat stiffness and a host of attendant evils. Finally, reverting to the empirical method of the old Italians, he points out that it was based on an instinctive use of the faculty which modern psychology has studied so exhaustively under the name of

"Imitation." The true way of learning to sing is to listen to good singing and to imitate it.

According to Mr. Taylor, most of the shortcomings of modern vocal teaching and singing are due to the throat stiffness produced by unnatural concentration of attention on the vocal muscles. "It is a lamentable fact," he says, "that most of the singing nowadays gives evidence of throat stiffness. Perfect singing becomes more rare with each succeeding year." The chapters at the beginning of Part IV, devoted to the causes and effects of this stiffness, are perhaps the most absorbing in the book.

All the muscles of the body are arranged in opposed pairs, of which the biceps and the triceps of the upper arm may be taken as an example. When the arm is bent at the elbow the biceps normally does most of the work, the triceps exerting only a slight controlling pressure. If, however, attention is too consciously directed upon these muscles, both sets are more strongly "innervated," and a much greater effort is needed to effect the bending of the arm. This is what happens to the muscles of the throat when vocalization is conscious instead of instinctive.

The attempt to manage the voice, by paying attention to the mechanical operations of the vocal organs, causes an involuntary contraction of all the throat muscles, and so interferes with the normal instinctive vocal action (p. 261).

The baneful results of such interference form the subject of the chapter on "Throat Stiffness and Incorrect Singing." They are, first, imperfect quality ("throaty" or "na-



sal" tone); second, curtailed range of pitch; third, curtailed range of loud and soft; fourth, impaired flexibility; fifth, faulty intonation; sixth, the tremolo. Practically all possible vocal defects due to this one condition!

Mr. Taylor's final result is as simple as his argument is ingenious; he says:

Nothing could well be simpler than the dropping of the mechanical idea. . . . Call the pupil's attention always to the quality of the tones, and never to the throat. Cease to talk of breathing and of laryngeal action, and these subjects will never suggest themselves to the student's mind. Continue to have the student sing vocalises, scales, songs, and arias, just as at present. Teach the student to listen closely to his own voice, and familiarize him with correct models of singing. This covers the whole ground of rational voice culture.

Mr. Josef Hofmann has managed to condense in the less than seventy pages of his "Piano Playing: A Little Book of Simple Suggestions" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) a great deal of wise counsel, not only on the technics, but also on the æsthetics, of his subject. There are chapters on "The Piano and Its Player," "General Rules," "Correct Touch and Technique," "The Use of the Pedal," "Playing 'in Style'" and "How Rubinstein Taught Me to Play"—all enlightening in matter, and pleasantly, often wittily, expressed. Mr. Hofmann is keen at discovering and exposing popular fallacies. Take, for example, the following on interpretation:

It is sometimes said that the too objective study of a piece may impair the "individuality" of its rendition. Have no fear of that! If ten players study the same piece with the same high degree of exactness and objectivity—depend upon it: each one will still play it quite differently from the nine others, though each one may think his rendition the only correct one. . . . The player should always feel convinced that he plays only what is written. To the auditor, who with his

own and different intelligence follows the player's performance, the piece will appear in the light of the player's individuality.

Would that composers as well as pianists might profit by this wise advice!

There is a perceptive paragraph on the error of "inferring the conception of a composition *from the name of its composer*."

We find some of Beethoven's works as romantic and fanciful as any of Schumann's or Chopin's could be, while some of the latter's works show at times a good deal of Beethovenish classicity [*sic*]. Every great master has written some works that are, and some that are not, typical of himself.

Perhaps the most original passage is that in which the modern coloristic use of the damper pedal is discussed:

There are in many pieces moments where a blending of tones, seemingly foreign to one another, is a means of characterization. This blending is especially permissible when the passing (foreign) tones are more than one octave removed from the lowest tone and from the harmony built upon it. In this connection it should be remembered that the pedal is not merely a means of tone prolongation, but also a means of coloring—and pre-eminently that. . . . At times we can produce strange, glasslike effects by purposely mixing non-harmonic tones. . . . Such blendings are productive of a multitude of effects, especially when we add the agency of dynamic gradation: effects suggestive of winds from Zephyr to Boreas, of the splash and roar of waves, of fountain play, of rustling leaves, etc.

Altogether Mr. Hofmann's book, in spite of its brevity, is an important addition to the literature of the piano.

The "Musical Memories" of Mr. George P. Upton, the well-known music critic of the *Chicago Tribune* (A. C. McClurg and Co.), bears the sub-title, "My Recollections of Celebrities of the Half Century 1850-1900." It is a book of rather superficial gossip and reminiscence, pleasantly written, and profusely illustrated with photographs of "celebrities." Among the singers we meet

are Jenny Lind, Adelina Patti, Sontag, Alboni, Nilsson, Lucca, Gerster, Materna, Lehmann, Brignoli, Campanini; of the violinists the most notable are Ole Bull, Remenyi, Viouxtemps, Wieniawski and Wilhelmj; and of the pianists Thalberg, Gottschalk, Rubinstein, and Von Bülow. The best chapter is that dealing with Theodore Thomas, whose "rugged honesty" and loyalty to high artistic ideals are illustrated in many ways. It will be noted by those curious in such matters that the story told of Maurice Grau on page 160 used to be heard in Boston with John Stetson as its hero, while the footlight speech ascribed on page 123 to Brignoli has in recent years been attributed to Mr. Svecenski of the Kneisel Quartet.

Two recent biographies of considerable interest are Mr. Ernest Newman's "Richard Strauss," in the Living Masters of Music series issued by John Lane, and Mr. Lawrence Gilman's "Edward MacDowell," an amplification of his former monograph in the same series. Mr. Newman has long been known as one of the ablest and most liberal of English critics of music; and this small book on Strauss is a masterpiece of sympathetic insight, well-balanced judgment and lucid presentation. Mr. Newman's views on the symphonic poems of Strauss, set forth in the chapter on the "Later Instrumental Works," may be summarized as follows: Strauss's greatest achievement has been the welding of musical and poetic form vainly attempted by Berlioz and Liszt. He had the penetration to see at about the time "Aus Italien" was written (1886) that the traditional sonata-form was not suited to his genius, and his works from "Aus Italien" to the "Symphonia Domestica" (1903) are all based on freer but essentially logical plans manipulated with remarkable skill. After "Till Eulenspiegel" (1894), however, an element of perversity and love for the grotesque made itself more and more felt in his music, sadly marring such splendid works as

"Ein Heldenleben," "Don Quixote" and the "Symphonia Domestica."

Says Mr. Newman in summarizing this brilliant chapter:

Strauss has given a new life and new meaning to the symphonic poem. He has put at once more brains, more music, and more technique into it than any of his predecessors or contemporaries. . . . At its best his orchestral music is as finely and firmly woven as the best of purely abstract music can be. . . . He has greatly enlarged the boundaries of musical expression; the blend of humor and pathos in "Don Quixote," in particular, is something wholly new in music. It is not emotion that he lacks, but that balance of all the faculties that one sees in the very greatest artists. There is something excessive, *dérégulé*, in his nature. . . . A new orchestral work that should have the rounded unity and uninterruptedly high seriousness of "Tod und Verklärung," together with the large sweep and subtler emotion of "Don Quixote" and "Ein Heldenleben," would indeed be something unique in modern music. Will Strauss ever give us this?

Of Strauss's orchestration we read:

It is quite true that he is sometimes excessively noisy, and that he often falls a victim to the modern mania for using a pot of paint where a mere brushful would do equally well or better. . . . But on the whole his orchestration is the most daring and successful thing of its kind since Berlioz's. . . . In spite of its many uglinesses and frequent miscalculations it is a marvellous storehouse of new and wonderful effects of tone-color.

Separate chapters are devoted to Strauss's life, to the early instrumental works, to the songs (of which Mr. Newman thinks only twenty or thirty can rank as perfect successes) and the choral works, and to the operas; and there is a list of compositions. Mr. Alfred Kalisch adds an introductory chapter on "Richard Strauss: the Man."

Mr. Gilman's book, in its critical aspects, is by no means so satisfactory as Mr. Newman's. It is written from the standpoint of the MacDowell-enthusiast: the merits of the music are praised in superlatives, and little

attempt is made to define weaknesses, such as are inevitable in all human work. The result is a lack of balance, of just proportion and clear perspective. The most striking example is this extraordinary statement in regard to MacDowell's four piano sonatas:

If there is anything in the literature of the piano since the death of Beethoven which, for combined passion, dignity, breadth of style, weight of momentum and irresistible plangency of emotion, is comparable to the four sonatas, . . . I do not know of it.

One thinks of Schumann's sonatas, of Chopin's ballades and polonaises, of Brahms's rhapsodies—and rubs one's eyes. Surely MacDowell, who was the soul of modesty, would have deprecated such exorbitant claims on his behalf.

Moreover, Mr. Gilman certainly palliates some of his hero's faults. While admitting his fondness for "suspensions in the chord of the diminished seventh," for example, he seems to condone, or not to perceive, the almost intolerable monotony of color that frequently results from such methods. Nor does he appear to recognize the drawbacks of MacDowell's highly massive and un-polyphonic mode of writing for the piano.

Nevertheless, there is much to profit by even in the critical part of the book (as, for instance, the sound common sense of the remarks on "American" music, at page 135), while the biographical part, save for a slight rhetorical elaborateness, is delightful. The author brings out clearly the lovable personality of MacDowell—his idealism, his poetic imagination, his modesty; and he sketches with sufficient detail the main events of his life, setting forth with justice to both sides the pathetic episode of his university teaching—one of the most disastrous attempts ever made by Apollo to serve Admetus.

Especially interesting are the quotations from MacDowell's critical

writings, showing both penetrative insight and a faculty for literary expression.

Schumann's music [he says] represents the rhapsodical reverie of an inspired poet to whom no imaginative vagary seems strange or alien, and who has the faculty of relating his visions, never attempting to give them coherence, and unaware of their character until perhaps when, awakened from his dream, he naïvely wonders what they may have meant.

He has summed up in the following sentences all that need be said on the vexed subject of form:

Form should be nothing more than a synonym for *coherence*. No idea, whether great or small, can find utterance without form; but that form will be inherent in the idea, and there will be as many forms as there are adequately expressed ideas in the world.

MacDowell's literary instinct shows itself clearly in his feeling for titles. "To a Wild Rose," "At an Old Trysting Place," "Told at Sunset," "To the Sea," "Starlight," "From the Depths," "In Mid-Ocean," "An Old Garden," "In Deep Woods," "The Joy of Autumn"—such names are in themselves works of art.

Mr. Gilman's book is illustrated by photographs of MacDowell's country place at Peterboro, N. H., portraits, and facsimiles of manuscript.

Books of untechnical information about music, written in an impressionistic, rhapsodical and sometimes sentimental style, and by authors little versed in the subject treated, multiply rapidly in these days. There is undoubted demand for such books; but unfortunately publishers are too apt to consider accuracy, discrimination and even grammar unnecessary in their manufacture. Miss Ida Prentice Whitcomb's "Young People's Story of Music" (Dodd, Mead and Company), at any rate, is a slipshod piece of work, crude in conception, slovenly in style and positively bristling with errors. We find, for instance, Schubertiade for Schubertiade (p. 346), Waldestein for Wald-

stein (323), Chiara for Chiarina (352), Dunka for Dumka (397), Korsokoff for Korsakoff and Glazounoff for Glazounoff (399) and "*von Beethoven*" throughout. Debussy and MacDowell are credited with symphonies, while Mozart, who wrote forty-nine, is allowed only seventeen, and the three mentioned specifically are wrongly numbered. The style is so haphazard as to be at times positively obscure, as where we are told that Bach wrote dance music for the piano, "as well as for the clavi-chord and the harpsichord, the stately sarabande, and the brilliant gavotte." The old familiar anecdotes, mostly apocryphal, about musicians are solemnly retold, and there is hardly a word about music itself.

Dr. Louis Adolphe Coerne's "The Evolution of Modern Orchestration" (Macmillan) shows traces of its academic origin (it was a thesis for the doctor's degree at Harvard). It is learned, painstaking, thorough, but not quite suited to any one class of readers, being in places too technical for the layman, and seldom specific enough for the professional musician. It suffers, moreover, from a diffuse and specious though facile style. Dr. Coerne is inclined to call a spade an agricultural implement; as witness the following:

Indeed, although the centripetal ideal that guided him [Handel] was spontaneous and original, it must be acknowledged that in the setting of his brilliants is to be found an extraneous aggrandizement, resulting, not from eclecticism, but from plagiarism.

Nor has the mixed metaphor any terror for Dr. Coerne, who hesitates not to speak of the "evolution" of a "renaissance," or of "adding fuel" to a "predilection."

In spite of these infelicities of manner, however, and of the above-mentioned hovering between the too technical and the vaguely general, there is much solid research and much luminous criticism in Dr. Coerne's

book. Particularly admirable is the summary of orchestral eras in the "Conclusion," in which a rapid but adequate survey is made of the history of orchestration.

"Stokes's Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians," compiled by Mr. L. J. DeBekker, is a valuable, in some respects a unique, reference book, containing, as stated in the preface,

definitions of musical terms simply expressed; biographies of all musicians worthy of remembrance; explanations of the theory of music, without technicalities; the stories of all the important operas, beside all the matters usually included in musical encyclopedias.

The biographies are condensed but well proportioned, a happy idea being the placing immediately after the musician's name of his most notable achievements. The expositions of technical and acoustic terms are brief but clear. The promise that the book is to be a "record of fact and not of opinion" is in most cases fulfilled; but the author's animus against Richard Strauss proves too much for him.

No work of this kind can be without errors; and for the sake of the next edition the following may be noted: Under the caption "C" we read that middle C is produced by 522 vibrations; the C thus produced is the one an octave higher, as is stated correctly under the caption "Pitch." "Alla Breve" is misleadingly defined as "quick common time." The definition of "Episode" is incorrect. Only three symphonies are attributed to Mahler. As to omissions, one wonders why Mr. DeKoven's "Robin Hood" should have a special article, while Mr. Herbert's "Red Mill" is not even mentioned. There is no mention of Max Reger nor of Mr. Harold Bauer.

In spite, however, of these shortcomings, Stokes's Encyclopedia is certainly a volume which "no musician's library should be without."



## The Lounger



THE home of Enos A. Mills, author of "Wild Life on the Rockies," is Estes Park, Colorado, where he conducts the Long's Peak Inn at the foot of one of the highest mountains, and where for more than twenty years he was the Long's

Peak guide. He has tramped over the Rockies in summer and winter, usually alone and carrying no firearms or bedding and only, à la Fletcher, a pocketful of raisins or peanuts for food. He is now United States Forest Agent. His book tells of exciting adventures with snowslides, wild beasts and rough weather; of the forest and the animal life of the Rockies; it describes the beauties of the mountains and the delights of camping among them. One chapter gives the authentic and interesting autobiography of a thousand-year-old pine, which Mr.

Mills deciphered after a careful dissection of its fallen trunk. The autobiography of a thousand-year-old tree should be as interesting—though in quite another way—as the autobiography of a mummy.

Early in February a cablegram brought tidings of the death—at Luxor, Egypt, of pneumonia—of Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, widow of the noted architect. Mrs. Hunt was born in the house built by her father, the late Samuel Shaw Howland, at

the northeast corner of Washington Square and Fifth Avenue—a typical old New York "mansion," afterwards occupied by the late Mayor Edward Cooper. In her girlhood she enjoyed all the advantages of foreign education and travel; and immediately after her marriage, in 1861, she and her husband went to Paris and entered upon the delightful art life with which he had been associated in his student days. This experience, together with the more conventional social life to which she was born, exerted a broadening influence, which affected all her



ENOS A. MILLS

interests, and rendered her capable of touching many sides of life with sympathetic understanding. So widespread were her interests, so unsparing her efforts to use every means, social or personal, to aid



From the painting by William Morris Hunt

MRS. RICHARD MORRIS HUNT

practically those who appealed to her, that it is doubtful whether there is any woman in New York to whose boundless sympathy and never-failing aid a greater variety of people could testify. Wholly free from any assumption of superiority, the social status of those with whom she came in contact carried absolutely no weight with her. Mrs. Hunt numbered

among her friends not only the members of the old social and conventional régime, but many of the best-known literary and artistic men and women of her time and many who laid no claim to eminence of any sort whatever.

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Mrs. Hunt's administrative ability was early shown on the executive committee of the great Sanitary Fair, on which she served. Being the youngest member, she was selected to write the check for the proceeds (a million dollars) which the committee turned over to the Government. Into all the details of her husband's professional work she entered with keen interest and intelligent comprehension. During the constructive period of the Chicago World's Fair,

when for a long while he was almost incapacitated by illness, she was constantly at his side, organizing and directing for him, and forwarding his great work until he could take it up again himself. She was one of the founders of the Lincoln Memorial Hospital; and the Island Mission, which ameliorates the condition of unfortunates on



Blackwell's Island, has long borne her name as its secretary. Of the Society of Decorative Art, which has done so much to benefit women, she was a founder and one of its most zealous supporters. And there were few public enterprises, during her distinguished husband's life, that did not bear her name coupled with his, and enjoy the advantage of her co-operation. Mrs. Hunt was very active in the affairs of Grace Church, until ill-health prevented; and even then she remained the "Choir Mother" of the choristers, ministering to their interests with all the warmheartedness with which she was so abundantly endowed. William Morris Hunt, the distinguished painter, was her brother-in-law.



Those who wept and cheered at Mme. Sembrich's farewell at the Metropolitan Opera House, and later at the farewell dinner given her at the Hotel Astor, will be glad to hear that just before she sailed away she signed a contract to return and sing in concert. So her farewell was only a "near" farewell. She said adieu to the opera, but not to the concert stage. I have no doubt but that her manager appreciates the great value of the publicity gained by the "farewell" and the presents and the cheers and the tears and the kisses. Not a paper in the country but had an account of the famous singer's last appearance in opera, and of the speeches and the testimonial and all the rest of it. It was a worthy tribute to a famous artist, and if it helps her to get richer than she was before, I shall be the last one to scoff. She deserves every penny she gets. She has given us much pleasure and will continue to do so, and we have given her much money and will continue to do so. The farewells of a prima-donna remind me of the eggs sold in the market, which are variously labelled "eggs," "fresh eggs" and "fresh-laid eggs." There are always the "farewell," the "second farewell" and the "final farewell";

then there is usually another round of farewells, not labelled; and this round goes on forever. I could n't count the number of Patti farewells that I have attended; and the end is not yet. The public is always taken in, but it does n't care; and why should it? If a singer says that she has done singing at fifty and goes on singing till she is sixty and more, it is her affair, not mine. Only I would suggest that she do not wait till it is too late—until her voice is gone and the public wishes that she had gone with it.



I wonder why Madame Eames was allowed to take her farewell of the operatic stage with so little excitement, while Madame Sembrich went off amid the rockets' red glare and the music of the bands? It was hardly known that Madame Eames was going to say good-bye until the night that she said it on the very same stage where such a to-do had been made over Madame Sembrich's farewell. I have heard no explanation of this silence on the part of Madame Eames's admirers, and I cannot but wonder at it. Madame Eames has been contributing largely to our enjoyment of opera in this city for the past twenty years. She is an American and has one of the finest voices, one of the most reliable, the purest and most sympathetic, ever heard upon the Metropolitan Opera House stage. Personally, I should rather hear Madame Eames sing than Madame Sembrich. I like the quality of her voice better, and I think her a great artist; whether as great, or greater, than Madame Sembrich I am not enough of a musical critic to say; but I know that I find a sympathetic quality in her voice that, to me, is lacking in Sembrich's. Madame Eames, like Madame Sembrich, will be heard here in concert, but not again in opera. I am glad that we are to hear her again in any circumstances, but I regret that it will not be in opera, as there are certain rôles in which she has no rival.



W. J. LOCKE AT HOME

The Lounger's guess for author of "Margarita's Soul"

Are you reading "Margarita's Soul" in the *American Magazine*? No? Then lose no time, but buy the back numbers and begin at once. The name of the author is given as Ingraham Lovell. That may be his name, but I have my doubts. If Du Maurier were living, and had ever been in

America, I should think that he was the author of the story, trying to disguise his style but not succeeding very well. That guess being ruled out, my next one is W. J. Locke; for it is in his "Marcus Ordyné" manner. Margarita is a sort of American Carlotta. If the author is

confessed by the time this paragraph appears in print, you will probably see that I am right. I should rather be wrong however and find that there were two authors capable of turning out such delightful stories. After all's said and done, there is a good deal of fun in anonymity. It sets people guessing, and to the author it brings something like an opportunity of reading his own obituary. He gets the frank, unprejudiced opinion of the reading public on his work, for he hears himself discussed and can read about himself quite as an outsider. He can even take part in the discussion and, if put to it, may write a scathing criticism of his own story, for he would hardly be likely to praise it, in the circumstances.

Mr. Harold Gorst, the English writer and lecturer, has made an impression over here with his somewhat sensationally named lecture, "The Curse of Education." What he means is that the wrong kind of education is a curse. A good deal that Mr. Gorst says must be taken in a Pickwickian sense and not *au pied de la lettre*. Here are some of the things:

Ignorance is a stimulus to the imagination, while cramming the mind with theoretical or book knowledge destroys its normal functions of observation, reflection and of giving out in an original form a creation of its own.

Books are therefore dangerous things unless handled with discrimination. The aim of the majority of schools and colleges seems to be to cram the mind with knowledge beyond its normal capacity and without paying the least regard to individual powers of mental digestion.

If I were asked to advise young people I would recommend them never to set before themselves as an ideal of culture the widest possible range of reading. You cannot expect in a single lifetime to read one-tenth part of the books that you will constantly hear referred to as indispensable to a cultured mind. And if you did you would become that terrible thing a well read person. Your mind

would no longer be yours. It would only be a pale and cosmopolitan reflection of a conglomeration of standard authors.

This advice is better for the teacher than the pupil. The teacher understands it and, let us hope, will profit by it, while the pupil might find in it an excuse for not studying. Mr. Gorst is an object-lesson in speaking. He knows what to say and how to say it, and it is a pleasure to hear English so well spoken. I am told that he is so pleased with America and her institutions that he proposes staying with us even longer than he at first intended. It is all so like home, he is quoted as saying, only younger and more enthusiastic. His brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, intends to make his permanent home in this country. Of course he will visit England occasionally; indeed, he is already making plans to that end, and will produce his successful play "The Servant in the House," in London, soon, with Mr. Henry Miller in the part of the drain-digger. Mr. Kennedy has a new play in which Mr. Henry Miller will play the rôle of a blacksmith. Mr. Miller had some thought of playing the part of the Faith-Healer, in Mr. Moody's play of that name, but on second thought decided that his physique was against him. He is built more in the mould of the hero of "The Great Divide," or of a sturdy blacksmith, than of a faith-healer. Mr. Moody's play has been published for some time; it has also been in rehearsal; but at the date of this writing, it has not yet been produced for want of a proper actor for the title rôle.

What between suffrage and socialism, the women of this country are having a lively time. It is fashionable to have views that are mildly socialistic and violently suffragist. The suffragists feel that they have put a great feather in their cap by having won over Mrs. Clarence Mackay to their cause. They point



From the painting by John W. Alexander

MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY

to her gowns with pride, saying, by way of argument, that the scoffers may see that all suffragists are not frumps, that the old-time idea that a suffragist wore a featherless hat and a severe expression of countenance no longer holds. You will see as many feathers and furbelows at a suffrage meeting as you will at a meeting of anti-suffragists, and the former regard this as a great card. As an offset to Mrs. Mackay, her gowns, her youth and her good looks, the "Antis" set up Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.



I am afraid that the two causes (the suffrage for women, and socialism) are too nearly alike to make the former a safe proposition. Mr. Hillquit, in his recent volume of Socialistic Studies, advocates votes for women on the ground that it would mean socialism; and socialism, he seems to think, is the only remedy for the ills of the working class.



Mr. F. Townsend Martin seems to have inherited the mantle of the late Ward McAllister. He is, however, more than an arbiter of fashion. He is an arbiter of philanthropy as well. He seeks to unite society and the stage, and he would give the favored class an object lesson in poverty and vice. Mr. Martin does everything on a grand scale; and he does not hide his light under a bushel, but places it upon a hilltop where all may see it. Certain other of our philanthropists—Mr. John S. Kennedy, for example—does not like his right hand to know what his left hand is doing, though both are engaged in doing good. Mr. Martin has no such false modesty; not only he but the hotel at which he "stops" are constantly in the limelight. When he wishes his fashionable friends to "know how the other half" live, he does not ask them to put on their oldest clothes and go down to the slums in the street-cars. That would never do. He gives them a big dinner at his big hotel and invites

Mme. Nordica to sing to them, and tells the press at what day and at what hour he and his "slumming party" will start out on their crusade.

He is warring on tuberculosis, and he engages a well-known socialist to speak. The people will come out of their crowded tenements to hear the speaker and the singer, and their names and that of Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin will appear in big type in the newspapers; as will also, of course, that of the big hotel in which Mr. Martin lives. If fashionable dinner-parties and music and ostentation generally can stamp out tuberculosis, then Mr. Martin is going to do it.



A reporter who recently interviewed Mr. Martin on the subject of his war on tuberculosis, asked him, apropos of nothing, if he had ever been in business.

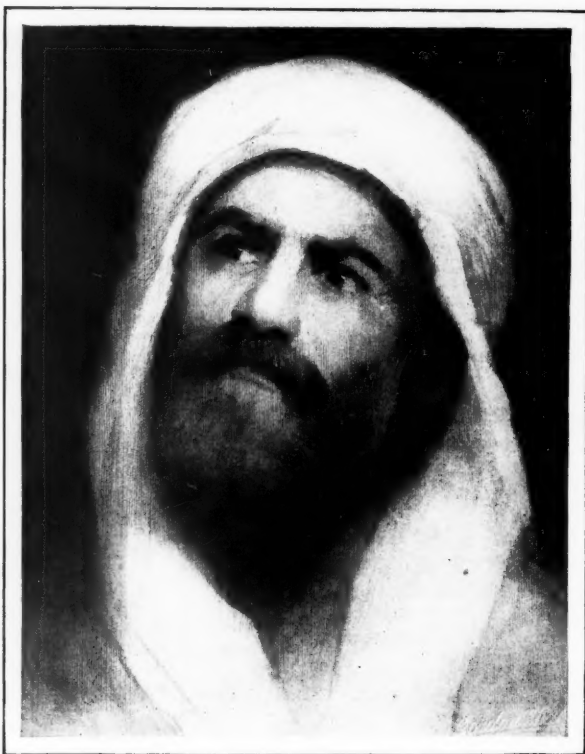
"No," replied Mr. Martin, "I inherited all my wealth. Coming back to the subject of tuberculosis, you do not realize the dangers to which you are daily subjected. You cannot tell at what instant those germs will strike you. They are in the air—everywhere—fluttering about you." Then, after a moment's pause, he added:

"I have no motives in the case whatsoever, except those which come from my heart and are based upon my philanthropy and good-will toward my fellow-men. I am not in business and would not be benefited personally."

No, Mr. Martin is not in business, unless you call hard work in the cause of fashion business. It takes time and it takes money and Mr. Martin seems to have plenty of both. If he can do any good with his time and his money, no one will quarrel with his methods, amusing though they be.



Having heard that no likeness existed of Raisuli, the Moroccan bandit, and knowing Mr. Ion Perdicaris to be an artist, I wrote to the latter, as soon as he was rescued



AN UNINTENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF RAISULI

from the clutches of the former, to ask if he had thought to make a sketch of him during the enforced idleness of his captivity. Mr. Perdicaris answered that it would have been as much as his life was worth to attempt to do so, so great was his captor's aversion to being painted, photographed or sketched. No actual portrait of him exists. But two or three years ago, while on a visit to America, the former captive accidentally came upon an oil sketch of a man's head which bore so close a resemblance to the great marauder, that he immediately bought it. If the artist had had Raisuli before him, he could not have made a better likeness of him, Mr. Perdicaris says. Not only are the features his, but the expression also, the quick upward glance, in particular, being charac-

teristic of the wily Mohammedan mountaineer. At my request, Mr. Perdicaris has kindly sent me a photograph from the original, which is one of his treasured possessions—a memento of a most interesting and unusual experience.



As for Raisuli himself, he seems to bear a charmed life. He is sometimes reported captured and at other times killed; but he always manages to retain his freedom and to outwit his enemies. For failing to make what they considered a fair division of the money received in ransom of the colonel of the Sultan's body-

guard, General Sir Harry Aubrey de Maclean (Kaïd Maclean), he was ambushed and fired upon, last spring, but the tribesmen merely scotched, not killed him. Only a year ago the Chereefian government seriously proposed making the great bandit Minister of War; and now (on his promise to restore the Maclean ransom money, and not oppose Europeans) the new Sultan has made him Governor of the province of Djebala.



Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the doyen of musical critics in this city, has written a history of Opera in New York beginning with the beginning and coming down to Hammerstein. Perhaps no man could have written such a history better than Mr. Krehbiel; certainly none other could



be better equipped for the task. As the understudy for, and finally the successor of, John R. G. Hassard, musical critic of the *New York Tribune*, he has heard every opera that has been sung in this city for a quarter of a century and more. Ever since the Metropolitan Opera House was built, he has sat in the same seat, and even those who do not know who he is are familiar with his face and figure. But most frequenters of the opera do know who he is, and most lovers of music read his criticisms, whether they like them or not or whether they read anything else in the paper for which he writes—except, perhaps, Mr. William Winter's criticisms of the drama. I say that lovers of music read Mr. Krehbiel's criticisms of music whether they like them or not, because they are not in accord with everybody's taste. He is not what I should call a catholic critic, for he is so devoted to German opera that he can see little good in any other. One expects a critic to have his likes and dislikes, for he is as human as the next; but at the same time he should be able to see the good in anything that is good, and be generous enough to say so. Take it for all in all, Mr. Krehbiel has written a readable and valuable book, which no one who is interested in the subject can afford to leave out of his library. It is not written in a drily historical manner, but in the entertaining manner of the journalist; and it is comprehensive.



And yet, comprehensive as it is, he fails to say one word about the best-known American prima-donna of her day—Clara Louise Kellogg. I found her name several times in the index and looked up the pages to which it referred, but only to find the same thing,—a mere mention of her name among others. And yet to Annie Louise Cary, a contemporary of Miss Kellogg's, he gives far more than her proportionate share of attention. Miss Kellogg was the first American prima-donna to take a name for herself abroad. She

sang in opera at Her Majesty's, London, in St. Petersburg and in Vienna, she was a favorite singer at the old Academy of Music in New York in its palmiest days; and she was equally popular on the concert stage. She created the rôle of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" in this country, and was the first to be heard here in "Crispino." When she headed an opera company of her own, which she did with an English organization as well as an Italian, she gave us Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" for the first time in New York. And yet Mr. Krehbiel, the historian of opera in New York, says not a single word about her voice, her work as a manager of her own operacompanies, or what her name stood for in her art. Is this fair to his readers? I think not; and it is obviously unfair to Clara Louise Kellogg.



The present fashion of tight-fitting gowns is causing women many unhappy hours. How to get thin and to keep thin is the one and only problem—that, and the suffrage. I heard a lecture, not long ago, in the course of which the lecturer told her hearers (ladies all) that the only way to keep their health and do away with their hips, was to go without breakfast of any sort. Not a drop of food, solid or liquid, must pass their lips before one o'clock in the day. "Not even a drop of water from your tooth-brush." What sort of rubbish is this? I know of a woman who tried the experiment and almost died under it. To be sure she did reduce her weight. She could wear gowns that at her normal size—and she was never stout—she could not have squeezed into; but she was losing her health so fast that her next gown would probably have been a shroud. Fasting is a fad, though the faddist errs in the right direction. Most people eat too much, but there is certainly a sane half-way between too much and none at all. It is a queer world in which

Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some would eat that want it.



Photograph by Hollinger

ZONA GALE

Mr. Hall Caine, taking the public into his confidence in the matter of his literary beginnings, tells us that he earned only \$1500 a year during the first year of his novel-writing. He seems to think this very poor pay even for a beginning. I wonder how many writers will agree with him? To me it seems very good pay "for a starter." I know a number of young men who would drop their salaries and rush into writing if they thought that they would make as much as

\$1500 the first year. That is a brave showing, though Mr. Caine calls it a "stiff struggle." That much money goes a great deal farther in England than it does in this country, although it is not a fortune anywhere. Mr. Caine's confidences appeared in "My Story," his autobiography, and were commented upon in the *London Bookman* by other writers who, while they did not say so in so many words, wondered what he had to grumble about. All things are comparative, and compared with what he earns to-day \$1500 a year is as nothing to Mr. Caine; but he can get no sympathetic tears from his fellow craftsmen by this tale of his so-called "stiff struggle."

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I do not pretend to say that there are not first books that have made more money than \$1500. Much of the "big money" made by novelists in the past few years has been made by first books. It is not necessary to name them all, but "The Helmet of Navarre," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch" and "David Harum" (to mention only these) were first books. A young writer of fiction who is just arriving tells me that before his first novel appeared, he worked like a dog

to make a living, and not a very good one. Take Miss Zona Gale, who may be said to have arrived, and very much so: she wrote night and day before she published her two successful books. Now I fancy she will take things easier. I remember once that she had stories in eight magazines in the same month. That surely means hard work as well as popularity. But Miss Zona Gale has swept past all that now.



The talk about having a censor of plays in this country is all nonsense. We do not want any such official. They have one in England, and what has he done for the stage over there? He has stopped "Monna Vanna" and permitted "Zaza." A censorship is a futile office. Public opinion should be our censor, and usually is. Just now there are three plays running in this city, or were at the time this paragraph was written, that are an offence to the nostrils. They should be taken off the stage by an uprising of theatregoers. Of these three one is called a great moral lesson; perhaps it is. The other two are, unquestionably, great immoral lessons. They were written to attract the degenerate and the senile, and they have succeeded in so doing. I have not seen either of these plays and wild horses could not drag me to see them. Then what right have I to condemn them unheard? someone asks. Is it necessary to visit the lower regions in order to warn sinners of their fate? I have read enough and heard enough from eyewitnesses to know what these three plays are; so why should I degrade myself by attending a performance of any one of them? I am not Puritan, but I do think that there is a limit to which the playwright may go. A woman would be arrested who walked in the streets or appeared in a restaurant dressed, or undressed, as are the unfortunates who appear in two of these plays; and yet they are allowed to appear in the limelight before an audience. My pity goes out to the poor girls who

earn their meagre salaries by such degrading means; my indignation and contempt are for the managers who use them as decoys to put money in their pockets. It needs no censor to prevent these plays. It needs only a little reflection on the part of the public. We can generally trust the American people to do the decent thing.



That the Syndicate have given out that they will not book indecent plays is to their credit; but as, according to the managers of these plays, they have already been booked, it is not going to help us much in the present crusade against indecency on the stage. It is unfortunate that we should have our stage smirched by such plays as have been seen on it during the past winter, but it is fortunate in so far as it has aroused the public against the money-making-at-all-hazards idea on the part of some managers. As I have said before, we do not want a censor of plays but will be our own censors. We don't even want Mr. Anthony Comstock to interfere, because we have no respect for Mr. Comstock's judgment.



Some one has written to the *Times* suggesting that we have a theatre devoted to the revival of plays. I have often thought that this would be interesting. I doubt if it would be worth while to have a theatre devoted solely to that purpose, but I do think it would be interesting to see again plays that were once popular but are now shelved or have gone into "stock," particularly if they could be revived with the original cast. In these days of ready-made "stars," however, it would be hard to get an original cast together. An actor or actress who makes the least little hit is immediately made a star. Take the actors in Clyde Fitch's amusing comedy "Girls." In the old days there is not one who would not have been a stock actor and

stayed a stock actor for a long time. Any one of these people might have been playing small parts in Mr. Daly's company, and he would never have thought of making them "stars," nor would any one else; and yet three, possibly four, of the people in the original cast of "Girls" are to have plays written for their special peculiarities and are to be "starred." Miss Zelda Sears, who plays the part of Miss Purcell, the lady across the well-hole, and is inimitable in that rôle, is to have a play built for her by Mr. Fitch along the same lines. Mr. Charles Cherry, who is good enough, but who is not particularly notable in his part in the play, has had a play built for him by Mr. Fitch which includes a part built for Miss Maycliffe. Now Miss Maycliffe is very amusing in "Girls," having a funny little drawl and a piquant little face; but these hardly seem to me to be sufficient material out of which to make a star or even a leading lady. Perhaps Mr. Fitch only calls them "stars" to flatter their vanity and, after all, makes them mere parts in a well-organized whole.



As I understand it, the New Theatre is going to give us revivals of the old comedies, such as "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," etc., but of none more modern; and yet there have been some very amusing-modern comedies, such as "Our Boys," "Caste" and, later, some of Oscar Wilde's plays, that would be very pleasant to see again, but which will probably never be revived except by stock companies. It is a pity we have no good stock company in New York. As tastes in the drama, as well as in literature, seem to run in cycles, perhaps some day we shall have a stock company as good as Daly's, but we should have to have as good a manager as Daly at the head of it.



We can have Anglo-American singers but we cannot have English

opera. That seems to be the unvarnished truth. Why is this? Mr. Henderson, the musical critic of the *Sun*, says that it is "because English is sung like Choctaw." If English is sung like Choctaw, this would seem to explain the difficulty. But is there any reason why English should be sung like Choctaw? I cannot see any, except that English is not taught in our schools, public or private—that is, the speaking of English is not. I have heard successful teachers who spoke as bad English as the most uneducated. As to pronunciation, that of the average educated American is villanous. I have heard men, and women too, "use the broad a" and in the same sentence talk about "dawgs." Once I ventured to ask a teacher, with whom I was on most friendly terms, why he called a dog a "dawg," and he answered promptly that the latter was the American pronunciation. I said that I was sorry to know it. What else could I say? He was a teacher of the English language. I have long since ceased to shudder when I hear educated people pronounce "gone" as if it rhymed with "dawn."

As for the tortured *r*, its frequency is so continuous that I have almost failed to notice it, except in the most flagrant cases. There was a time when an actor or actress who tied this unhappy letter into hard knots had no opportunity to be heard outside the "ten-twenty-and-thirty" houses. Now they are to be seen and heard in all our best theatres. In most countries you go to the theatres to hear the language spoken correctly and with elegance. I am sorry for the foreigner who studies our language from our stage.



Mr. Maugham, the successful young English playwright, author of "The Explorer" and "The Magician," is a physician at St. Thomas's Hospital, London. The hero of "The Magician" is also a young doctor; but it is not he, but the magician, who tries to make human beings.



W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Poor Poe! What would he have thought could he have celebrated his own centenary? Columns of praise in the papers, pages in the magazines, poems sung to him, editorials devoted to him and his work, now that he is dead and buried. Europe has always been more appreciative of Poe's genius than his own country. France, we may say, was almost his discoverer. England has held him up to our admiration for many years. And yet while he was living, right here in New York, we neglected him to the verge of starvation. We called him a drunkard, a shiftless, "no-account" creature. Now we have grave doubts about his drinking; and if he was as shiftless as has been said, how could he have been so painstaking in his work? The *London Times*, which devoted a page to celebrating the centennial of his birth, said editorially:

It is certain that he was an industrious, methodical, and conscientious artist; indeed, too conscientious to make a living; for he would write nothing without making it as good as he could, and for his best he was often paid no more than if he had been the most slovenly hack. In fact, it was his virtues rather than his vices that destroyed him. He might have endured life hardly enough, if he had not been determined to do no bad work, and if he had not loved his wife so passionately through eight years of illness that, when it ended with her death, he was a broken man.

Poe might have written as did another poet, who, by the way, did not suffer from the same neglect:

Good friends, a discount on your grief!  
A little present help were worth  
More than a sorrow-stricken earth  
When I am but a stricken leaf.  
An outstretched hand were better to me  
Than your glib graveyard sympathy.  
You need not pity and rhyme and paint me,  
You need not weep for, and sigh for, and  
saint me  
After you 've starved me—driven me dead.  
Friends! do you hear? What I want is  
bread!



Are we not in danger of doing

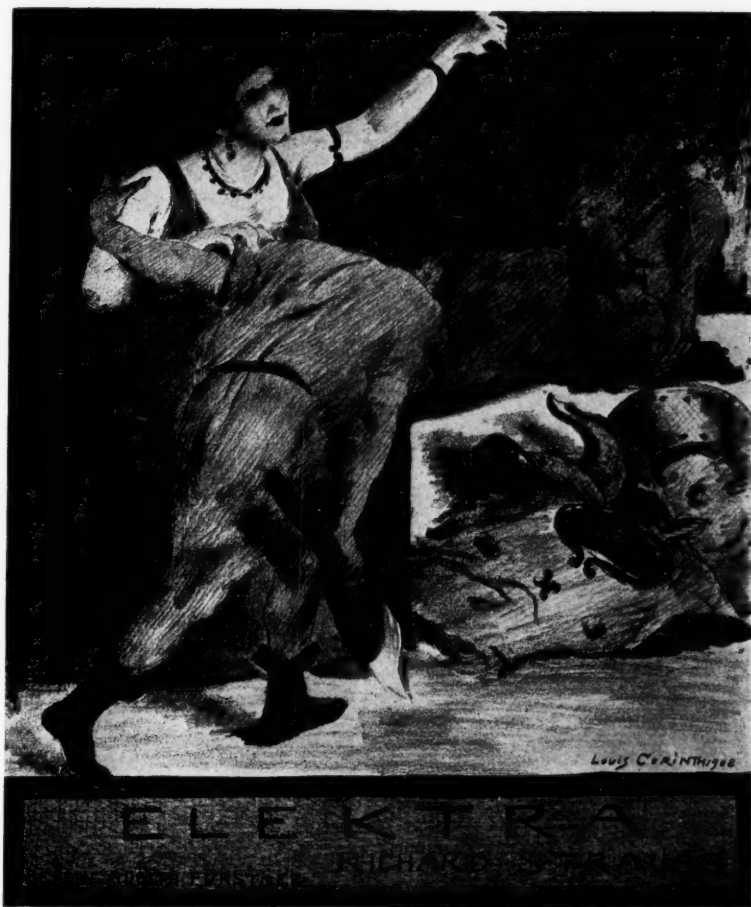
Lincoln injustice? It is well that a great man and a good one—and especially one who gave his life for his country—should be honored on the centenary of his birth. But is it necessary that he should be apotheosized? His mother said that he never gave her a moment's trouble. Boys of whom that can be said are not apt to become famous—more's the pity. From all accounts he seems never to have said or done anything that he had reason to regret. He appears never to have made a mistake, was always on the right side, was preternaturally wise in council, temperate in speech, charitable, a sagacious commander-in-chief, an extraordinary orator and one of the best writers that ever lived; and he never told an anecdote or cracked a joke without an ulterior and excellent motive.

If we don't look out, there will be danger of our making a plaster saint of him, as we did of Washington. The worst of this sort of deification is that it is likely to cause a reaction, and to let loose a flood of literature purporting to portray the "true" Abraham Lincoln, in which, with more or less candor or malice, and more or less art or awkwardness, writers will lay undue emphasis on the spots on the sun which they have discovered or invented. If no "True Abraham Lincoln" is provoked by the recent outbursts of eulogy, the martyred President will be one of the luckiest as well as one of the noblest men that ever lived.



The dies for Roine's "Lincoln Centennial Medal," which is the only medal, so far as known, to be embodied in the heart of a book, have suffered a novel fate. In accordance with the announcement made at the time the silver medals and the bronze ones were put on the market, these dies were cancelled on Lincoln's one-hundredth birthday. The novelty of the cancellation lay in the fact that the dies were ploughed across the middle and the legend "Cancelled





Courtesy of G. Schirmer (Inc.)

COVER DESIGN FROM THE SCORE OF STRAUSS'S "ELEKTRA"

February 12th, 1909," engraved on the piece of metal inserted in the groove. This unique treatment was accepted as satisfactory by the Numismatic Society, to whom Mr. Robert Hewitt has turned over the dies, for preservation in its Museum.



If Strauss's "Elektra" is any more wild and weird than the cover on the published edition of the opera here reproduced, I can very easily believe all the strange things we have heard about it.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn has published his memoirs in a volume entitled "Recollections of Seventy Years." Many of these "Recollections" were first published in this magazine and I can vouch for their interest. Mr. Sanborn is among the last of the famous Concord group of writers and philosophers. He was comparatively young when some of them were old, but he knew them well and writes about them with intimate knowledge and a sympathy that sees beneath the surface of their words and deeds.



## Noteworthy Books of the Month



### History and Biography

Andrews, Edward L.  
Bury, J. B.  
Carr, J. Comyns.  
Caine, Hall.  
Hutchinson, J. H. L. and J. R.  
Ryan, P. F. William.  
Sanborn, F. B.  
Staley, Edgecumbe.

Napoleon and America.  
The Ancient Greek Historians.  
Some Eminent Victorians.  
My Story.  
The Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln.  
Queen Anne and Her Court.  
Bronson Alcott.  
The Tragedies of the Medici.

Kennerley.  
Macmillan.  
Scribner.  
Appleton.  
Houghton, Mifflin.  
Dutton.  
Torch Press.  
Scribner.

### Travel and Description

Baker, Edward Harrison.  
Niedieck, Paul.  
Petrie, Graham.  
Schevill, Ferdinand.  
Wollaston, A. F. R.

France of the French.  
With Rifle in Five Continents.  
Tunis, Kaironan, and Carthage.  
Siena.  
From Ruwenzori to the Congo.

Scribner.  
Scribner.  
Doubleday, Page.  
Scribner.  
Dutton.

### Fiction

Brennan, George H.  
Brown, Alice.  
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C.  
Dudeney, Mrs. Henry.  
Hale, Louise Closser.  
Lee, Jennette.  
Maud, Constance Elizabeth.  
McCarthy, Justin Huntley.  
Osbourne, Lloyd.  
Phillipotts, Eden.  
Rice, Edward I.  
Snaith, J. C.  
Webster, Jean.  
Weyman, Stanley.

Bill Truetell.  
The Story of Thyrsa.  
Fame's Pathway.  
Rachel Lorian.  
The Actress.  
Simeon Tetlow's Shadow.  
A Daughter of France.  
The Gorgeous Borgia.  
Infatuation.  
The Three Brothers.  
Old Jim Case of South Hollow.  
Araminta.  
Much Ado about Peter.  
The Wild Geese.

McClurg.  
Houghton, Mifflin.  
Duffield.  
Duffield.  
Harper.  
Century.  
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Irwin, Wallace.  
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Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

